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THE NEW YORKER

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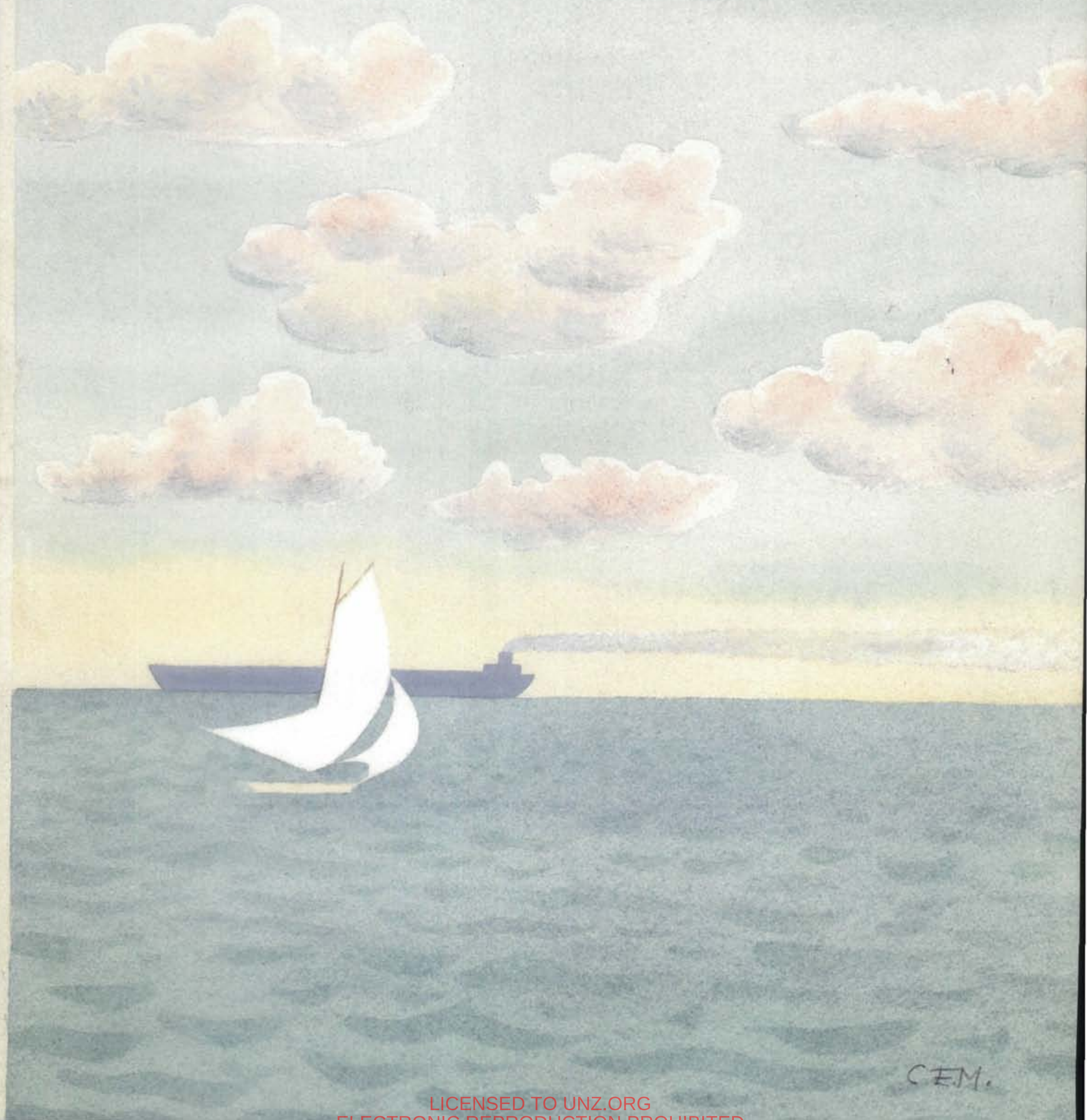

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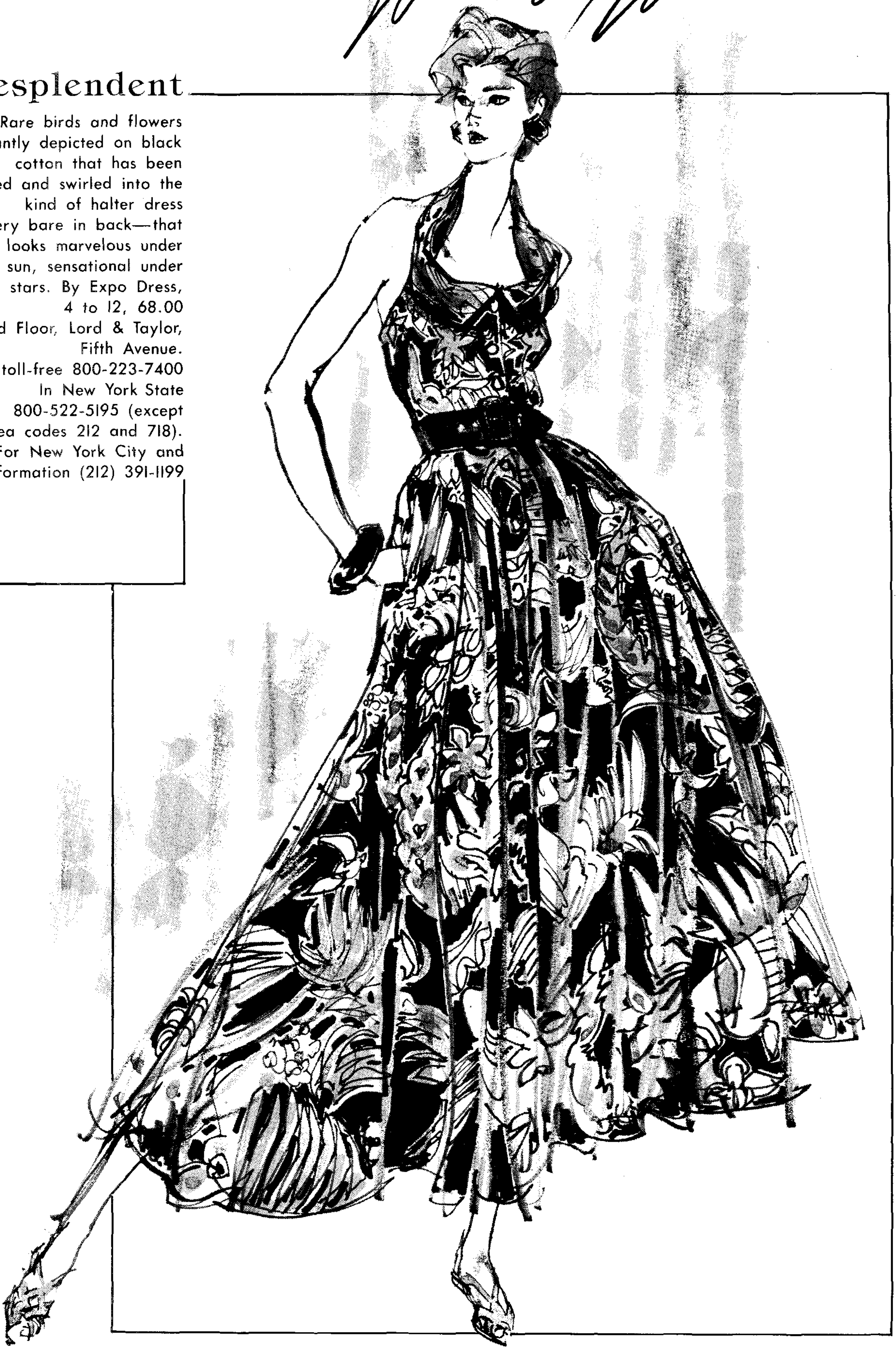

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Almost in Vegas—A not very amusing comedy about the end of an affair between a thirty-six-year-old woman and her boss, a Hollywood executive. The setting is a hotel in Las Vegas, where Sinatra is the main attraction. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Theatre Guinevere, 15 W. 28th St. 279-4200. Wednesdays, except May 15, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays and Saturday, May 18, at 3. Closes Sunday, May 19.)

Aren't We All?—Claudette Colbert, Rex Harrison, Leslie O'Hara, Jeremy Brett, and George Rose in a revival of Frederick Lonsdale's London drawing-room comedy of 1923. Delightful nonsense, not to be missed. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

As Is—This touching play by William M. Hoffman concerns a personable young homosexual who is afflicted with AIDS, and is also a documentary of sorts about his milieu in this city. The lively, impressionistic performance was directed by Marshall W. Mason, and the acting by the large cast, several of whom appear in multiple roles, is just right. With Jonathan Hogan and Jonathan Hadary. (Reviewed in our issue of 3/25/85.) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Big River—A musical version of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn." Twain's great novel has been respectfully dealt with in a book by William Hauptman, with music and lyrics by Roger Miller. Daniel H. Jenkins plays Huck, Ron Richardson plays Jim, and John Short plays Tom Sawyer. Heidi Landesman has provided an unusually evocative setting—somehow, she has managed to put the Mississippi River on a stage. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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Biloxi Blues—A comedy that verges on autohagiography, the hero being the author, Neil Simon, as a young Army draftee who, in 1943, is struggling to assume the mantle of writer. Matthew Broderick is the attractive star, and Barry Miller is superb as a young but already wizened Jewish intellectual. (4/8/85) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

California Dog Fight—A dud. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 19.)

The Courtroom—A comedic political work conceived, written, and directed by Bill Irwin, who heads a nine-member company. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 265-4375. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7 and 9:30; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, May 18.)

Doubles—A comedy by David Wiltse, with John Cullum, Ron Leibman, Austin Pendleton, and Tony Roberts. Morton Da Costa is the director. Opens Wednesday, May 8. (Ritz, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022. Opening-night curtain at 6:45; thereafter, nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

An Enemy of the People—Roy Dotrice gives a marvellous performance as Dr. Stockmann, missing none of the complexity or the humor in the role, in the Roundabout's satisfying production of Ibsen's play. Directed by Frank Hauser, who was also its co-translator. (4/22/85) (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, May 12.)

Episode 26—A play by Howard Korder. (Little Theatre at the Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the 1973 musical **A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC** by Stephen Sondheim (music and lyrics) and Hugh Wheeler (book), suggested by Ingmar Bergman's film "Smiles of a Summer Night," will be the last in this season's series of productions. Opens Thursday, May 9, and will run through Sunday, June 2. (103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

The Foreigner—A very funny play by (and with) Larry Shue, with good performances by every single member of the company, most notably by Kevin Geer as a lovable half-wit. Jerry Zaks was the admirable director. (11/19/84) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Grind—A vigorous but curiously sad musical about a burlesque house in Chicago during the depths of the Depression. Splendidly acted, under the direction of Harold Prince, by Ben Vereen, Leilani Jones, Timothy Nolen, and Stubby Kaye. The exceptionally vivid setting is by Clarke Dunham. The book is by Fay Kanin, the music by Larry Grossman, and the lyrics by Ellen Fitzhugh. (4/22/85) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Hannah Senesh—A monologue based on the diaries and poems of the Zionist heroine. Lori Wilner is the monologuist. Written and directed by David Schechter, with music by Steven Lutvak, Elizabeth Swados, and Mr. Schechter. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30.)

Joe Egg—A superb performance of Peter Nichols' matchless bleak comedy. Jim Dale and Stockard Channing are the parents of the hopelessly brain-damaged child, and they are supported by John Tillinger, Margaret Hilton, Joanna Gleason, and Tenney

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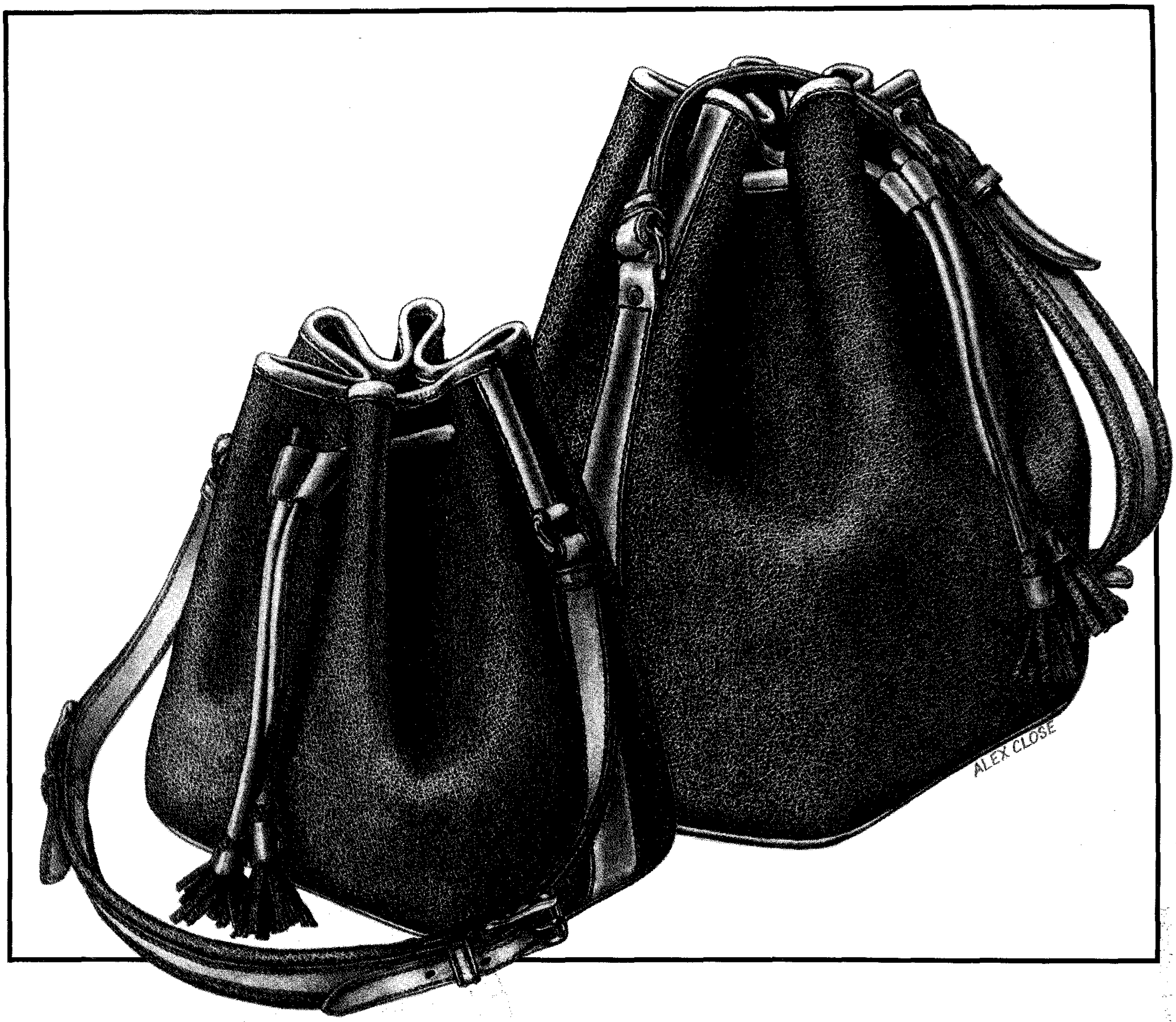
THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; J. Kennard Bosee, president; Milton Greenstein, Sam R. Spoto, Robert F. Young, vice-presidents; Elaine M. Matteo, treasurer & secretary; Stuart H. Jason, comptroller. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; Suite 2360, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 400 Perimeter Center Terrace, Suite 180, Atlanta, Ga. 30346; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 19 South Audley St., London, W1Y 5DN. Vol. LXI, No. 12, May 13, 1985. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1985 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $44.00. Other foreign, $52.00. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, 25 W. 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036.



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Walsh. Arvin Brown was the director. (1/14/85) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The King and I—Yul Brynner making what is advertised as his farewell appearance in the musical that he has made his own for several decades. An excellent production in every respect and well worth seeing, for the first or fiftieth time. (1/14/85) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Leader of the Pack—A mock-musical devoted to performing two dozen songs of the early sixties written by Ellie Greenwich, who turns up in person. (4/22/85) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Lies and Legends: The Musical Stories of Harry Chapin—A musical entertainment using works by the late composer. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Victor Herbert's **naughty marietta.** (334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Maneuvers—An English suspense thriller by Catherine Muschamp. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Ma Rainey's Black Bottom—A rousing play from start to finish. The author is August Wilson, the director is Lloyd Richards, and the marvellous cast includes Charles S. Dutton and Theresa Merritt. (10/22/84) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

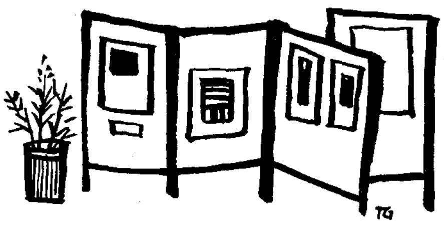
Mirror Repertory Company—Two revivals performed in alternating repertory. **the madwoman of chaillot:** Geraldine Page gives a glorious performance in the title role of this spirited production of Giraudoux's classic comedy. (2/11/85) . . . **vivat! vivat regina!:** A poky presentation of Robert Bolt's shallow play about Mary Queen of Scots and Queen Elizabeth I, but with a splendid performance by Geraldine Page as Elizabeth. (3/25/85) (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 19. For tickets and information about play scheduling, call 223-6440.)

The Normal Heart—An interminable, trashy non-play about AIDS, and its victims in the homosexual community of this city, who are compared to the Jews of the Holocaust. The names Hitler, Roosevelt, Morgenthau, and, eventually, Mayor Koch are dropped with equal contempt. The evening is an insult to its audience and, what is far more serious, to the sufferers from this dreadful, seemingly hopeless disease. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Orphans—A play by Lyle Kessler, originally presented at Chicago's Steppenwolf Theatre. Gary Sinise is the director. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thursday, May 9, at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Out of Gas on Lovers Leap—Fisher Stevens and Melissa Leo give fine performances as a pair of teen-agers in love, their moods veering from much too high to much too low, on the night of their high-school graduation. Mark St. Germain's play has its ups and downs, too, but, as directed by Elinor Renfield, it holds firm. (Reviewed in this issue.) (WPA Theatre, Fifth Ave. at 18th St. 206-0523. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 19.)

Pack of Lies—Hugh Whitemore has written a quiet little melodrama, based on an actual event, about the tracking down of Russian spies in a London suburb. Well acted by Rosemary Harris, Patrick McGoohan, George N. Martin, and Dana Ivey. (2/25/85) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)



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Penn & Teller—A sublime combination of conjuring and comedy. Penn Jillette does the talking; Teller is silent. (5/6/85) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8 and 11; and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

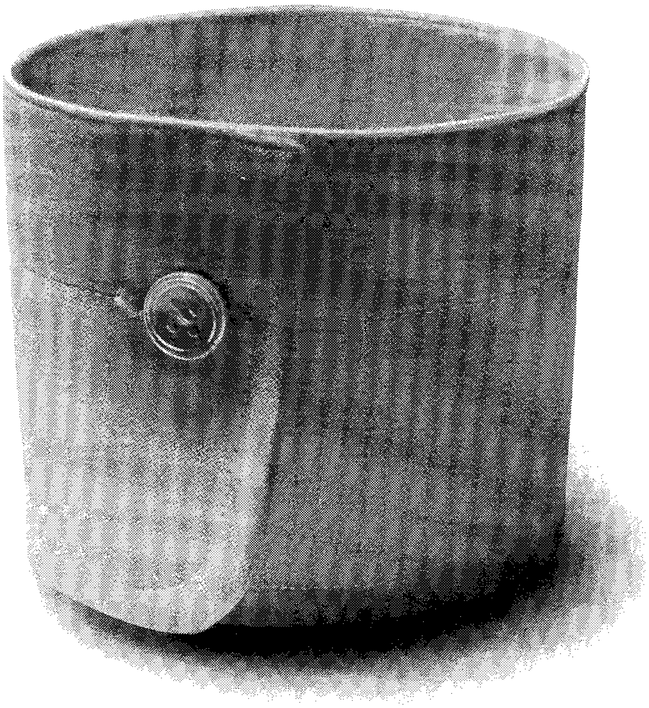
Salonika—Louise Page's mysterious, fascinating play—an English import—takes place in the present but is literally haunted by the past. The setting is the beach at Salonika in Greece, where a great disaster befell the British Army during the First World War. The acting is exceptionally good: Jessica Tandy plays an old woman who has come to put flowers on her husband's grave, Elizabeth Wilson plays her spinster daughter, and David Strathairn, Thomas Hill, and Maxwell Caulfield appear in the other roles. John Madden was the excellent director. (4/15/85) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 19.)

The Singular Dorothy Parker—Jane Connell in a one-woman show based on the life and writings of Miss Parker. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

3 Guys Naked from the Waist Down—John Kassir, Scott Bakula, and Jerry Colker play three standup comedians who leave New York for Hollywood in this satiric and most original musical comedy. Mr. Colker wrote the book and lyrics, and Michael Rupert wrote the bountiful, engaging score. The effective scenery, costumes, and lighting were by Clarke Dunham, Tom McKinley, and Ken Billington. (2/18/85) (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Tracers—The eight good actors are Vietnam veterans, and the effective play is based on actual war experiences. It was conceived and directed by John DiFusco, and it is accompanied throughout by rock music. (2/4/85) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**brighton beach memoirs:** A remembrance of things past, by Neil Simon. The hero is a sex-obsessed fifteen-year-old. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **la cage aux folles:** A dazzling production of a musical that has little wit and a lot of phony sentimentality about the tenderhearted family life of homosexuals. The music, by Jerry Herman, is Broadway-romantic. The two stars are Van Johnson and George Hearn. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **cats:** Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **dreamgirls:** The slickest possible production of a musical comedy whose book, music, and lyrics are almost totally lacking in character. If Michael Bennett, the director, had been a Union general, the Civil War would have lasted about twenty minutes. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the fantasticks:** 10,416 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **fool for love:** Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Katherine Cortez and George Gerdes have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42nd street:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **hurlyburly:** David Rabe's wry, brilliant comedy about la vie de bohème in Hollywood is very well performed under Mike Nichols' dynamic direction. With Ron Silver, Christine Baranski, Susan Anton, Danny Aiello, and Jerry Stiller. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **isn't it romantic:** A spirited production of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **little shop of horrors:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **oh! calcutta!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **the real thing:** A very funny and yet unnerving comedy by Tom Stoppard. The cast is headed by Nicol Williamson and Laila Robins. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 12.) . . . **sunday in the park with george:** Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine have invented a highly entertaining musical about Georges Seurat and his celebrated painting of the island of La Grande Jatte. Harry Groener is Seurat and Maryann Plunkett is Seurat's model and mistress. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the tap dance kid:** An attractive cast does much to brighten what is otherwise a curiously gloomy musical about a black family making good. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **torch song trilogy:** Three plays—



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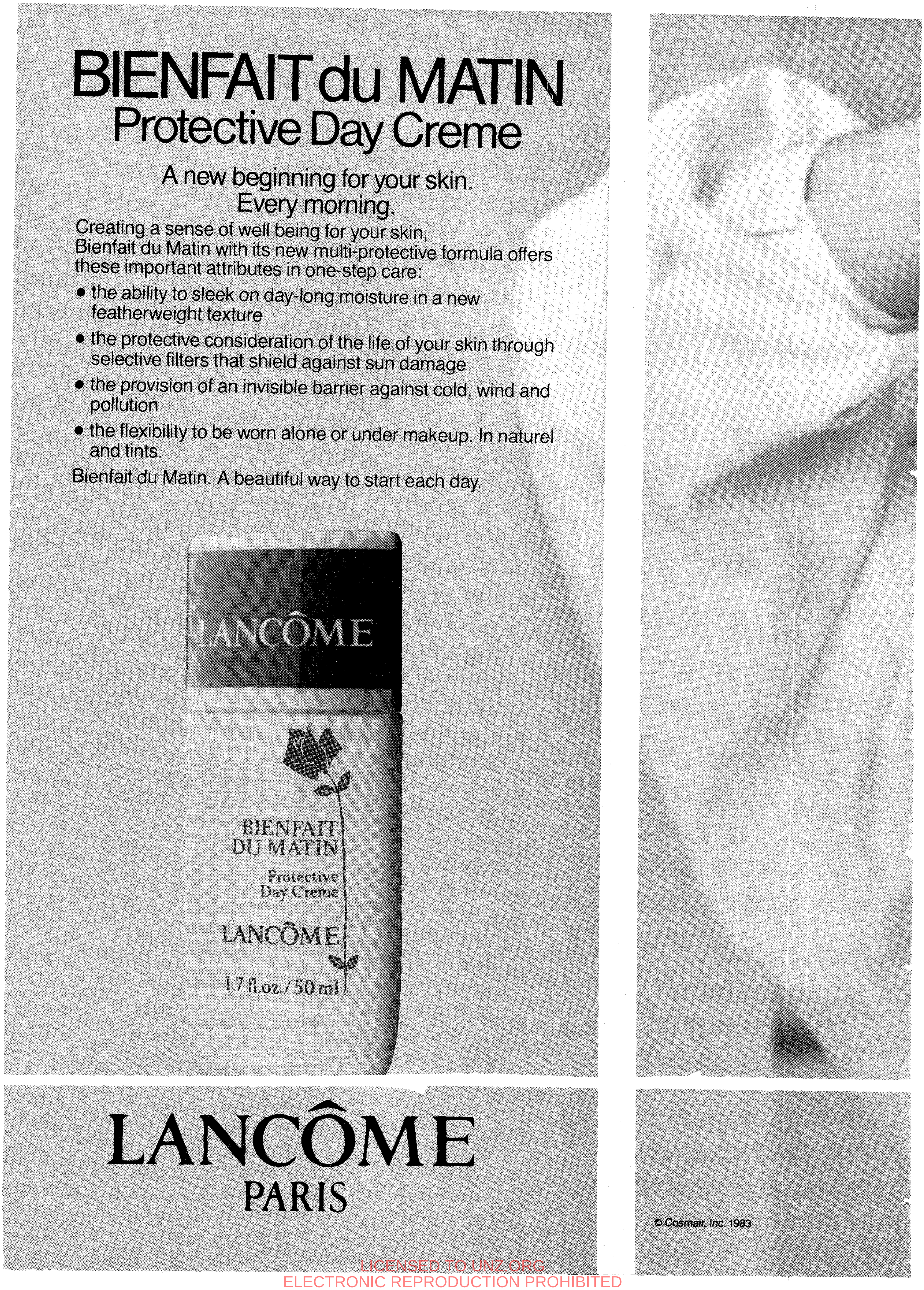

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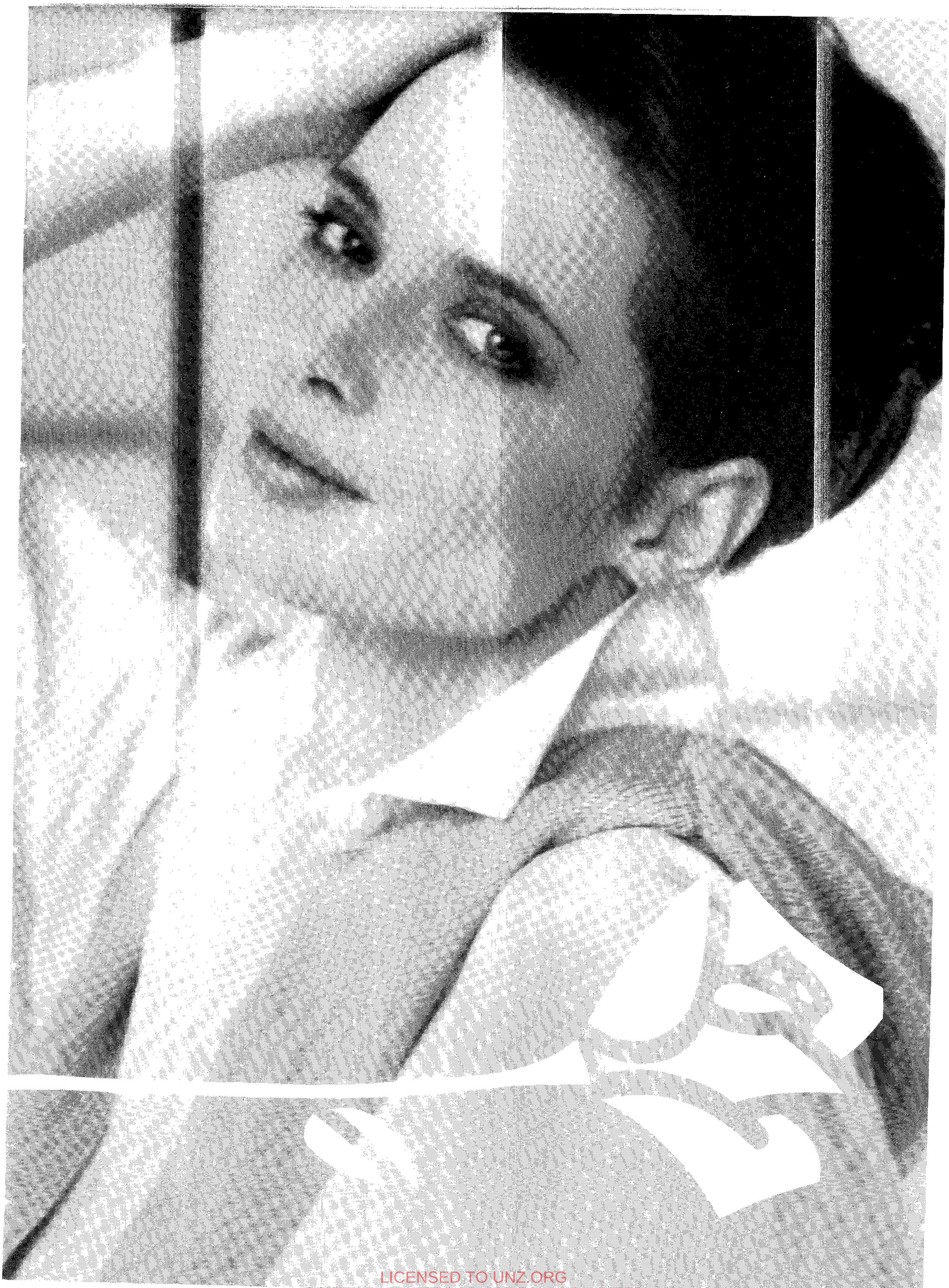

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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"Quarry"—Meredith Monk and her company in a revival of her 1976 opera. Previews through Saturday, May 11. Opens officially on Tuesday, May 14, and will run through Tuesday, May 28. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Evenings at 7:30.)

New York Gilbert and Sullivan Players—Presenting "The Yeomen of the Guard." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Thursday, May 9, and Fridays, May 10 and 17, at 8; Saturdays, May 11 and 18, at 3 and 8; and Sundays, May 12 and 19, at 3. For information about tickets, call 873-8660.)

Forbidden Broadway 1985—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, May 8: "Rossini Quartets," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Eight Lines," and "Gershwin Concerto." . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday evenings, May 9-11; Tuesday evening, May 14; and Saturday evening, May 18: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 11: "La Valse," "Eight Lines," "Eight Easy Pieces," and "Gounod Symphony." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, May 12: "Valse-Fantaisie," "Eight Easy Pieces," "Fancy Free," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, May 12: "Rossini Quartets," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Gershwin Concerto." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 15: "Firebird," "Tzigane," "Eight Easy Pieces," and "Brahms/Handel." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 16: "Apollo," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Cortège Hongrois." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 17: "Swan Lake," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Gershwin Concerto." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 18: "Swan Lake," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Brahms/Handel." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, June 23.)

American Ballet Theatre—Wednesday matinée and evening, May 8; Thursday and Friday evenings, May 9-10; and Saturday matinée, May 11: "Romeo and Juliet." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 11: "Grand Pas Romantique," "Duets," "The Leaves Are Fading," and "Bach Partita." . . . ¶ Monday evening, May 13: "Donizetti Variations," "Black Swan Pas de Deux," "Dim Lustre," and "Raymonda." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 14: "Duets," "The Little Ballet," and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ Wednesday matinée and evening, May 15: "Grand Pas Romantique," "Duets," and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 16: "Bach Partita" and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 17: "Grand Pas Romantique," "Other Dances," "Dim Lustre," and "Bach Partita." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 18: "Theme and Variations," "The Leaves Are Fading," and "Field, Chair, and Mountain." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 18: "The Leaves Are Fading," "Pas de Deux," "Anastasia," and "Bach Partita." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, June 15.)

Feld Ballet—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, May 8, at 8: "Intermezzo No. 2," "Over the Pavement," and "The Jig Is Up." . . . ¶ Thursday, May 9, at

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8: "The Grand Canon," "Summer's Lease," and "The Jig Is Up." . . . ¶ Friday, May 10, at 8: "The Envelope," "Caught," "Intermezzo No. 1," and "Intermezzo No. 2." . . . ¶ Saturday, May 11, at 8: "The Grand Canon," "Adieu," and "The Jig Is Up." . . . ¶ Sunday, May 12, at 2: "The Envelope," "Caught," "Intermezzo No. 2," and "Against the Sky." . . . ¶ Sunday, May 12, at 7:30: "The Grand Canon," "Against the Sky," and "The Jig Is Up." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

Lar Lubovitch Dance Company—A one-week engagement—Wednesday and Thursday, May 8-9, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, May 11-12, at 2: "Big Shoulders," "Nine Person Precision Ball Passing," "Les Noces," and "A Brahms Symphony." . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, May 10-11, at 8: "Whirligogs," "Beau Danube," "A Brahms Symphony," and "Cavalcade." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Pennsylvania Ballet—A one-week engagement of "La Sylphide" and other works. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Wednesday through Friday, May 8-10, at 8; Saturday, May 11, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, May 12, at 2.)

Korean National Dance Company—A program of traditional dances of Korea. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Wednesday, May 8, at 8.)

Nancy Meehan Dance Company—A program of new and repertory works. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Friday through Sunday, May 10-12, at 8. For tickets, call 924-0077.)

David Gordon/Pick Up Company—Three premières—"Offenbach Suite," "A Plain Romance Explained," and "My Folks." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Tuesday, May 14, at 7:30; Wednesday through Saturday, May 15-18, at 8; and Sunday, May 19, at 2 and 7:30.)

Paul Sanasardo Dance Company—A program of modern dance. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Thursday, May 16, and Saturday and Sunday, May 18-19, at 8.)

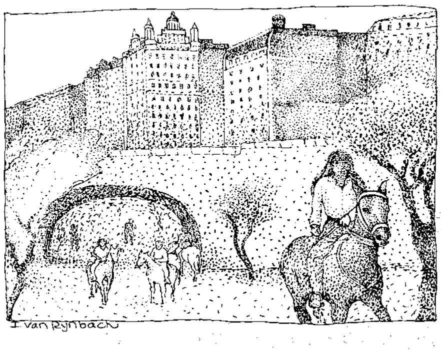
Sin Cha Hong—In John Cage's dance and music drama "Four Walls." With pianist Margaret Leng Tan and singer Andrea Goodman. (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. 288-6400, Ext. 286. Friday, May 17, at 8.)

Dance Interviews—Paul Taylor being interviewed by John Gruen. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Monday, May 13, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Tuesdays through Saturdays, **JULIE WILSON**, a wonderfully convincing singer, performs in the Oak Room. Shows start at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Pianist Buck Buchholz occupies the Rose Room Sundays from five-thirty to eleven. Dining.



Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** is here, singing in her small, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays at six-thirty.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—From gutbucket to glissando, making all local stops: tenor saxophonist **WILLIS (GATOR TAIL) JACKSON**, organist **BROTHER JACK MC DUFF**, and guitarist **JIMMY PONDER** perform classy, classic R. & B. through Sunday, May 12, and pianist **OSCAR PETERSON**, guitarist **JOE PASS**, Europe's super bassist **NEILS-HENNING ØRSTED PEDERSEN**, and drummer **MARTIN DREW** will arrive on Tuesday, May 14. Music from nine. Saxophonist **MONTY WATERS** conducts after-hours (real late, after the last set) jam sessions every night but Monday. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The oh-so-varied lineup: Wednesday, May 8, rock-and-roll pathfinder **BO DIDDLEY**; Thursday, May 9, guitarist **STANLEY JORDAN**; Friday and Saturday, May 10-11, **STEVE ALLEN**; Tuesday and Wednesday, May 14-15, soul singer **WHITNEY HOUSTON** (daughter of Cissy); and Friday and Saturday, May 17-18, folk-singer **SUZANNE VEGA**. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—The jazz, in the form of duos: guitarist **JOHN ABERCROMBIE** and bassist **GEORGE MRAZ** through Saturday, May 11; pianist **WALTER DAVIS, JR.**, and his bassist on Sunday, May 12; and pianist **JAMES WILLIAMS** and a bassist starting Monday, May 13. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Tuesdays through Saturdays in the Café Carlyle, **BOBBY SHORT** pays exuberant homage to Porter, Coward, Rodgers & Hart, Gershwin, and Kern with aid from bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT**. Shows at ten and midnight. **VINCE GIORDANO** & the Nighthawks play for dancing Sundays and Mondays from nine to one. Dining. . . . ¶ In the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** reigns over the keyboard and sings a bit, too. Her sets get going at ten Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The surviving home on the block for traditional small-band jazz. Music nightly from eight-thirty. Dining.

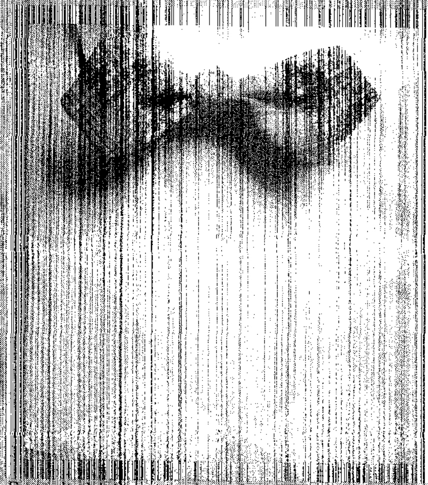
Edwardian Room, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (759-3000)—Guitarist **BUCKY PIZZARELLI**, a beautiful, swinging player, guides a trio on Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty until one-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Harmonica-ist, guitarist, and whistler **TOOTS THIELEMANS** works with pianist **FRED HERSCH**, bassist **MARC JOHNSON**, and drummer **AL FOSTER** through Sunday, May 12, and starting Tuesday, May 14, silken tenor saxophonist **STAN GETZ** will lead a quartet. Mondays are claimed by guitarist and inventor **LES PAUL**, the Thomas Edison of reverb, who was once known as Rhubarb Red. No doubt his garage and household effects and recording-studio implements will someday be found in the Smithsonian. Sets begin after nine. Dining.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Considerably more musical than Tie City or Food City. Thursday, May 9, Kate Clinton; Friday, May 10, Deidre McCalla and Lunatune; Saturday, May 11, Aztec Two-Step and Lucy Kaplanski & Shawn Colvin; Wednesday, May 15, the Drongos; Friday, May 17, Livingston Taylor; and Saturday, May 18, Frank Christian and Nanci Griffith. Sundays are comedy nights, Mondays are hootenanny nights. Shows are usually at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Alicia Sherman sings with Peter Madsen and Phil Bowler through Sunday,

where in the world...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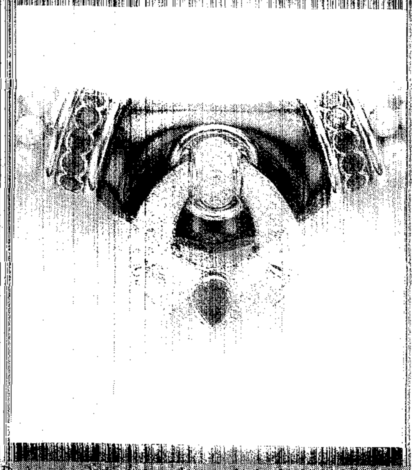
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Charles Jourdan
La Lingerie
Kenneth Jay Lane
Fred Leighton
Lina Lee
Lina Lee for Men
Loewe
Ludwig Beck *of Munich*
Stefan Mann
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Martha
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Napoleon
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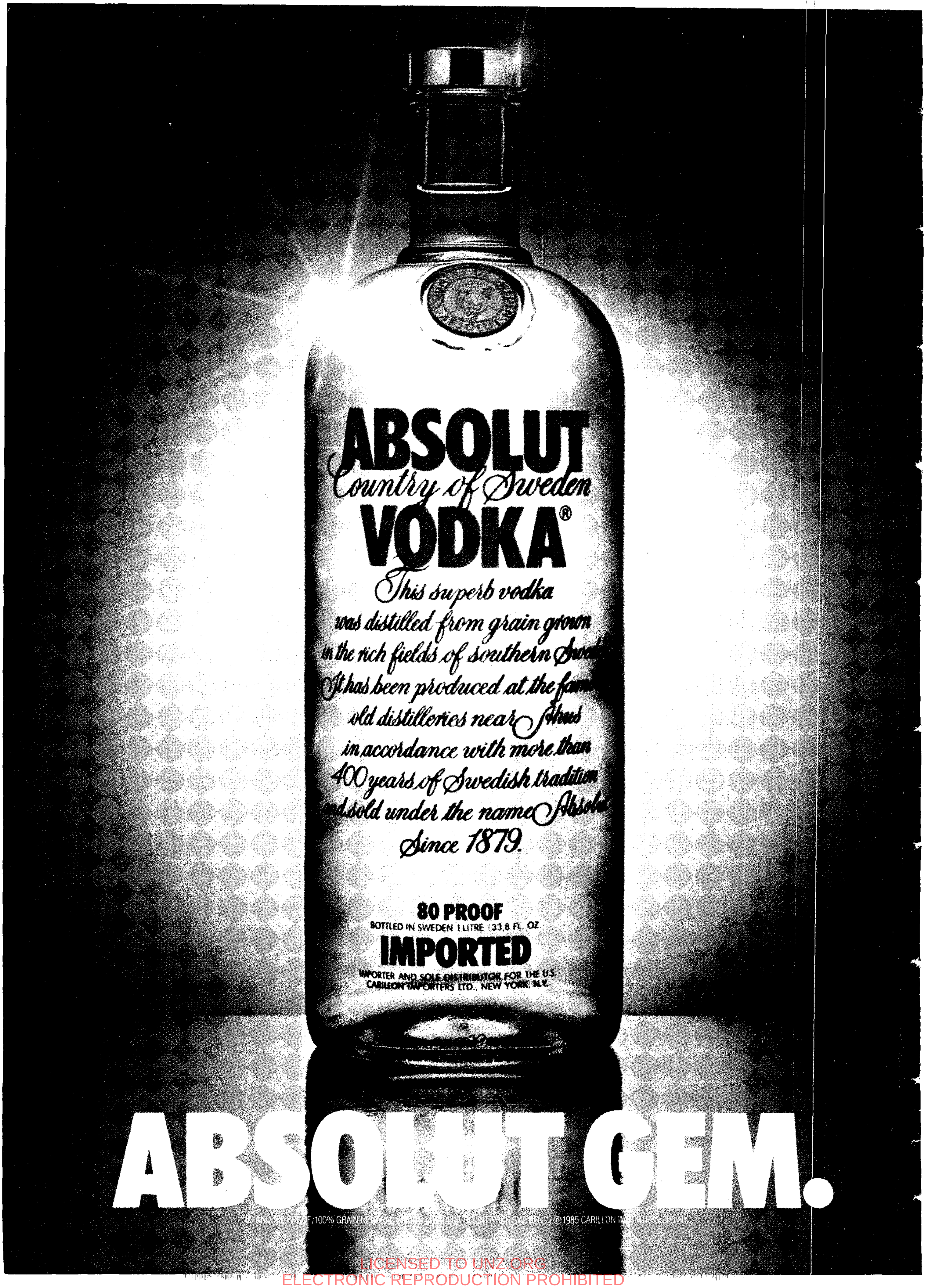
Optica
Pierre Michel Coiffure
Pineider
Salty Jewelry
Terrace Five Cafe and Restaurant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May 12, and starting Wednesday, May 15, guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER**, one of the best-kept secrets in jazz, will trade fours with pianist **DON FRIEDMAN** and bassist **MIKE FORMANEK**. Mondays belong to singer and pianist **BROOKS KERR** and bassist John Belzaguy, and Tuesdays to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. All these groups begin about ten. Sundays from five to ten, **BROOKS KERR** takes over.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A spiffy bar and back-room restaurant with a piano in it. Tom McDermott can be found playing it Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sundays, Jane Jarvis has the floor, and Mondays **DICK HYMAN** performs. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners listening to good piano-bass teams. **LOU LEVY** and Steve Gilmore constitute the starting lineup Tuesdays through Saturdays. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Folk, rock, country, blues, regional food (chili and guacamole), and regional dress (Bermuda shorts). The lineup: Thursday, May 9, Billy Bragg; Monday, May 13, the **FLESHTONES**; Tuesday, May 14, **CHUBBY CHECKER**; Wednesday, May 15, **CURTIS MAYFIELD**; and Thursday, May 16, **DAVE MASON**. Dining.

LUSH LIFE, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—Multi-malleted vibraharpist **GARY BURTON** leads a quartet through Sunday, May 12, and starting Tuesday, May 14, pianist **AHMAD JAMAL** will perform with a trio. Sets begin at eight-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The music scene here is cooler than a Columbus Avenue gelato and the music hotter than a Columbus Avenue taco. Wednesday and Thursday, May 8-9, pianist **MICHEL CAMILO** leads his high-energy sextet. Fridays and Saturdays are allotted to **WHO IT IS**, a stalwart rhythm-and-blues outfit, usually including guitarist **CORNELL DUPREE** and pianist **RICHARD TEE** in its ranks. And Rock Wilk will perform on Thursday, May 16. Music from about ten until two.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock from the eighties in a half-century-old ballroom: Thursday, May 9, Cabaret Voltaire; Friday, May 10, Elliott Easton; Saturday, May 11, Einsturzende Neubauten; Wednesday, May 15, **B.B. KING** and Tony Sarno; Friday, May 17, Otis Day & the Knights; and Saturday, May 18, the Beat Farmers and No More Tears. Shows tend to begin sometime after eleven. Dancing.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—Composer and pianist **JOE BUSHKIN**, who wrote "Oh! Look at Me Now," can be looked at and listened to in the King Cole Room. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Jazz and fusion: Wednesday, May 8, Othello; Thursday through Saturday, May 9-11, **QUEST**, saxophonist **DAVE LIEBMAN'S** band; Sunday, May 12, Leni Stern; Monday, May 13, the **TOM PIERSON** big band; and Tuesday, May 14, electric pianist **DOM SALVADOR**. Music from nine-thirty.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday and Thursday, May 8-9, reggae-ist **BURNING SPEAR**; Friday and Saturday, May 10-11, and Saturday, May 18, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND**; Wednesday, May 15, Frank Ferrucci; Thursday, May 16, Twins 77 and Black Ghost International; and Friday, May 17, **PÉ-DE-BOI**. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—The **WORLD SAXOPHONE QUARTET**—**HAMIET BLUIETT, JULIUS HEMPHILL, OLIVER LAKE**, and **DAVID MURRAY**—can be heard through Sunday, May 12, and on Tuesday, May 14, the **DIRTY DOZEN BRASS BAND** will arrive from New Orleans with their inviting repertoire of Ellington, Monk, Brown (James), and Jackson (Michael). Mondays are **GIL EVANS** nights: when his experienced but unjaded **BIG BAND**, with its unmistakable Evansian blur of instruments, plays Charlie Parker tunes on top of a heavy rock beat, it sounds like bebop march music. Shows from about ten. Dining.

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VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Mondays after nine are salsa nights in the barnlike downstairs room. On May 13, **ROBERTO ROENA & THE APOLLO SOUND, GRUPO FASCINACIÓN**, and trumpeter **RANDY BRECKER**, the guest jazz soloist, will all be present. . . . ¶ Meanwhile, out on the Terrace, Wendy Simon and Eric Spiegel provide piano-bass duets every night but Monday. And, in addition, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** plays Tuesdays with her combo. Sets begin at nine-thirty.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world are attracted to this famous, unpretentious basement establishment, fifty years old this year. Pianist **CEDAR WALTON**, drummer **BILLY HIGGINS**, trombonist **CURTIS FULLER**, bassist **DAVID WILLIAMS**, and saxophonist **JUNIOR COOK** all cook through Sunday, May 12. On Tuesday, May 14, **MILT JACKSON**, who plays fulfilling blues on his beautiful Radio City Music Hall of a vibraharp, will bring in his band. Monday night's tradition is the **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND**. Music after ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food (Columbia University is just across Broadway), beyond the pinball machines is a room full of live jazz. Pianist **RICHARD WYANDS'S** quartet and singer Danielle are on hand through Saturday, May 11; Sunday and Monday, May 12-13, will belong to free-bop trumpet player **MALACHI THOMPSON** and his quintet; and on Tuesday, May 14, saxophonist and vocalist **BIG NICK NICHOLAS** will bring in his quintet. Music from about nine.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, airy bar connected to a spacious, airy dining room by a spacious, airy passageway with tables and chairs and pianists or guitarists and bassists in it. The music schedule: pianist **JOHN HICKS** and bassist **RAY DRUMMOND** Tuesdays through Saturdays; guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** on Sundays; and pianist Jim Roberts and Brian Torff every Monday. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

WILLIAM BOLCOM AND JOAN MORRIS—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, May 10, at 8.

TUBES and **UTOPIA**—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Friday, May 10, at 8.

GUITARSTREAM '85—A series of seven concerts—At **CARNEGIE HALL** (247-7800). Friday, May 10, at 8: Steve Morse, Larry Coryell, Laurindo Almeida, and others. . . . ¶ Friday, May 17, at 7:30: Doc Watson, Odetta, Jean Ritchie, and others. . . . **CARNEGIE RECITAL HALL**. Friday, May 10, at 11: The Charlie Byrd Trio, Carlos Barbosa-Lima, and Terry Jenoure & Brandon Ross. . . . ¶ Monday, May 13, at 8: Paco Peña and Chano Lobato. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 14, at 8: Stanley Jordan and William Kanengiser. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 15, at 8: Paul O'Dette and Alhambra. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 16, at 8: Sharon Isbin, Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg, the Los Angeles Guitar Quartet, and others.

ELLY AMELING—Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Saturday, May 11 at 8.

GEORGE WINSTON—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Sunday, May 12, at 3 and 8.

BOBBY SHORT—Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Monday, May 13, at 8.

DAVID VAN TIEGHEM & ENSEMBLE and **PETER GORDON & LOVE OF LIFE ORCHESTRA**—Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Tuesday, May 14, at 8.

PHIL COLLINS—Radio City Music Hall. Wednesday through Friday, May 15-17, at 8.

AMERICAN FOLK ROOTS—The seventh in a series of eight concerts, this one devoted to native American music. With Floyd Westerman, the Thunderbird Sisters, and others. (Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Friday, May 17, at 8. . . . ¶ Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7800. Saturday, May 18, at 8:30.)

DAVID SANBORN and **ANGELA BOFILL**—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Saturday, May 18, at 8 and midnight.

IRVING PLAZA—Friday, May 10, at 10: John Cale. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 11, at 10: Blurt, R. Stevie Moore, and Raw Youth. . . . ¶ Sunday, May 12, at 8: Pat Metheny, John Abercrombie, Meredith Monk, and others in a benefit tribute to Collin Walcott. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, May 17-18, at 8:30 and 11: Neville Brothers. (17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 477-3728.)

BENEFIT CONCERTS—Warren Vaché, Dick Hyman, Dolly Dawn, Dick Sudhalter, and others in a memorial concert for Johnny Guarnieri. A benefit for Vineyard Theatre's Vintage Jazz Program. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 683-0696. Monday, May 13, at 8.) . . . ¶ Tony Bennett, Ruby Braff, the Tommy Flanagan Trio, and others performing on behalf of the Save the Children/African Relief Fund. (Town Hall. Thursday, May 16, at 7:30.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

BILL BARRETT—Abstract sculptures in bronze and aluminum. Through June 1. (Kouros, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

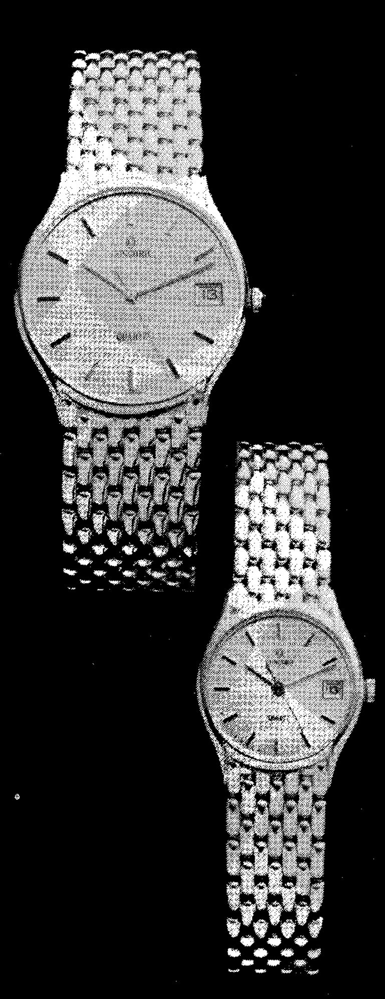
JOHANNES DÖRFLINGER—Recent paintings. Through June 7. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

KLAUS FUSSMANN—Paintings in various mediums—distorted self-portraits posed in landscapes, and still-lifes. Through June 1. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

JOHN ADAMS GRIEFEN—Large abstract paintings. Through May 25. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

SIMON HARLING / SALLY AMSTER—Landscapes, mostly large scale, of the British Isles. / Expressionistic landscapes. Through June 1. (Sachs, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

EDWARD LEAR (1812-88)—An exhibition of



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memorabilia and a few original drawings by the master, plus sixty-two new illustrations of his nonsense by Joseph Low, and relevant art work by others. Through Saturday, May 11. (Schiller-Wapner, 1 E. 61st St.)

Abby Leigh—Highly stylized oils of figures and landscapes. Through Saturday, May 18. (A. M. Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

Albert Marquet (1875-1947)—A large retrospective of paintings and drawings. Through Friday, May 17. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Henri Matisse (1869-1954)—A two-gallery exhibit that coincides with the large show of drawings at the Modern. Drawings in ink, pencil, and charcoal at Davidson, 43 E. 78th St.; and prints next door at Isselbacher, 41 E. 78th St. Through Saturday, May 18.

Paul Resika—Two shows. Land- and seascapes in oil, mostly of Cape Cod. Also, related drawings. Through Saturday, May 18. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.) . . . ¶ A survey of paintings from 1959 through 1984. Through May 19. (Artists' Choice, 394 West Broadway. Open Sundays.)

Susan Rothenberg—The artist has added splashes of color—yellows, reds—in her new canvases. Through Saturday, May 18. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Charles Seplowin—Abstract steel sculptures. Through May 25. (Cecil, 16 E. 72nd St.)

Michael Tetherow—Five new paintings, and related drawings. Through June 1. (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St.)

Isaac Witkin—Open-form bronze sculptures, many chemically patinated in shades of blue and rose. Through Saturday, May 18. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Group Shows—At **DAVIS & LANGDALE,** 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: Watercolors and drawings by eighteenth-, nineteenth-, and twentieth-century British artists, including Constable, Blake, and Whistler. Through May 31. . . . **HOFFELD,** 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings, primarily, from the thirties, forties, and fifties, by second-generation women surrealists, including Dorothea Tanning, Kay Sage, and Leonora Carrington. Through June 8. (Open Mondays.) . . . **MAZOH,** 13 E. 76th St.: Matisse, Picasso, de Kooning, and Gorky are among the fourteen twentieth-century artists represented by paintings and drawings. Through June 1. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

James Aponovich—Still-life and figurative paintings and drawings; first one-man show in New York. Through May 29. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

Gifford Beal (1879-1956)—A retrospective of paintings by an American Impressionist noted for his New England scenes. Through May 25. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Fernando Botero—Outsize paintings of the same crowd, this time at the bullfights; in one, the bull has tossed the matador into the air and he is ascending, blimplike, to heaven; outdoors are massive sculptures. Through May 25. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Alexander Calder (1898-1976)—Sculptures, stabiles, and mobiles from all stages of the artist's career; many have never been seen in public before. Through June 15. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Chuck Dugan / James Surls—Large, colorful abstractions. / Large wood sculptures suspended from the gallery ceiling. Through June 1. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

R. M. Fischer—Stylized milled-metal sculptures to which found objects—a weathervane, for instance—are added. Through June 1. (Baskerville+Watson, 24 W. 57th St.)

Patricia Tobacco Forrester / Amy F. Scott—Large-scale realist watercolors of gnarled and tangled tropical growths (one is called a "shaving-brush tree") done in Mexico, Louisiana, and Florida. / Colored-pencil drawings of jonquils, peaches, table china, lilies, and so on. Through May 22. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Richard Haas / Stephen Buckley—Pastel drawings of New York buildings, including two of the newest additions—Trump Tower and the A.T. & T. building—combined in a work more than seven feet high. / Abstract paintings from the seventies executed in such diverse mediums as shoe polish, house paint, and wax. Through May 24. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Al Held / Arthur Gibbons—A survey of paintings from 1957 through 1984 by an abstractionist. Through Saturday, May 18. / Abstract painted-steel sculptures, all approximately five feet high. Through May 25. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Bryan Hunt—Recent sculptures done in plaster, carved wood, and steel. Through June 8. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Lester Johnson—The Gold series: The artist's familiar figures (strollers, bathers) in action on canvases suffused with warm gold tones. Through June 7. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Robert Jordan—Representational landscapes. Through Saturday, May 11. (French, 41 W. 57th St.)

Anselm Kiefer—Big, rough, sombre works based on the story of Exodus. Through Saturday, May 11. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St.)

Harry Koursaros—Recent paintings and works on paper, full of mythological motifs. Through June 1. (Haber Theodore, 24 W. 57th St.)

Robert Kushner / Glen Baxter—Sketchy figures that were brushed on still-drying handmade paper, with leaves, sequins, and glitter mixed into the pulp. / Colored-pencil drawings with deadpan captions that might have been lifted from Tom Swift. Through Saturday, May 18. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Rex Lau—Painted-hydrostone reliefs of stylized trees, rocks, and waves by an artist who communes with nature in Montauk. Also, drawings and prints. Through Saturday, May 18. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

Fred Meyer—Terra-cotta and bronze sculptures, and gouaches, of figures reminiscent of the twenties. Through June 1. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

John Monti / Phoebe Adams—Painted-plywood wall sculptures, many of which have a strong Egyptian flavor, plus large charcoal-and-pastel drawings. / Abstract cast-bronze reliefs. Through May 21. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Giancarlo Neri—Stylish-looking paintings of tunnels seen head on and of deep-set arched windows looking out on the Neapolitan sky, plus charcoal drawings. Through Friday, May 17. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

I. Rice Pereira (1907-71)—Figurative drawings incorporating lines of poetry written by the artist. Through June 8. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jean-Paul Riopelle—Acrylic paintings and paper collages with images of flying geese. Through Saturday, May 11. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

John Seery—Expressionistic floral paintings. Through Saturday, May 11. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

T. L. Solien—Paintings, drawings, and prints of potato-headed figures, batlike forms, and scarecrows, by an artist who also makes use of more cheerful, autobiographical material, like the birth of a new son. Through June 1. (Getler-Pall-Saper, 50 W. 57th St.)

Richard Tuschman—Plaster-and-balsa wall sculptures shaped like conventional houses and containing small, tormented figures, some of which have been decapitated. Through June 1. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

Charmion von Wiegand (1896-1983)—A retrospective of paintings and collages covering 1945 through 1965. Through June 1. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

Group Show—Works on paper by contemporary British artists, including Frank Auerbach, David Hockney, Howard Hodgkin, and others less known on this side of the Atlantic. Through Wednesday, May 15. (Jacobson, 50 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Robert Adrian X—Small sculptures, including seventy-six miniature airplanes and a horde of frantic-looking cutout figures who seem to be scurrying around the gallery floor. The artist, Canadian-born, now lives in Vienna.

飲食

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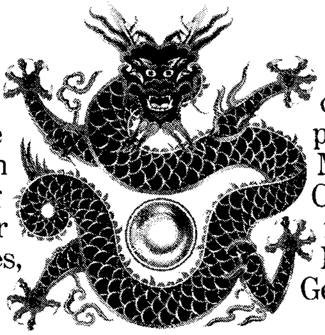

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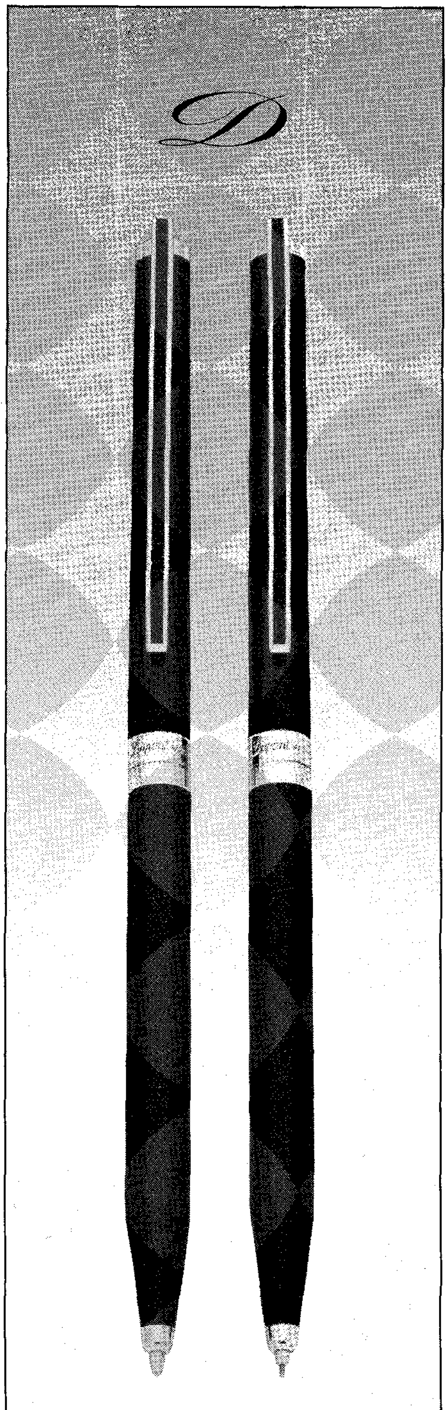

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Through Saturday, May 18. (49th Parallel, 420 West Broadway.)

Shusaku Arakawa—Large maps, which look like city street guides, with directional arrows indicating some sort of esoteric flow. Through Saturday, May 11. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.) . . . ¶ Related drawings. Through June 15. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St.)

Charles Arnoldi—Paintings built up with rough-finished strips of wood. Through June 1. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

David Bowes—Expert painting of droll subjects—for instance, a realistic St. Anthony averting his eyes from a glittering temptation that is wholly abstract. Through May 25. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

Jack Chevalier—Painted carved-wood and balsa constructions interpreting the Northwest landscape. Through May 25. (Pam Adler, 578 Broadway.)

Rosemary Cove—Glazed terra-cotta wall sculptures of flowers and abstractions, plus one or two semi-abstract female nudes. Through Saturday, May 11. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

Adam Cvijanovic—An exhibit called "Expulsion" presents a graphic dioramic painting, sixty-five feet long, of a lower East Side neighborhood, with its people shown on hanging Plexiglas panels and its tawdry intramural secrets revealed in additional paintings in an adjoining room. Through May 25. (Cutler, 164 Mercer St.)

Gérard Garouste / Charles Gaines—Tabletop still-lifes blown up to enormous size and painted with the sweep of landscapes. / Large maps of Africa and North America arbitrarily subdivided into hundreds of small, numbered plots, as if by a developer. Through Saturday, May 11. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Gilbert and George—New hand-dyed photographic works in a show that complements their retrospective at the Guggenheim Museum. Through June 1. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Alan Glovsky—An installation containing a flowing stream of water, five swings, and fifteen hundred pounds of talcum powder. Through May 25. (22 Wooster Gallery. Opens at noon.)

Jack Goldstein—Large airbrush paintings of natural phenomena, i.e., earthquakes and lightning. Through Saturday, May 18. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Juan Gonzales / Bill Richards—Watercolor portraits and self-portraits incorporating surreal elements, and drawings. / Detailed graphite drawings of dense ferns, grass, and undergrowth. Through May 23. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Hans Haacke—The artist is on the attack once again, this time criticizing, via photographs and texts, the conduct of major corporations and their support of the arts. Through May 28. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Penny Kaplan—Minimal welded-steel sculptures based on the Japanese kimono. Through Wednesday, May 15. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

David Kapp—City traffic is an inspiration rather than a problem for this artist, who watches it flow past his studio window and paints it in a semi-abstract style. Through June 1. (Manhattan Art, 81 Greene St.)

Jane Kaufman—Decorative screens and a quilt that has a hundred different embroidery stitches applied to a variety of fabrics, including silk, taffeta, and velvet. Through June 1. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

Mimmo Paladino—Primitivist stone sculptures of a religious nature and massive wall pieces, one consisting of thirty or so abstractions cast in bronze. Through May 25. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Ellen Phelan—Abstract paintings. Through May 25. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Margot Robinson—Nonobjective paintings and drawings, and sculptures. Through Sunday, May 12. (Noho, 168 Mercer St. Opens at noon.)

James Rosenquist—New paintings, chief among them "The Persistence of Electrical Nymphs in Space," which is seventeen feet by forty-six and consists mostly of flowers (amaryllis, roses, azaleas, daylilies) and scattered details of faces (eyes, noses, teeth). Through Saturday, May 18. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

David Salle—Eight big new paintings done in mixed mediums (one is collaged with chairs) and filled with his usual assortment of images—nudes, abstractions, boats, calligraphy. Through May 25. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

David True—New paintings and etchings. Through Saturday, May 11. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Nigel van Wieck—Paintings of circus scenes, among them a high-wire act and a man on a flying trapeze. Through May 25. (Germans Van Eck, 420 West Broadway.)

Group Show—A hundred and twenty-eight drawings on loan from the Museo Correr, in Venice, which represent much of the work done in that city from the Renaissance through the nineteenth century. Through July 27. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Sculpture—At the **cooper,** 155 Wooster St.: Carl Andre, Tony Smith, Jackie Winsor, and others. Through June 1. . . . **esman,** 70 Greene St.: Sol LeWitt showing aluminum pieces (large and small), Jene Highstein showing freestanding plaster works; and George Creamer showing painted-wood wall constructions. Through June 1.

OTHER GALLERIES

Darrel Austin—A dozen or more paintings of this artist's favorite themes—tigers, bulls, and nymphs shown in swamplands and lit by phosphorescence. Through May 23. (Garet, 204 E. 10th St. Opens Sundays at 1.)

Franco Ciarlo / Michael McClard—Monumental abstract paintings done in a fresco-canvas technique. / Ghostly images appear in large acrylic paintings. Through Saturday, May 18. (Bouckaert, 100 Hudson St.)

Mark di Suvero—Steel sculptures, completed in the past two years, which have swinging parts built into them; for example, the largest piece incorporates a swinging bed. Through June 29. (Oil & Steel, 157 Chambers St.)

Luis Frangella—Nipper the RCA dog and other subjects portrayed in paintings collaged with found objects (refrigerator parts, floor tiles). Through Saturday, May 18. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

Richard Hambleton—Huge waves coming straight at you and curling as they break are depicted in several of these large new paintings; in the same vein is a rodeo bull storming out of the chute with a cowboy on his back. Through May 21. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

Lucio Pozzi—Small abstract paintings from the past three years. Through May 26. (M-13, at 440 E. 9th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Hunt Slonem—New oil paintings from the "All About Eden" series. Through June 1. (Braathen, 76 Duane St., between Broadway and Lafayette St. Opens at noon.)

Christopher Sproat—Large illuminated wood sculptures based on skeletal forms, and two wood benches with gold leaf. Through May 25. (Stoler, 13 White St.)

Fri-Art: Made in Switzerland—Contemporary Swiss artists have many doors open to them this season, among them **the clocktower,** 108 Leonard St., at Broadway: Paintings by nine artists. Through June 2. (Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **franklin furnace,** 112 Franklin St.: An installation by five artists and book works by Dieter Roth. Through Saturday, May 11. (Wednesday through Friday, noon to 6; Saturday, 1 to 6.)

P.S. 1—One of the many shows here is a group of forty-four painters from Houston. Through June 23. (46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Eugène Atget (1857-1927)—Two shows in tandem, "Ancien Régime" (prints of Versailles, Saint-Cloud, and Sceaux) and "Modern Times" (working-class Paris), complete a survey of the photographer's work on display at the Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Tina Barney—Large-scale photographs showing

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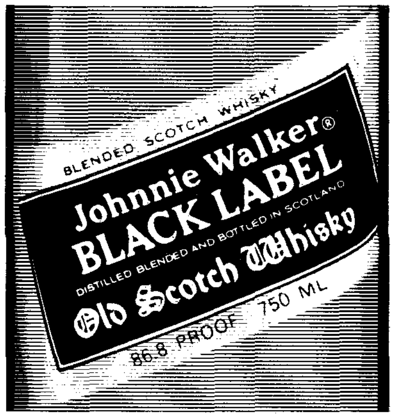
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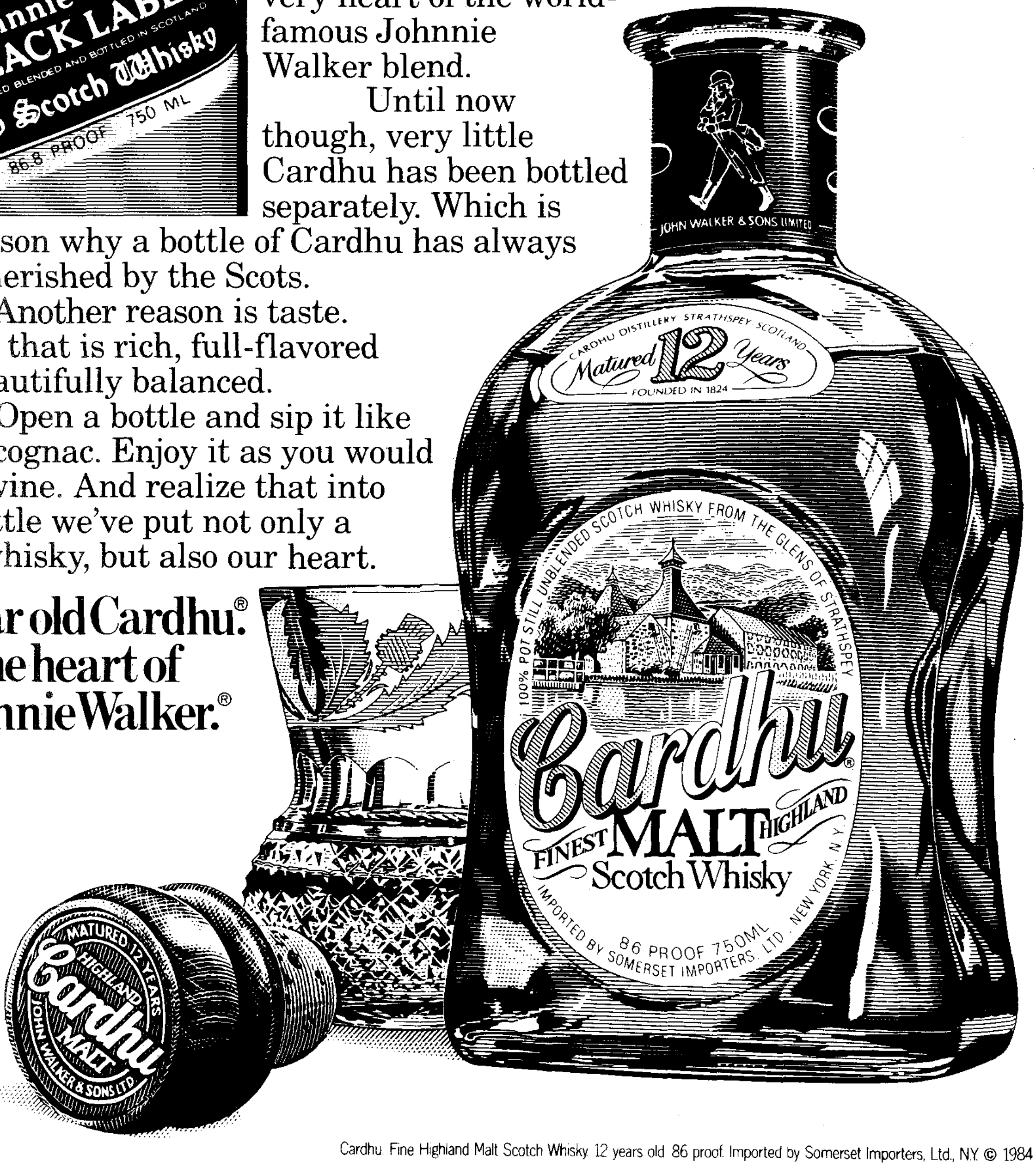
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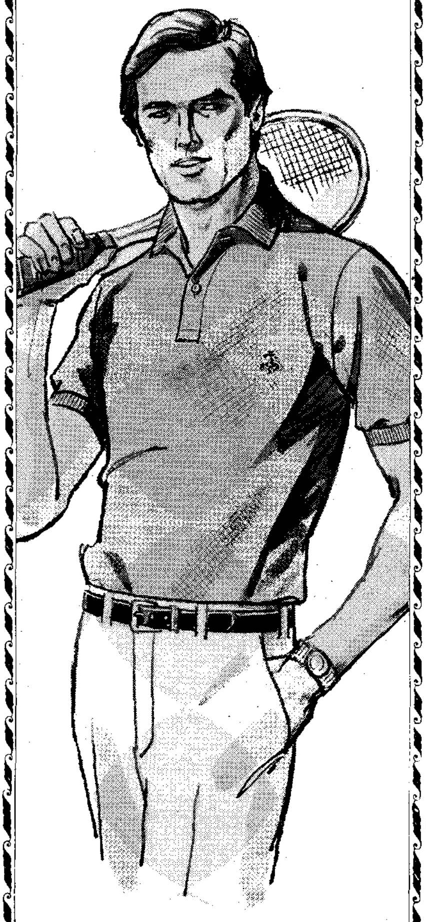

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family and friends on their home ground. Through May 31. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

Harry Callahan / Carl Toth—Multiple-exposure dye-transfer prints of downtown urban shopping areas. / Abstract color-Xerox collages. Through June 15. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

John Gutmann—Approximately a hundred prints made by a photojournalist between 1930 and 1980. Through Saturday, May 11. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)

André Kertész—Vintage and modern prints of public gardens in Budapest, Paris, and New York. Through June 29. (Harder, 37 W. 57th St. Closed Tuesdays.)

Russell Lee—Documentary photographs of New York in the Depression, plus more uplifting F.S.A. prints. Through May 31. (Ledel, 168 Mercer St. Opens at noon.)

Sol LeWitt / Jack Sal—Photographs and sculptures. / *Cliché-verre* pictures. Through May 25. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.) . . . ¶ The Hudson Center, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin, is showing paintings and drawings by Mr. Sal. Through Saturday, May 18.

Robert Mapplethorpe—Large platinum prints mounted in frames the artist designed. Through May 25. (Robert Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Robert Munroe / Patrick Bailly-Maître-Grand—Twenty photographs of a stream in upstate New York. / Contemporary daguerreotypes of contemporary objects. Through May 23. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

Tod Papageorge—Silver prints of visitors to Central Park and the Acropolis. Through June 1. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Sam Wagstaff Collection—Mr. Wagstaff selected this show of nineteenth- and twentieth-century photographs that were in his collection before it was bought by the J. Paul Getty Museum, and of a few photographs he recently acquired. Through June 9. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Group Show—"New World Africans," nineteenth-century albumen prints, silver prints, and *cartes de visite* of blacks in South America and the Caribbean. Through Sept. 7. (Schomburg Center, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St. Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit of a hundred gold objects produced by the prodigious craftsmen of pre-Columbian cultures of the Americas. The pieces, among them pendants, masks, and cups, are from the collection of Jan Mitchell. Starts Thursday, May 9. . . . ¶ A show of antiquities—crosses, chalices, crowns—from the Treasury of San Marco, Venice, many of which have resided there since their removal from Constantinople in the early thirteenth century. Through June 9. . . . ¶ A retrospective of sixty-three landscape paintings by George Inness. The Metropolitan is the first stop for this travelling exhibition, which was organized by the Los Angeles County Museum of Art. Through June 9. . . . ¶ A hundred drawings, from the museum's permanent collection, by seventeenth-century Dutch masters; eighteen are by Rembrandt. Through June 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A chronological arrangement of Matisse drawings, about a third of which are being shown in public for the first time. Through Tuesday, May 14. (Complementary shows are at Maxwell Davidson Gallery, 43 E. 78th St., and Isselbacher Gallery, 41 E. 78th St.) . . . ¶ Henri Rousseau's "Myself, Portrait-Landscape" greets viewers to a retrospective of approximately sixty of the artist's paintings. Through June 4. . . . **Photography:** Last sections of the Atget survey. Through Tuesday May 14. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A Gilbert and George retrospective of large photographic murals, in which the artists themselves appear. Through June 16. A complementary show is at Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway. . . . ¶ A show of works on paper by Mark Rothko. Through June 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The Whitney Biennial, 1985: eighty-four artists, a hundred and forty-six pieces (paintings, sculptures, photographs, films, video, and installations). Through June 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show of drawings and paintings by nineteenth-century American Pre-Raphaelites, who practiced the doctrines of John Ruskin and the English movement, and whose subjects were nature scenes and humble still-lifes. Also included are works by better-known contemporaneous artists outside of but affected by the movement—Bierstadt, Church, Durand, and others. Through June 10. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The ancient Mayan civilization is recaptured and documented in an exhibit of objects (in gold, wood, jade, and shell), plus maps and photographic blowups. Through July 28. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A show of paintings and drawings by German artist Felix Nussbaum (1904-44), many from the period when he lived in hiding during the Second World War. The artist died at Auschwitz. . . . ¶ A series of recent prints by Frank Stella, who based them on a series (also on exhibit) by El Lissitzky (1919), who based *his* prints on the children's Seder song "Had Gadya." Through June 9. (Open daily except Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Albrecht Dürer's original drawing "Praying Hands" is the centerpiece of a show of seventy-five Old Master drawings on loan from the Albertina collection in Vienna. As a bonus, the Morgan has added its own eight Dürers. Through May 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show of drawings by John Singer Sargent which provides a broad selection of his works on paper; on loan from the Corcoran Gallery of Art. Starts Friday, May 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—The forms and the language of signs (as in road signs and logos) are reflected in paintings, photographs, video, and, well, signs of all kinds by nine artists—Al Souza, Jenny Holzer, John Knight, and Marian Galczenski among them. Through July 7. . . . ¶ A show of paintings and works on paper by Pierre Tal-Coat, a French abstractionist. Through June 30. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—The bicentennial of Audubon's birth is cause for celebration at the society, which owns and has mounted all four hundred and thirty-three remaining original watercolors for "Birds of America." (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—A large show called "Images of a Turbulent Decade, 1963-1973," which presents works in diverse mediums, primarily by black but also by anti-war and feminist artists, among them Benny Andrews, Rudolf Baranik, Romare Bearden, David Hammons, Gordon Parks, Betye Saar, and May Stevens. Also, a number of documentary photographs of civil-rights leaders and marchers. Through June 30. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

Artists Space, 223 West Broadway. 226-3970.—Three programs of super-8-mm. films, Thursday through Saturday, May 9-11, at 8. . . . ¶ Performances: Matt Mullican and Robin Winters, Thursday, May 16; Paul McMahon and Michael Smith, Friday, May 17; Robert Longo and Jill Kroesen, Saturday, May 18. All at 8.

Ohio Theatre, 66 Wooster St. 759-5165.—Programs by Austrian artists, sponsored by The Kitchen and the Austrian Institute. Werner Pirchner and Harry Pepl's "Zwio" (jazz), Wednesday, May 15, at 8:30; John Irving and Walter Abish will introduce five Austrian writers, Thursday, May 16, at 8:30; two performance works, Friday, May 17, at 8:30, and a film by Ernst Schmidt, Jr., at 11:30; Blizz Frizz, with Rhys Chatham (music), Saturday, May 18, at 8:30, and Joerg Schlick and Armin Medosch (dance), at 10:15; Heinz Cibulka (performance), Sunday, May 19, at 8:30.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.—Charles Dennis (performance), Wednesdays, May 8 and 15, at 9; Ishmael Houston-Jones, Dennis Cooper, and Chris Cochrane (performance), Friday through Sunday, May 10-12, at 9.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Opera Ensemble of New York—Ruth Bierhoff conducting performances of Benjamin Britten's arrangement of John Gay's "The Beggar's Opera." Staged by John J. D. Sheehan. (Lillie Blake School Theatre, 45 E. 81st St. Wednesdays, May 8 and 15, and Fridays, May 10 and 17, at 8, and Sundays, May 12 and 19, at 3. For information about tickets, call 288-1485.)

Amato Opera Company—Presenting Verdi's "Alzira," as well as performances in English (by the same cast) of Voltaire's play "Alzire," on which the opera is based. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Saturday, May 11, at 7:30, and Sunday, May 12, at 2:30.)

After Dinner Opera Company—Presenting "Predators" and "Out the Window," two one-act comedic operas by Seymour Barab. Conducted by Conrad Strasser and staged by Richard Flusser. (Theatre of the Music School, 235 E. 11th St. Saturdays, May 11 and 18, at 8:30; Sundays, May 12 and 19, at 3 and 7; and Monday, May 20, at 8:30. Tickets at the door on the days of the performances.)

Bronx Opera Company—Two performances of Verdi's "La Traviata," in English. Staged by Ron Medici and conducted by Michael Spierman. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Friday and Saturday, May 17-18, at 8. For tickets, call 787-1356.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting—Thursday, May 9, at 8; Friday, May 10, at 2; Saturday, May 11, at 8; and Tuesday, May 14, at 7:30: A Prokofieff-Moussorgsky program, with Galina Vishnevskaya, soprano; Matti Salminen, bass; and the New York Choral Artists. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 16, at 8; Friday, May 17, at 2; Saturday, May 18, at 8; and Tuesday, May 21, at 7:30: A Bach-Mozart-Richard Strauss program, with Joseph Robinson, oboe; Stanley Drucker, clarinet; Judith Le Clair, bassoon; and Philip Myers, horn.

Baltimore Symphony Orchestra—David Zinman conducting, with Joseph Silverstein, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 12, at 3.)

Toronto Symphony—Andrew Davis conducting.

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(Carnegie Hall. Monday, May 13, at 8, with Cecile Licad, piano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 14, at 8, with Maureen Forrester, contralto.)

Cleveland Orchestra—Christoph von Dohnanyi conducting the final concerts of the season here. CARNEGIE HALL. Wednesday, May 15: A Bartók-Janáček-Brahms program, with Alfred Brendel, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 18: A Haydn-Schoenberg-Beethoven program, with Anja Silja, soprano. . . . AVERY FISHER HALL. Friday, May 17: A Charles Ruggles-Stravinsky-Tchaikovsky program, with Gerald English and Frank Kelley, tenors; Julian Patrick, baritone; Enrico Fissore, bass; and members of the Cleveland Ballet. (Evenings at 8.)

New York Pops—Skitch Henderson conducting the final concert of the season. With Rosemary Clooney. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 9, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Lukas Foss conducting the last in a series of "Meet the Moderns" programs, this one a tribute to Aaron Copland. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, May 10, at 8. For information about tickets, call 254-6300, Ext. 309.)

Waterloo Festival Orchestra—Gerard Schwarz conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 11, at 3. Free tickets available at the box office.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, May 12, at 3, a Bach-Handel program, with Peter Hurford, organ. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, May 18, at 8, and Sunday, May 19, at 3, a varied program, with Horacio Gutiérrez, piano, and Syoko Aki, violin.)

Bronx Arts Ensemble—Robert Rogers conducting a program of music by Morton Gould, David Chesky, Robert Baksa, and John Freeman, with Masako Yanagita, violin; Mark Sherman, vibraphone; and Alexander Peskanov, piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, May 12, at 8.)

Harrisburg Symphony—Larry Newland conducting an all-Beethoven program. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 18, at 3.)

Orchestra of St. Luke's—Felix Galimir conducting a Mozart-Schoenberg program, with Ruth Laredo, piano. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Saturday, May 18, at 8.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier directing the last in a series of concerts, this one a Stravinsky-Honegger program, with Howard Da Silva, narrator, and vocal soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 11, at 8.)

Metropolitan Greek Chorale—George Tsontakis conducting, with Judith Bettina, soprano, and the New Philharmonia of Riverside. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 11, at 8.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing an all-Schütz program, with Edward Brewer, organ, and Michael Willens, violone. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, May 11, at 9.)

Mendelssohn Club of Philadelphia—Tamara Brooks directing a performance of Benjamin Britten's "War Requiem," with Barbara Pearson, soprano; Seth McCoy, tenor; David Arnold, baritone; the Boys Choir of Harlem; and the New School of Music Orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 12, at 8:30.)

St. Cecilia Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing, with Mary Burgess, soprano, and David Hamilton, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 16, at 8.)

Glee Club of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick—George Mead directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 18, at 8.)

RECITALS

Jean Fonda—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, May 8, at 8.)

Rita Bouboulidi—Two in a series of seven concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano sonatas. (Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. Wednesdays, May 8 and 15, at 8. For information about tickets, call 242-4770.)

Aspen Wind Quintet—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 8, at 8.)

Pomerium Musices—Alexander Blachly conducting a program of music by Schütz, with the Newberry Consort. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, May 8, at 8.)

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J. S. Bach: The Complete Organ Works—The first two in a series of sixteen biweekly recitals, each performed by a different organist. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Thursday, May 9, at 8: Charles Krigbaum. . . . ¶ Church of the Ascension, Fifth Ave. at 10th St. Sunday, May 12, at 3: John Weaver. Admission by contribution.)

Aulos Ensemble—A Bach-Handel-Scarlatti program. (Rutgers Presbyterian Church, 236 W. 73rd St. Thursday, May 9, at 8. For information about tickets, call 663-7565.)

Tafelmusik—A program of baroque and contemporary music. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Thursday, May 9, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Da Capo Chamber Players—A program of twentieth-century French music, with David Oei, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, May 10, at 8.)

Philip Glass—With his ensemble performing his score for the movie "Koyaanisqatsi," to accompany a screening of the film. With assisting instrumentalists and the Western Wind. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, May 10, at 8:30 and 11.)

Claudio Arrau—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, May 13, at 8, in a concert postponed from Feb. 24.)

Mareda Gaither-Graves—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, May 13, at 8.)

Robert Trent—Classical guitarist. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Monday, May 13, at 8. For tickets, call 757-3255.)

Parnassus—A program of music by Stefan Wolpe, David Olan, Andrew Imbrie, Tobias Picker, and Paul Hindemith. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, May 13, at 8.)

Natan Brand—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, May 14, at 2.)

Joan La Barbara—Soprano, in a program that includes the premières of works by John Cage and Rhys Chatham. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Tuesday, May 14, at 8.)

Quintet of the Americas—A program of Latin-American music. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. 249-8950, Ext. 551. Tuesday, May 14, at 8.)

Classical Quartet—A Beethoven-Mozart program, performed on original instruments. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Tuesday, May 14, at 8. For information about tickets, call 847-4037.)

Christopher O'Riley—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, May 15, at 8.)

Hiroko Ohki—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, May 15, at 8.)

BOWLING
OPEN 24 HOURS
24 HOURS
50 LANES
BOWLING

Berenice Lipson-Gruzen—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, May 17, at 8.)

Sylvan Wind Quintet—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, May 17, at 8.)

Music for a While—A program called "Medieval Music by and for Women," with Concentus Laurentius. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Friday, May 17, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

SPORTS

Baseball—METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. Atlanta, Wednesday, May 8, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Philadelphia, Friday, May 10, at 8:05; Saturday, May 11, at 1:20; and Sunday, May 12, at 1:35. . . . ¶ San Francisco, Friday, May 17, at 8:05, and Saturday, May 18, at 7:35. . . . YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Minnesota, Monday and Tuesday, May 13-14, at 8. . . . ¶ Texas, Wednesday, May 15, at 8, and Thursday, May 16, at 1.

Crew—Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta. (Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester. Sunday, May 12.)

Racing—At BELMONT: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1, from Wednesday, May 8, through Monday, July 29. The Withers, Wednesday, May 8; the Comely, Saturday, May 11; and the Shuvee Handicap, Saturday, May 18. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:53 and 12:59, and Saturdays and Sundays between 10:58 and 1:04.) . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Cherry Hill, N.J.: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, June 15. The Jersey Belle, Saturday, May 11, and the Camden Handicap, Saturday, May 18. . . . PIMLICO, Baltimore: The Preakness, Saturday, May 18.

Tennis—Shearson Lehman Brothers Tournament of Champions: John McEnroe, Ivan Lendl, Johan Kriek, Aaron Krickstein, and others. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. 1-718 268-2300. Wednesday through Friday, May 8-10, at noon and 6:30; semifinals, Saturday, May 11, at 12:15; and finals Sunday, May 12, at 12:15.)

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weeknights at 8; through Monday, June 17. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 23. . . . MEADOWLANDS: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 17.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—William Matthews and Sandra McPherson reading from their own poetry. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, May 13, at 8.) . . . ¶ David Margulies, Blythe Danner, Clifton James, Cynthia Harris, and Isaiah Sheffer reading from the short stories of Anton Chekhov, Elizabeth Bowen, Breece D'J Pancake, Janet Kauffman, and Steven Schrader. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday, May 15, at 6:30.) . . . ¶ Grace Paley reading from her own short stories. (Three Lives & Company, 154 W. 10th St. Thursday, May 16, at 8. No tickets necessary; seating on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . ¶ Allen Ginsberg reading from his own poetry. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Friday, May 17, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)

Auctions—At SOTHEBY'S, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Thursday and Friday, May 9-10, at 10 and 2: Prints. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 14, at 7: Impressionist and modern paintings and sculptures, followed by paintings and sculptures from the collection of Joel Mallin. Admission by ticket only; for information, call 606-7303. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 15, at 10:15: Impressionist and modern drawings and watercolors. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 15, at 2: Impressionist and modern paintings and sculptures. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 16, at 10:15 and 2: Tribal art. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 11. . . . CHRISTIE'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. Thursday, May 9, at 2: French and other Continental furniture, objects of art, clocks, and carpets. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 9, at 7: Old Master prints. Admission by ticket only; for information, call 546-1128.

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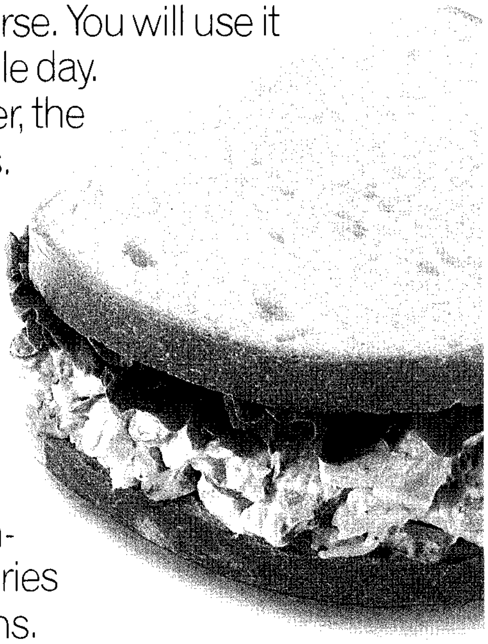

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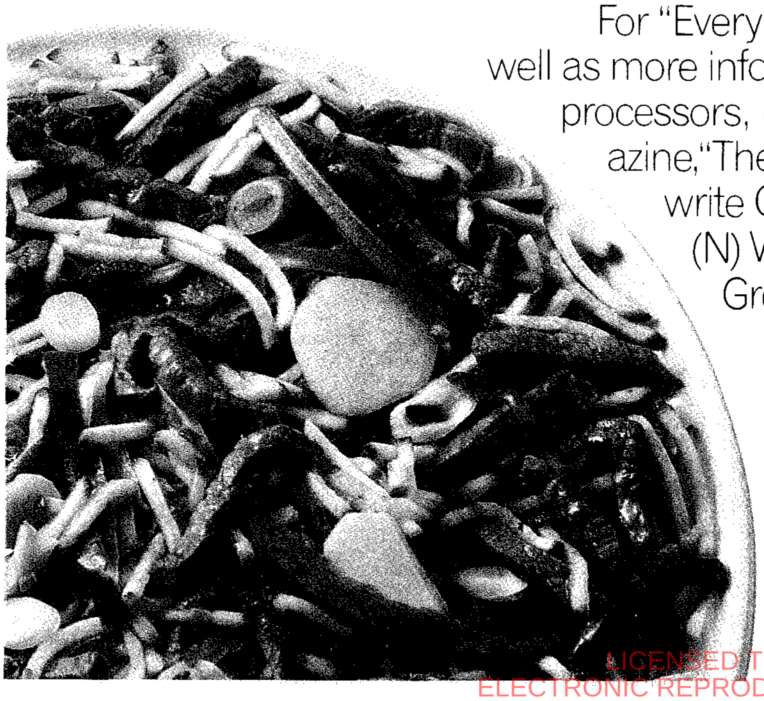

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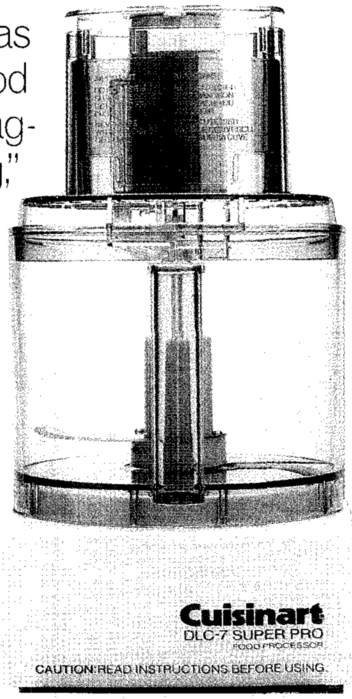

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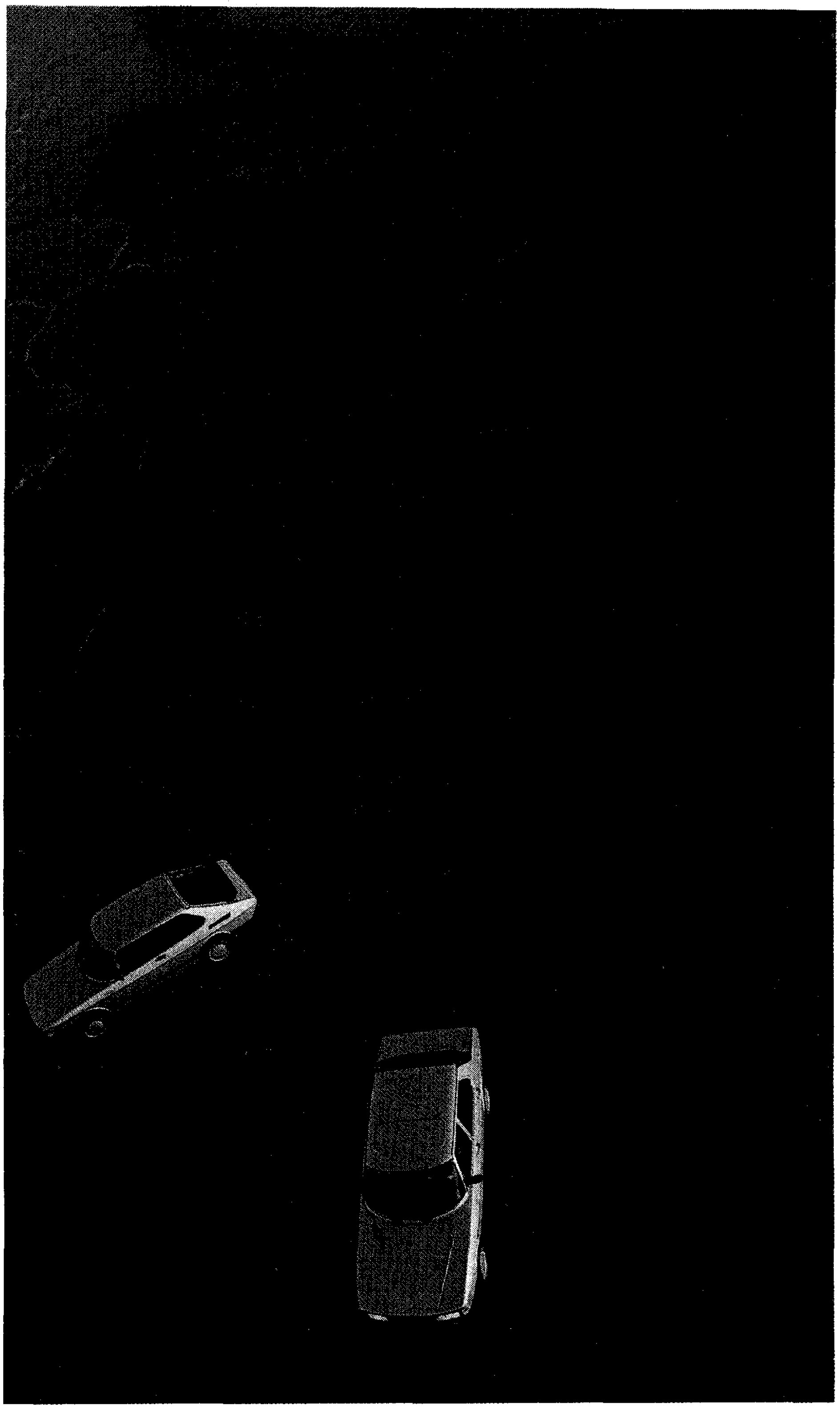

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through May 9: "French Cancan" (†).
From May 10: "Les Années 80" (1983; directed by Chantal Akerman).

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Lost in America" (†).

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through May 9: "The Killing Fields" (†); and "Hammett" (1983; Wim Wenders), with Frederic Forrest.
From May 10: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through May 9: "The Sure Thing" (Rob Reiner), with John Cusack.
From May 10: "Rappin' " (Joel Silberg).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Just One of the Guys" (Lisa Gottlieb).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Purple Rose of Cairo" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through May 9: "Stick" (Burt Reynolds), with Reynolds, George Segal, and Candice Bergen. From May 10: "Rustlers' Rhapsody" (Hugh Wilson), with Tom Berenger.
Theatre 2: "Desperately Seeking Susan" (†).
Theatre 3: "Gotcha!" (Jeff Kanew), with Anthony Edwards.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through May 9: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).
From May 10: "Girls Just Want to Have Fun" (Alan Metter).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Amadeus" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Ladyhawke" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Almost You" (Adam Brooks), with Brooke Adams and Griffith Dunne.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through May 9: "Petit Con" (Gérard Lauzier; in French).
Through May 10: "Secret Places" (Zelda Barron).

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Lost in America" (†).
Theatre 2: "Code of Silence" (Andy Davis), with Chuck Norris.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Lily in Love" (Karoly Makk), with Christopher Plummer and Maggie Smith.
Theatre 2: Through May 16: "1918" (Ken Harrison). From May 17: "Silver City" (Sophia Turkiewicz; an Australian film).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through May 9: "The Sure Thing" (Rob Reiner), with John Cusack.
From May 10: To be announced.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Mikey and Nicky" (1976; Elaine May), with Peter Falk and John Cassavetes.
Theatre 2: "Movers and Shakers" (William Asher), with Walter Matthau and Charles Grodin.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through May 16: "Desperately Seeking Susan" (†). From May 17: "Grace Quigley" (Anthony Harvey), with Katharine Hepburn and Nick Nolte.
Theatre 2: "Little Treasure" (Alan Sharp), with Margot Kidder, Ted Danson, and Burt Lancaster.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Purple Rose of Cairo" (†).

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Gotcha!" (Jeff Kanew), with Anthony Edwards.
Theatre 2: "Mask" (Peter Bogdanovich), with Cher, Eric Stoltz, and Sam Elliott.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (Jamie Uys).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Witness" (†).

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 26.

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Desperately Seeking Susan" (†).

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Stick" (Burt Reynolds), with Reynolds, George Segal, and Candice Bergen.
Theatre 2: "Code of Silence" (Andy Davis), with Chuck Norris.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through May 9: "Just One of the Guys" (Lisa Gottlieb).
From May 10: To be announced.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through May 9: "Police Academy 2: Their First Assignment" (Jerry Paris), with Steve Guttenberg. From May 10: "Girls Just Want to Have Fun" (Alan Metter).
Theatre 2: "The Last Dragon" (Michael Schultz).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: A program of seven short films.
Theatre 2: Through May 9: "The Good Fight" (1984; directed by Noel Buckner, Mary Dore, and Sam Sills). From May 10: "Twenty Years Later" (Eduardo Coutinho; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "What Have I Done to Deserve This?" (Pedro Almodovar; in Spanish).
Theatre 2: "The Brother from Another Planet" (John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Sayles.

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "The Return of the Soldier" (†).
Theatre 2: "Mask" (Peter Bogdanovich), with Cher, Eric Stoltz, and Sam Elliott.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Camila" (Maria Luisa Bemberg; an Argentine film, in Spanish).
Theatre 2: "The Company of Wolves" (Neil Jordan), with Angela Lansbury and David Warner.
Theatre 3: "Stranger Than Paradise" (†).
Theatre 4: "Where's Picone?" (Nanni Loy; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini.

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: Through May 9: "A Passage to India" (†). From May 10: "Girls Just Want to Have Fun" (Alan Metter).
Theatre 2: Through May 9: "Just One of the Guys" (Lisa Gottlieb). From May 10: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).
Theatre 3: "Amadeus" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Amadeus" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"A Passage to India" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Pumping Iron II: The Women" (George Butler).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"A Private Function" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through May 9: "Bizet's Carmen" (†).
From May 10: "French Cancan" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Desperately Seeking Susan" (†).

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Camila" (Maria Luisa Bemberg; an Argentine film, in Spanish).
Theatre 2: "Amadeus" (†).
Theatre 3: "Jules and Jim" (†).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "The Purple Rose of Cairo" (†).
Theatre 2: "Streetwise" (Martin Bell), a documentary.

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "George Stevens: A Filmmaker's Journey" (George Stevens, Jr.), a documentary.
Theatre 2: "My New Partner" (Claude Zidi; in French), with Philippe Noiret.

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Police Academy 2: Their First Assignment" (Jerry Paris), with Steve Guttenberg.
Theatre 2: "Def-Con 4" (Paul Donovan).
Theatre 3: "Code of Silence" (Andy Davis), with Chuck Norris.
Theatre 4: "Stick" (Burt Reynolds), with Reynolds, George Segal, and Candice Bergen.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Lost in America" (†).
Theatre 2: "Mask" (Peter Bogdanovich), with Cher, Eric Stoltz, and Sam Elliott.
Theatre 3: "Ladyhawke" (†).
Theatre 4: "Gotcha!" (Jeff Kanew), with Anthony Edwards.
Theatre 5: "Witness" (†).
Theatre 6: "Desperately Seeking Susan" (†).

New Yorker I and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "A Passage to India" (†).
Theatre 2: "Just One of the Guys" (Lisa Gottlieb).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Code of Silence" (Andy Davis), with Chuck Norris.
Theatre 2: "Gotcha!" (Jeff Kanew), with Anthony Edwards.
Theatre 3: Through May 9: "A Nightmare on Elm Street" (Wes Craven), with John Saxon and Ronee Blakley. From May 10: "Rappin' " (Joel Silberg).
Theatre 4: Through May 9: "Stick" (Burt Reynolds), with Reynolds, George Segal, and Candice Bergen. From May 10: "Girls Just Want to Have Fun" (Alan Metter).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Police Academy 2: Their First Assignment" (directed by Jerry Paris), with Steve Guttenberg.
Theatre 2: "Moving Violations" (Neal Israel).
Theatre 3: Through May 9: "Julie Darling."
From May 10: "Stick" (Burt Reynolds), with Reynolds, George Segal, and Candice Bergen.
Theatre 4: "Mask" (Peter Bogdanovich),

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

with Cher, Eric Stoltz, and Sam Elliott.
Theatre 5: Through May 9: "Nine Deaths of the Ninja" (Emmett Alston), with Sho Kosugi. From May 10: "A Nightmare on Elm Street" (Wes Craven), with John Saxon and Ronee Blakley.
Theatre 6: "The Killing Fields" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"The Company of Wolves" (Neil Jordan), with Angela Lansbury and David Warner.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Cat's Eye" (Lewis Teague), with Drew Barrymore and James Woods.
Theatre 3: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).
Theatre 4: "Friday the 13th: A New Beginning" (Danny Steinmann).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Witness" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: Through May 9: "Stick" (Burt Reynolds), with Reynolds, George Segal, and Candice Bergen. From May 10: "Rustlers' Rhapsody" (Hugh Wilson), with Tom Berenger.
Theatre 2: "Gotcha!" (Jeff Kanew), with Anthony Edwards.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"The Purple Rose of Cairo" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"The Care Bears Movie" (Arna Selznick), an animated film.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through May 9: "A Nightmare on Elm Street" (Wes Craven), with John Saxon and Ronee Blakley. From May 10: "Girls Just Want to Have Fun" (Alan Metter).
Theatre 2: "Ladyhawke" (†).

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: Through May 9: "Def-Con 4" (Paul Donovan). From May 10: "Dungeonmaster."
Theatre 2: "The Last Dragon" (Michael Schultz).

U. A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: Through May 9: "Just One of the Guys" (Lisa Gottlieb). From May 10: "Rappin' " (Joel Silberg).
Theatre 2: "Code of Silence" (Andy Davis), with Chuck Norris.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through May 15: "The Times of Harvey Milk" (1984; directed by Robert Epstein), a documentary.
From May 16: "Enormous Changes at the Last Minute" (1983; Ellen Hovde and Mirra Bank).

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through May 15: "Enormous Changes at the Last Minute" (1983; Ellen Hovde and Mirra Bank). From May 16: A festival of Alfred Hitchcock films.

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Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Through May 9: A program of Israeli films.
From May 10: "Rembetiko."

Cinema Village, 22. E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through May 9: "Querelle" (1983; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Brad Davis, Franco Nero, and Jeanne Moreau; and "Lili Marleen" (1981; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Giancarlo Giannini.
May 10-11: "The Leopard" (1963; Luchino Visconti; in Italian), with Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon, and Claudia Cardinale.
May 12-14: "The Lenny Bruce Performance Film" (†) and "Lenny" (†).
May 15-16: "Taxi Driver" (1976; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster; and "Looking for Mr. Goodbar" (1977; Richard Brooks), with Diane Keaton, Tuesday Weld, Richard Kiley, Alan Feinstein, and Richard Gere.
May 17-18: "Bananas" (1971; Woody Allen), with Allen; and "Jabberwocky" (1977; Terry Gilliam), with Michael Palin.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through May 16: "Stop Making Sense" (1984; Jonathan Demme), with the Talking Heads.
From May 17: To be announced.

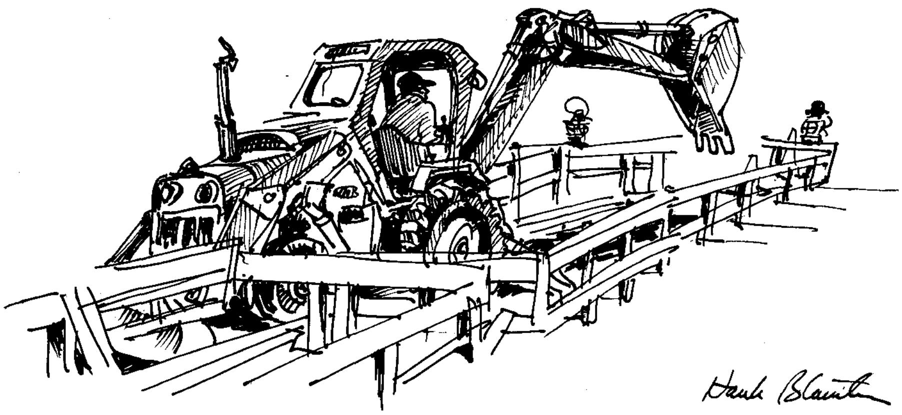
Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
May 8: "The Pope of Greenwich Village" (1984; Stuart Rosenberg), with Eric Roberts, Mickey Rourke, Daryl Hannah, and Geraldine Page; and "Mike's Murder" (1984; James Bridges), with Debra Winger.
May 9-11: "The Last Wave" (1977; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Richard Chamberlain; and "Walkabout" (1971; Nicolas Roeg; an Australian film).
May 12-13: "Badlands" (†), "Pretty Poison" (†), and "Bonnie and Clyde" (†).
From May 14: To be announced.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through May 9: "Return of the Secaucus 7" (1980; John Sayles); and "Baby, It's You" (1983; John Sayles), with Rosanna Arquette and Vincent Spano.
May 10-11: "The Hunger" (1983; Tony Scott), with Catherine Deneuve, David Bowie, Susan Sarandon, and Cliff De Young; and "The Man Who Fell to Earth" (1976; Nicolas Roeg), with David Bowie, Rip Torn, Candy Clark, and Buck Henry.
May 12: "Once Upon a Time in America" (1984; Sergio Leone), with Robert De Niro and James Woods.
May 13-14: "Ivanhoe" (†) and "The Three Musketeers" (1948 †).
May 15-16: "The Story of O" (1975; Just Jaeckin; in French); and "Emmanuelle: The Joys of a Woman" (1976; Francis Giacobetti; in French), with Sylvia Kristel.
From May 17: To be announced.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
May 8: "Yojimbo" (1961; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune; and "The Life of O-Haru" (1952; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese), with Kinuyo Tanaka.
May 9: "Toni" (1935; Jean Renoir; in French); and "L'Atalante" (1934; Jean Vigo; in French), with Michel Simon.
May 10: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" (1975), performed by the BBC-TV Python team; and "Life of Brian" (1979; Terry Jones), with Graham Chapman.
May 11: "Blade Runner" (1982; Ridley Scott), with Harrison Ford and Rutger Hauer; and "The Road Warrior" (1982; George Miller; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson.
May 12-13: "Bizet's Carmen" (†).
May 14: "Open City" (1945; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian), with Anna Magnani; and "Paisan" (1946; Roberto Rossellini; in English, French, Italian, and German), a six-episode film.
May 15: "Late Autumn" (1960; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese); and "Floating Cloud" (1955; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese), with Hideko Takamine.
May 16: "A Man Escaped" (†); and "Diary of a Country Priest" (1950; Robert Bresson; in French), with Claude Laydu and Nicole Maurey.
May 17: "Chinatown" (†) and "The Postman Always Rings Twice" (1981 †).
May 18: "Swann in Love" (1984; Volker Schlöndorff; in French), with Jeremy Irons, Ornella Muti, and Alain Delon; and "Death in Venice" (1971; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde and Bjorn Andresen.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
May 8: "Girl Crazy" (1943; Norman Taurog), with Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney, June Allyson, and Nancy Walker; and "Good News" (1947; Charles Walters), with June Allyson, Peter Lawford, Mel Tormé, and Joan McCracken.
May 9-11: "Pal Joey" (1957; George Sidney), with Rita Hayworth, Frank Sinatra, and Kim Novak; and "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953; Howard Hawks), with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe.
May 12-13: "Finian's Rainbow" (†) and "Brigadoon" (†).
May 14-15: "Cabin in the Sky" (1943; Vincente Minnelli), with Ethel Waters, Eddie Anderson, Lena Horne, Louis Armstrong, and John Bubbles; and "New Faces" (1954; Harry Horner), with Ronny Graham, Eartha Kitt, and Robert Clary.
May 16-18: "Gypsy" (†); and "Funny Girl" (1968; William Wyler), with Barbra Streisand and Omar Sharif.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
May 8: "The Dresser" (1983; Peter Yates), with Albert Finney and Tom Courtenay; and "A Double Life" (1947; George Cukor), with Ronald Colman, Signe Hasso, and Edmond O'Brien.
May 9: "That's Yenta-tainment!" (1985), a compilation film; and "The Cohens and Kellys in Hollywood" (1932).
May 10: "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" (1957; Frank Tashlin), with Jayne Mansfield, Tony Randall, and Betsy Drake; and "The Girl Can't Help It" (1957; Frank Tashlin), with Tom Ewell, Jayne Mansfield, and Edmond O'Brien.
May 11: "Holiday" (1938; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Lew Ayres, Edward Everett Horton, and Doris Nolan; and "You Can't Take It with You" (1938; Frank Capra), with Jean Arthur, James Stewart, Lionel Barrymore, and Edward Arnold.
May 12: "Persona" (1967; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann; and "From the Life of the Marionettes" (1980; Ingmar Bergman; in German), with Robert Atzorn, Christine Buchegger, and Martin Benrath.
May 13: "Sudden Impact" (1983) and "High Plains Drifter" (1973), both films directed by, and with, Clint Eastwood.
May 14: "Palm Beach Story" (1942; Preston Sturges), with Claudette Colbert, Joel



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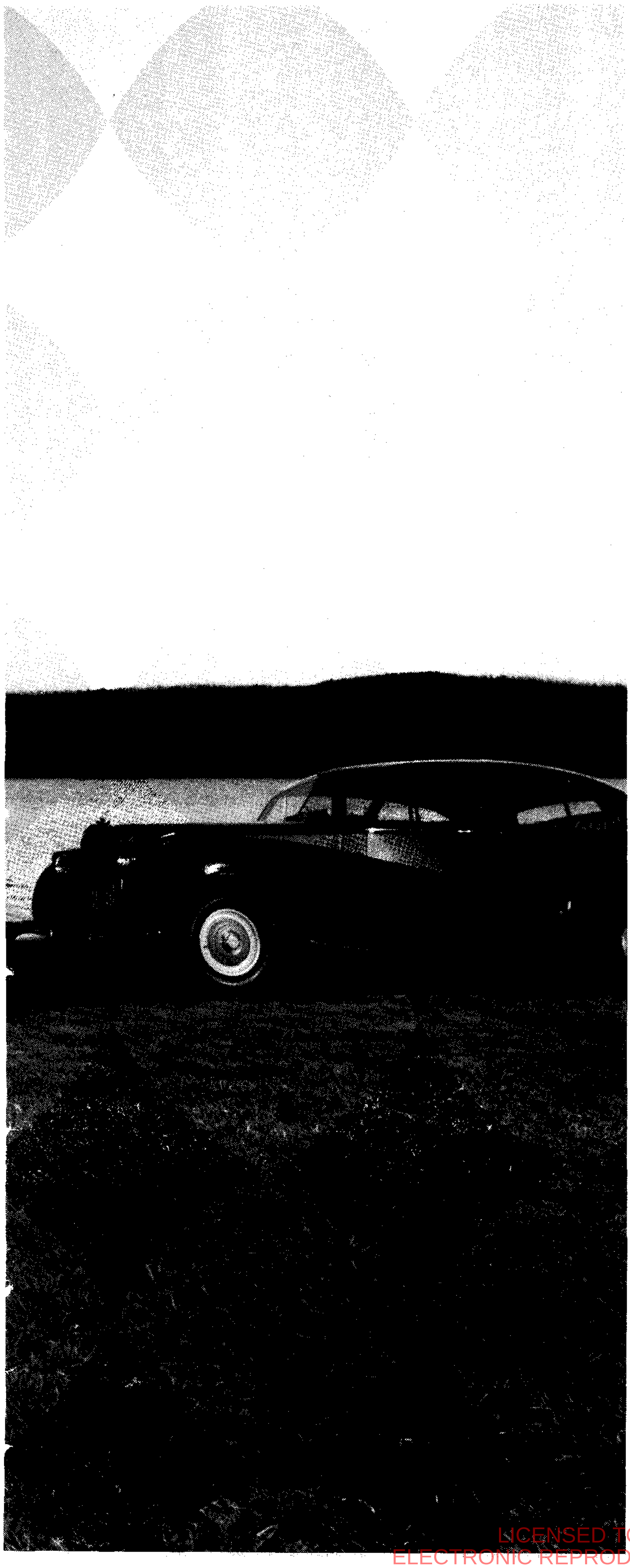

without being rich.

She lived as if in a dream, with the kind of grace and charm, sensitivity and style that could never be bought. The accident of birth that had placed her in moderate circumstances, somehow never prevented her from living as if she were always about to come into a great fortune.

The first time I saw her, we were both weekend guests at a rather palatial Newport estate. She alighted from an automobile holding a bouquet of red roses. As she approached the puddle in her path, the chauffeur lifted her into his arms to carry her across it; a gallant gesture prompted, perhaps, by her radiant beauty. A manservant struggled with four pieces of handsome luggage that I recognized to be of the highest quality. The kind that summered in the South of France and wintered on St. Bart's. The kind that held silk and satin and whispered of intriguing adventures. She wore lizard sandals and inexpensive perfume that smelled of gardenias and October mornings. In the back of the automobile was a leather-bound volume of poems by Apollinaire and an ostrich eyeglass case.

She was the kind of woman who lived a life in which she cultivated the element of surprise. It was obvious she knew how to live.

Reminiscing about her, years later, I usually experience two conflicting emotions. One is a sense of loss that we would probably never meet again. And the other is a feeling of joy, knowing that some of the things I had created had contributed, in some small way, to the beauty of her life and the incandescent beauty of that moment.

Mark Cross

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McCrea, Mary Astor, and Rudy Vallée; and "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek" (†).

May 15: "The Incredible Shrinking Man" (†); and "Attack of the Puppet People" (1958; Bert I. Gordon), with John Agar.

May 16: "Crossfire" (†) and "Gentleman's Agreement" (†).

May 17-18: "Smorgasbord" (1983; Jerry Lewis), with Lewis; and "The King of Comedy" (†).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

May 8: "Lost Horizon" (1937; Frank Capra), with Ronald Colman, Margo, Sam Jaffe, and Edward Everett Horton; and "The Bitter Tea of General Yen" (1933; Frank Capra), with Barbara Stanwyck, Nils Asther, Gavin Gordon, and Walter Connolly.

May 9: "The Verdict" (1946; Donald Siegel), with Sydney Greenstreet and Peter Lorre; and "The Woman in White" (1948; Peter Godfrey), with Gig Young, Eleanor Parker, Sydney Greenstreet, and Alexis Smith.

May 10-11: "East of Eden" (1955; Elia Kazan), with Julie Harris, James Dean, Raymond Massey, and Richard Davalos; and "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955; Nicholas Ray), with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, Corey Allen, and Nick Adams.

May 12: "Camille" (1937 †); and "Grand Hotel" (1932; Edmund Goulding), with Greta Garbo, John Barrymore, Joan Crawford, and Wallace Beery.

May 13: "Boudu Saved from Drowning" (†) and "The Lower Depths" (1936 †).

May 14: "The Criminal Code" (1931; Howard Hawks), with Walter Huston, Phillips Holmes, and Constance Cummings; and "Crime and Punishment" (1935; Josef von Sternberg), with Edward Arnold and Peter Lorre.

May 15: "West Side Story" (1961; Robert Wise), with Natalie Wood, Richard Beymer, Russ Tamblyn, Rita Moreno, and George Chakiris; and "On the Town" (1949; Stanley Donen and Gene Kelly), with Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Betty Garrett, and Vera-Ellen.

May 16: "Sansho the Bailiff" (1954; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese); and "The Drunken Angel" (1948; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese).

May 17-18: "Kennel Murder Case" (†) and "The Gracie Allen Murder Case" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THEATRE 1: May 9 at 2:30: "The Guinea Pig" (1948; directed by Roy Boulting), with Richard Attenborough, Sheila Sim, and Bernard Miles. . . . ¶ May 9 at 6: "Holiday Camp" (1947; Ken Annakin), with Flora Robson, Dennis Price, and Jack Warner. . . . ¶ May 10 at 2:30: "Fame Is the Spur" (1947; Roy Boulting), with Michael Redgrave, Rosamund John, and Bernard Miles. . . . ¶ May 10 at 6: "The Cruel Sea" (1952; Charles Frend), with Jack Hawkins, Donald Sinden, and Stanley Baker. . . . ¶ May 11 at 2: "Chance of a Lifetime" (1950; Bernard Miles), with Miles, Basil Radford, Niall MacGinnis, and Kenneth More. . . . ¶ May 11 at 5: "Fame Is the Spur." . . . ¶ May 12 at 2: "Angels One Five" (1951; George More O'Ferrall), with Jack Hawkins, Dulcie Gray, and Vida Hope. . . . ¶ May 12 at 5: "Tartuffe" (1926; F. W. Murnau; a German silent film, with German intertitles), with Emil Jannings and Werner Krauss. . . . ¶ May 13 at 2:30: "The Last Laugh" (1924; F. W. Murnau; a German silent film, with German intertitles), with Emil Jannings. . . . ¶ May 13 at 6: "An Englishman Abroad" (1983; John Schlesinger), with Alan Bates and Coral Browne. . . . . ¶ May 14 at 2:30: "A Town Like Alice" (1956; Jack Lee), with Peter Finch and Virginia McKenna. . . . ¶ May 14 at 6: "Chance of a Lifetime." . . . ¶ May 16 at 2:30 and 6: "Page of Madness" (1926; Teinosuke Kinugasa, a Japanese silent film). . . . ¶ May 17 at 2:30: "The Dam Busters" (1954; Michael Anderson), with Richard Todd, Michael Redgrave, Ursula Jeans, and Robert Shaw. . . . ¶ May 17 at 6: "Angels One Five." . . . ¶ May 18 at 2: "Reach for the Sky" (1956; Lewis Gilbert), with Kenneth More and Muriel Pavlow. . . . ¶ May 18 at 5: "The Dam Busters."

THEATRE 2: May 9 at 3 and 6:30: A program of political films by Zoran Javanovic, a Yugoslav animator. . . . ¶ May 10 at 3: "The Finances of the Grand Duke" (1923; F. W. Murnau; a German silent film, with German intertitles). . . . ¶ May 10 at 6:30: "Phantom" (1922; F. W. Murnau; a German silent film, with German intertitles). . . . ¶ May 11 at 2:30: "Tartuffe" (1926; F. W. Murnau; a German silent film, with German intertitles), with Emil Jannings and Werner Krauss. . . . ¶ May 11 at 5:30: "Faust" (1926; F. W. Murnau; a German silent film, with German intertitles). . . . ¶ May 12 at 2:30: "The Last Laugh" (1924; F. W. Murnau; a German silent film, with German intertitles), with Emil Jannings. . . . ¶ May 12 at 5:30 and May 13 at 3: "Odette" (1951; Herbert Wilcox), with Anna Neagle and Trevor Howard. . . . ¶ May 13 at 6:30: "Death and the Singing Telegram" (1983; Mark Rance), a documentary. Mr. Rance will be present. . . . ¶ May 14 at 3 and 6:30: "All My Babies" (1952; George Stoney). . . . ¶ May 16 at 3 and 6:30: "A Country Auction" (1984; Robert Aibel, Ben Levin, Chris Musello, and Jay Ruby), a documentary. . . . ¶ May 17 at 3: "Sunrise" (1927; F. W. Murnau; a silent film, with English intertitles), with George O'Brien, Janet Gaynor, and Margaret Livingston. . . . ¶ May 17 at 6:30: "Tabu" (1931; F. W. Murnau and Robert Flaherty). . . . ¶ May 18 at 2:30: "Our Daily Bread" (1929; F. W. Murnau; a silent film, with English intertitles), with Charles Farrell and Mary Duncan. . . . ¶ May 18 at 5:30: "Sunrise."

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—A series of programs composed of films and video works made during the past two years. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Amadeus—The lofty playwright Peter Shaffer has the minor composer Salieri (F. Murray Abraham) declaring war on Heaven for gypping him, and determined to ruin the incomparable Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (Tom Hulce) because God's voice is speaking through him. The director, Miloš Forman, trudges through the movie as if every step were a major contribution to art, and he keeps the audience hooked. Some redeeming qualities: Mozart's music, Twyla Tharp's staging of the dances and opera excerpts, and Abraham's eager, slimy Salieri. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/29/84.) (Eastside Cinema, 23rd St. West Triplex, Guild, and Lincoln Plaza.)

Badlands (1973)—Set at the end of the fifties, it's about an emotionless young killer (Martin Sheen) and his fifteen-year-old girlfriend (Sissy Spacek), whose killing spree starts in South Dakota. The young lovers are psychologically aberrant and yet just like everybody else; their moral vacuum spreads over the flat, dead landscape. The director, Terrence Malick, appears to be saying that mass-culture banality is killing our souls and making everybody affectless, but his detached tone puts the viewer in the ugly position of feeling culturally superior to the people on the screen. With Warren Oates. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; May 12-13.)

Beverly Hills Cop—The plot is just a peg for little set pieces in which the street-smart Eddie Murphy, in his worn-out sweatshirts, saunters through swank Beverly Hills locations, tells whopping lies, and outsmarts the white dumbos. Hotfooting the picture to keep it going, he rattles off pitifully undistinguished profanity, but we're cued to react to every stupid four-letter word as riotous. With Judge Reinhold, Stephen Elliott, Bronson Pinchot, Ronny Cox, Steven Berkoff, Lisa Eilbacher, and John Ashton. Directed by Martin Brest. (12/24/84) (Embassy. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through May 9. . . . ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex; starting May 10.)

Bizet's Carmen—Directed by Francesco Rosi, this version has a clean, raw vivacity and is supremely romantic. Julia Migenes-Johnson's Carmen revitalizes the story. Her strutting, her dark, messy frizzy hair—her sexual availability—attract the middle-class clod Don José (Plácido Domingo) and drive him crazy. Rosi lets the music carry the passion; what he supplies are ideal conditions for the viewer to experience the opera as a totality. Rosi's handling suggests the most fluently stylized movie musicals. With Faith Esham as Micaëla and Ruggero Raimondi as Escamillo. In French. (10/29/84) (Cinema 3; through May 9. . . . ¶ Metro Cinema; May 12-13.)

Bonnie and Clyde (1967)—A landmark movie, this account of the lives of the thirties outlaws Bonnie Parker (Faye Dunaway) and Clyde Barrow (Warren Beatty) holds our attention by throwing our disbelief back in our faces. The brutality that comes out of the innocent "just folks" Barrow-family gang is far more shocking than the calculated brutalities of mean killers. And there is a kind of American poetry in a stickup gang seen chasing across the bedraggled backdrop of the Depression—as if crime were the only activity in a country stupefied by poverty. Arthur Penn directed. With Gene Hackman, Estelle Parsons, Michael J. Pollard, Gene Wilder, Denver Pyle, Dub Taylor, and Evans Evans. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; May 12-13.)

Boudu Saved from Drowning (1931)—Despite the problems of sound recording in 1931, Jean Renoir went out of the studio and shot this film on the streets and along the banks of the Seine, and so it is not only a lovely fable about a bourgeois attempt to reform an early hippie (Michel Simon is the shaggy-bearded tramp who spills wine on the table and wipes his shoes on the bedspread) but a photographic record of an earlier France. A beautifully rhythmed film that makes one nostalgic for the period when it was made. With Charles Grandval, Marcelle Hainia, Jean Gehret, Max Dalban, Jean Dasté, and Jacques Becker. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 13.)

Brigadoon (1954)—Gene Kelly and Van Johnson play the two Americans hunting in the Scottish Highlands who stumble into Brigadoon, a magical village that went to sleep in 1754 and wakes for a day each century. Kelly falls in love with a local girl (Cyd Charisse), while Johnson maintains a cynical attitude. Probably the material was too precious and fake-lyrical to have worked in natural surroundings, either, but shot in the studio it's hopelessly stagy. The movie has one sensational sequence, when the action gets away from that damned idyllic village and Kelly and Johnson go to a jangly, noisy, Manhattan night club with Elaine Stewart; you can feel Vincente Minnelli's relief at being able to do something funny and bitchy after staging all those wholesome scenes with grinning men in tartans. With Hugh Laing, Barry Jones, Eddie Quillan. (Regency; May 12-13.)

Camille (1937)—Under George Cukor's direction, Garbo gives a warm yet ironic performance that is possibly her finest. Her Camille is too intelligent for her frivolous life, too generous for her circumstances. Actually, Garbo is inconceivable as a whore—her Camille is a divinity trying to succeed as a whore. (No movie has ever presented a more romantic view of a courtesan.) With the exception of Henry Daniell, the rest of the cast does not rise to the occasion. As Armand, Robert Taylor is inept but not completely unforgivable; he had, at least, a romantic profile. As M. Duval, Lionel Barrymore *is* unforgivable. The slow, solemn production is luxuriant in its vulgarity. But Garbo's artistry triumphs, and the tearjerker "Camille" is transformed into the "classic" the studio claimed it to be. With Lenore Ulric, Laura Hope Crews, and Elizabeth Allen. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 12.)

Chinatown (1974)—A thriller for grownups—more about greed than about blood-spilling—directed by Roman Polanski. John Huston plays a Biblical figure called Noah Cross; Faye Dunaway is a mysteriously widowed beauty called Mrs. Mulwray, who hires a private eye (Jack Nicholson) to solve the puzzle of her husband's death. The film, set in

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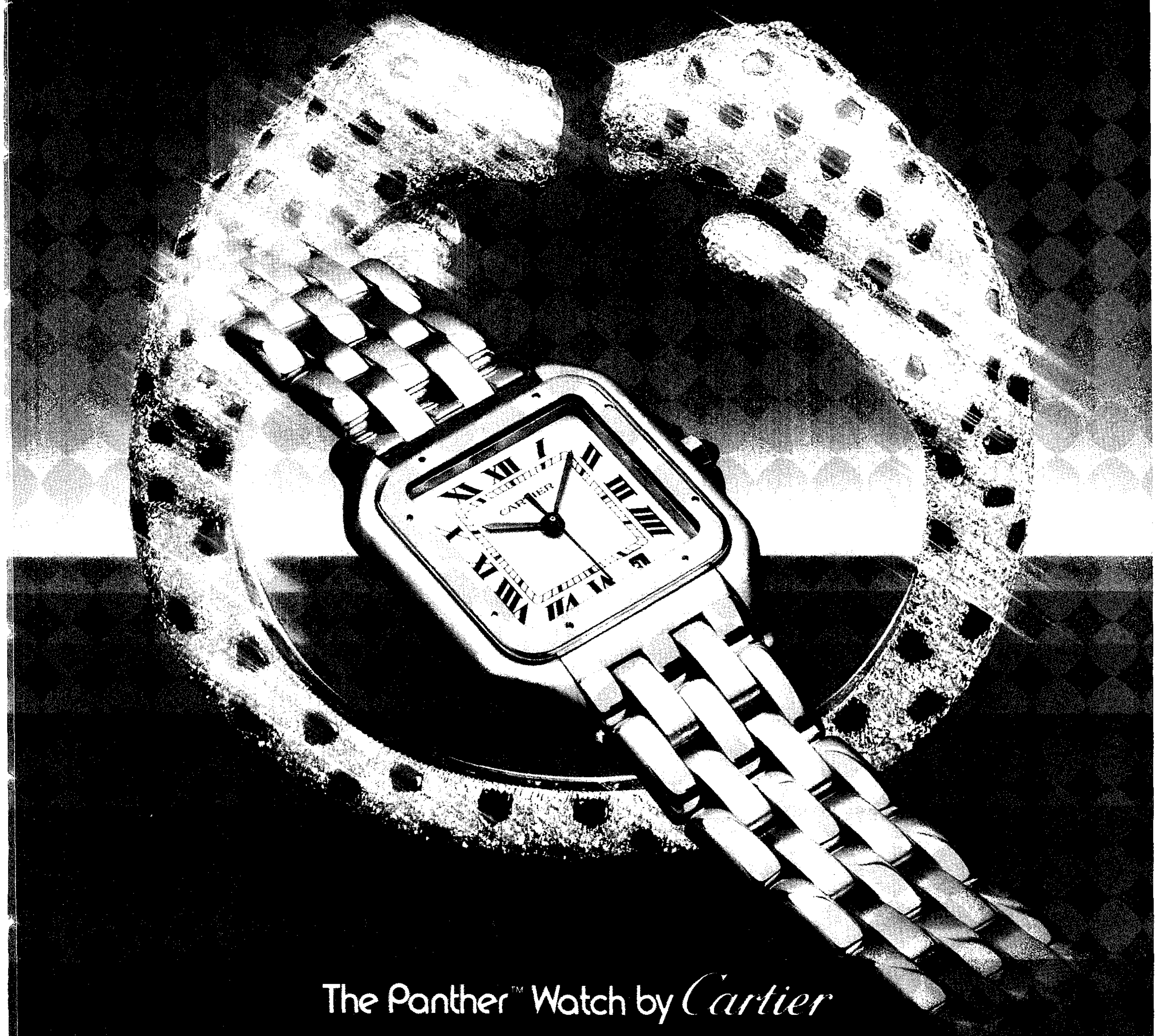

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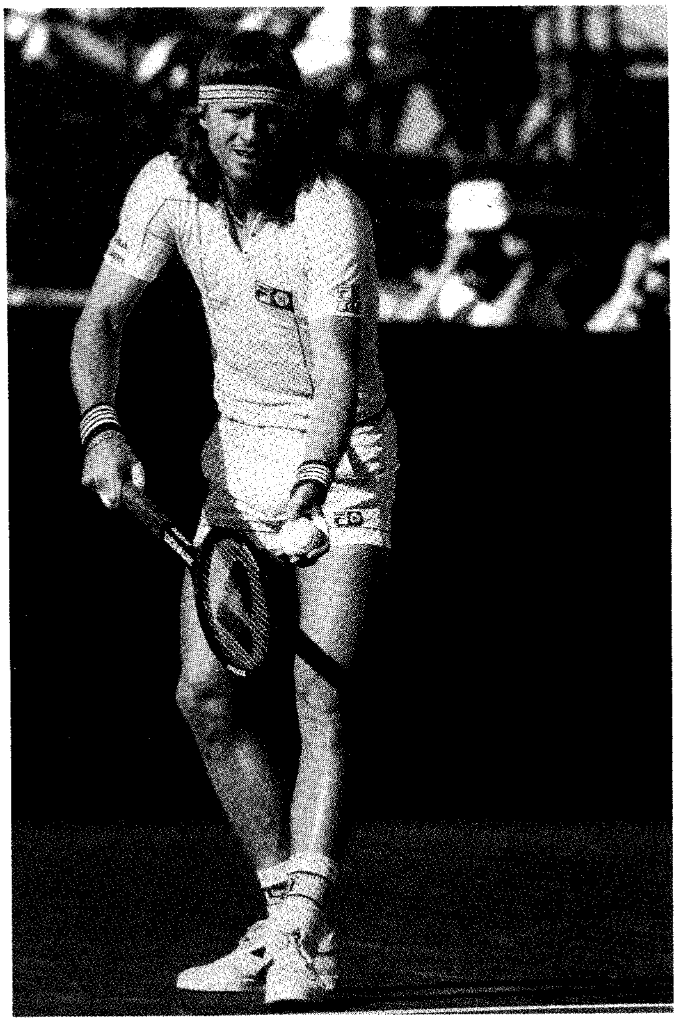

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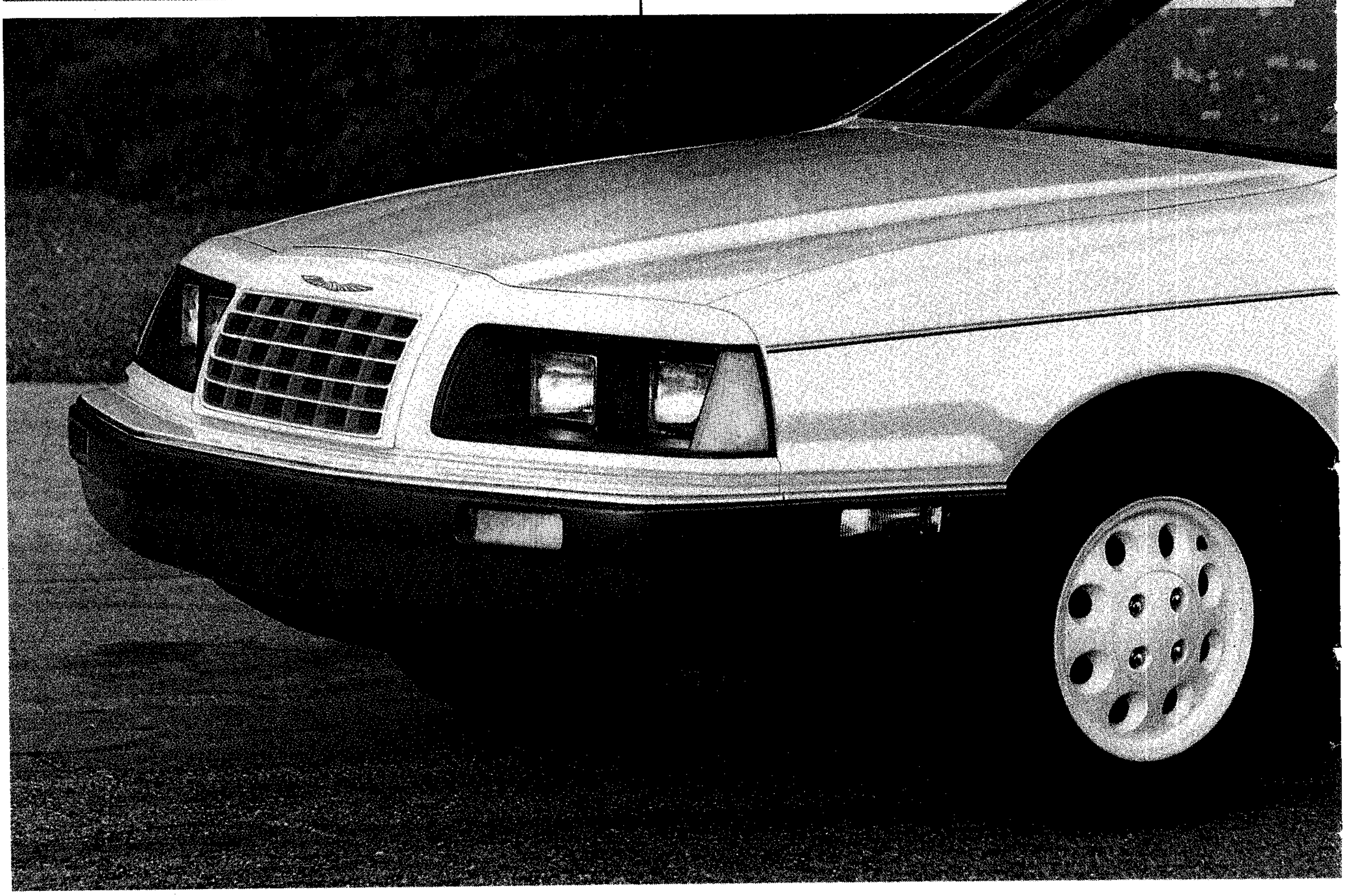

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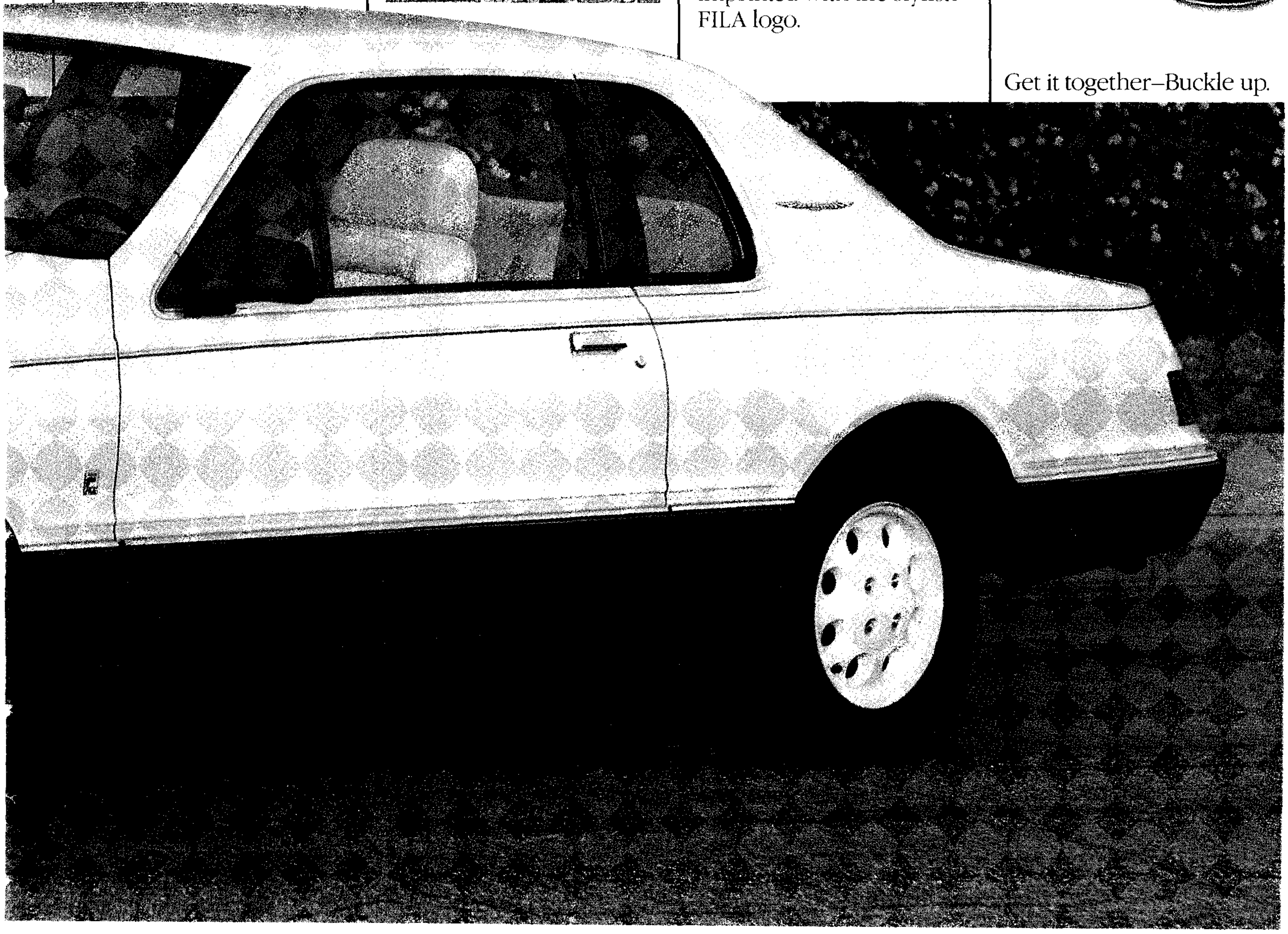

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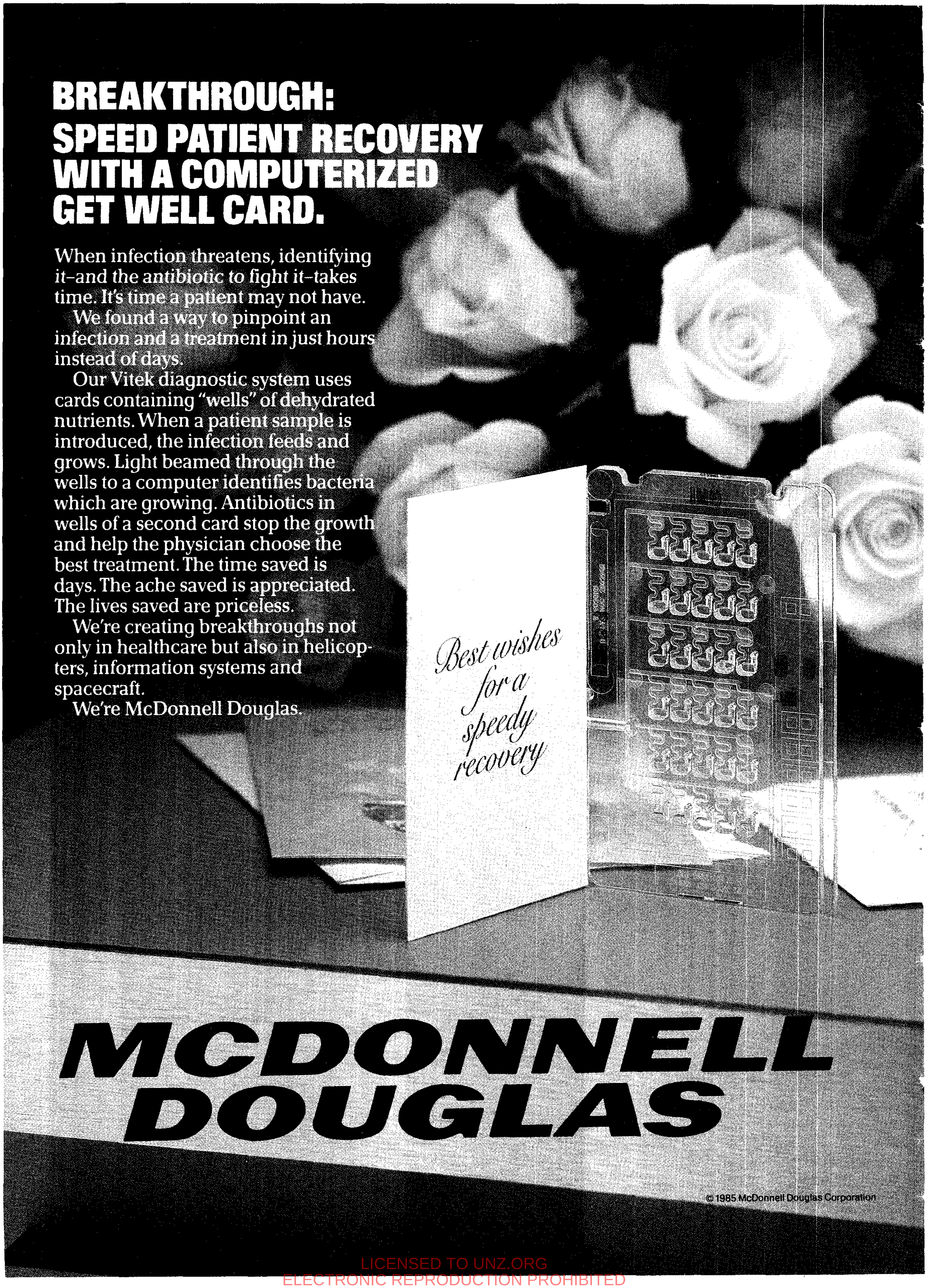

MCDONNELL DOUGLAS

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the thirties, is wickedly skillful and funny, and socially alert. (Metro Cinema; May 17.)

Crossfire (1947)—Psychological depths are sounded, though not deeply: the murder victim is a Jew, the murderer an anti-Semite. A tense, well-acted thriller in which Robert Ryan brings his considerable talent for portraying obsessive, isolated individuals to the role of the sly, anti-Semitic ex-sergeant. With Robert Mitchum, Gloria Grahame, Robert Young, Sam Levene, and Paul Kelly. Directed by Edward Dmytryk. There are condescending little messages on the evils of race prejudice that make you squirm; this is the patina of forties melodrama. (Thalia; May 16.)

Desperately Seeking Susan—Set in the punk world, it's a mistaken-identity fantasy about doe-eyed Roberta (Rosanna Arquette), a suburban housewife in New Jersey, who becomes fixated on a drifter named Susan (played by the rock star Madonna). This attempt at screwball charm was directed by Susan Seidelman, who wipes out her actors. All their responsiveness is cut off—there's nothing going on in them. No subtext—nothing. Nobody comes through except Madonna, who comes through as Madonna (she moves regally, an indolent, trampy goddess), and the cinematographer Edward Lachman, whose lighting gives the East Village shops and streets a funky prettiness. The cast includes Robert Joy, Aidan Quinn, Mark Blum, Laurie Metcalf, and the comedian Steven Wright. (4/22/85) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, U. A. 85th St. East, Loews Paramount, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ Gemini; through May 16.)

Finian's Rainbow (1968)—Some of the whimsy in this message operetta is hard to take, but, considering the moldering ponderousness of the whole project, the young Francis Ford Coppola did his best to keep things moving in a carefree, relaxing way. Coppola is helped by Petula Clark, Al Freeman, Jr., and Keenan Wynn; however, Fred Astaire is miscast, and, as the Puckish leprechaun, Tommy Steele doesn't know how to scale down his thumping stage personality. (Regency; May 12-13.)

French Cancan (1954)—Jean Renoir's account of how an impresario (Jean Gabin) builds the Moulin Rouge and revives the long-forgotten cancan. The show-folk charm is rather cloying. With Maria Felix, Françoise Arnoul, and Edith Piaf. In French. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through May 9. . . . ¶ Cinema 3; starting May 10.)

Gentleman's Agreement (1947)—A Hollywood assault on anti-Semitism that, regrettably, never squares off to the subject. The cast includes Gregory Peck, John Garfield, and Dorothy McGuire, who are often compelled to forgo acting for preaching. Directed by Elia Kazan. (Thalia; May 16.)

The Gracie Allen Murder Case (1939)—S. S. Van Dine, the author of the Philo Vance detective novels, wrote Gracie into one of them, and Paramount very sensibly decided to film it. (George Burns figured in the story, but he was dropped in the film version.) It's a casual, entertaining absurdity; Gracie's peculiarly uncorseted mind is a wonderful corrective to Warren William's usual stuffiness as Philo Vance; he hardly gets a word in edgewise. Alfred E. Green directed a good cast, including Donald MacBride, Kent Taylor, Ellen Drew, Horace McMahon, and William Demarest. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 17-18.)

Gypsy (1962)—An extremely unpleasant version of the Broadway musical based on Gypsy Rose Lee's memoirs. Rosalind Russell is the psychopathic stage mother who uses and destroys everyone within reach of her excruciatingly loud voice. Natalie Wood (almost pitifully miscast) is the daughter Russell rants at, and Karl Malden gets it, too. Jules Styne and Stephen Sondheim wrote the songs. Mervyn LeRoy's direction is heavy and coarse. (Regency; May 16-18.)

The Incredible Shrinking Man (1957)—Good horror picture for older children, and perfectly standable for parents. A healthy young American (Grant Williams) getting a tan on the beach is caught in a cloud of radioactive dust and shrinks in height an inch a week. Directed by Jack Arnold. (Thalia; May 15.)

Ivanhoe (1952)—Everybody in twelfth-century England is fighting everybody else. In between, barbecue pits are made ready for

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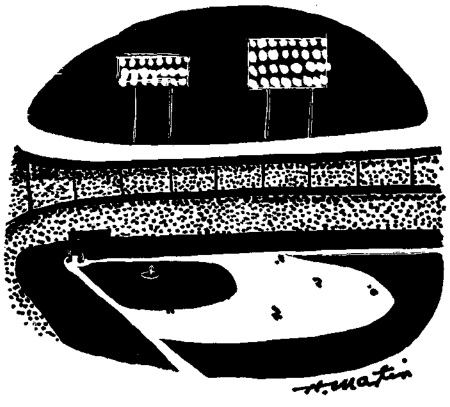
human roasts and stakes are erected for the purpose of burning beautiful young women. The Normans, who have pledged their allegiance to Prince John (Guy Rolfe), are at war with the Saxons, who are committed to Richard the Lion-Hearted (Norman Wooland), and the Saxon hero Wilfred of Ivanhoe (Robert Taylor) is trying to raise the ransom money to free Richard from his foreign captors. Ivanhoe is also attentive to the beautiful blond Rowena (Joan Fontaine) and to the dark, sensitive Jewish outcast Rebecca (Elizabeth Taylor). Elizabeth Taylor, just turned twenty, is so improbably beautiful that Fontaine, ordinarily a great beauty in her own right, seems pallid and smarmy. No one could say this isn't a rousing movie. Directed by Richard Thorpe. With George Sanders, Emlyn Williams, Finlay Currie, and Felix Aylmer. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; May 13-14.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—François Truffaut's celebration of bohemian life in France and Germany in the years of artistic ferment between the First World War and the Second. The Austrian, Jules (Oskar Werner), and the Frenchman, Jim (Henri Serre), have a peaceful friendship. But when they are with Catherine (Jeanne Moreau) they feel alive; anything may happen. She's the catalyst, the troublemaker, the source of despair as well as the source of joy, an enchantress. Catherine marries Jules, who can't hold her, and, in despair, he encourages Jim's interest in her—"that way, she'll still be *ours*." She insists on her freedom to leave men, but if they leave her (as Jim does) she is as devastated and as helpless as any clinging vine (perhaps *more* devastated—she can't even ask for sympathy). Elliptical, full of wit and radiance, this is the best movie ever made about what most of us think of as the Scott Fitzgerald period. In French. (Lincoln Plaza.)

Kennel Murder Case (1933)—One of the pleasanter films in the series, starring the suave comedian William Powell as S. S. Van Dine's detective Philo Vance. The plot involves some lively Scotties and a handsome Doberman, as well as that sinister figure, the connoisseur of Oriental objects of art; in the thirties, Ming and murder always seemed to go together. Mary Astor, at an in-between stage in her career, has a conventional role that doesn't much suit her; however, most of the other players are cast so inevitably to type that the film is like a demonstration of the principles of running a stock company. The group includes snake-hipped Helen Vinson, wicked Jack La Rue, and tedious Ralph Morgan. Directed by Michael Curtiz. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 17-18.)

The Killing Fields—The British film shows us the Khmer Rouge transforming Cambodia into a nationwide gulag, and the scenes of this genocidal revolution have the breadth and terror of something deeply imagined. The movie tells the story of how Sydney Schanberg (Sam Waterston), who was the *Times* correspondent in Cambodia from 1972 to 1975, was separated from his interpreter and assistant, Pran (Haing S. Ngor), and of his remorse and general anguish until the wily, resourceful Pran, after four years of slave labor and hiding, made his way into Thailand, late in 1979, and got word to him. It's written like a TV docudrama, and it bogs down in the crosscutting between Pran's experiences of the atrocities in Cambodia and Schanberg's guilt and misery in various settings in the U.S. But it's by no means a negligible movie. Roland Joffé, making his début as a movie director, and the cinematographer, Chris Menges, give us imagery that suggests the work of a macabre lyric poet, and there are accomplished performances—most notably by John Malkovich, Bill Paterson, and Athol Fugard. (12/10/84) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; through May 9.)



The King of Comedy (1983)—Robert De Niro plays Rupert Pupkin, a grossly insensitive, coldhearted deadhead who is determined to become a TV star like his idol, the comic Jerry Langford, played by Jerry Lewis. The director, Martin Scorsese, designs his own form of alienation in this mistimed, empty movie, which seems to teeter between jokiness and hate. With Sandra Bernhard, Diahnne Abbott, and Shelley Hack. (Thalia; May 17-18.)

Ladyhawke—With Matthew Broderick, Rutger Hauer, and Michelle Pfeiffer; directed by Richard Donner. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Sutton, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and R.K.O. Century National Twin.)

Lenny (1974)—This earnest Bob Fosse film, starring Dustin Hoffman, is for those who want to believe that Lenny Bruce was a saintly gadfly who was martyred only because he lived before their time. Fosse accepts the view that Bruce's motivating force was to cleanse society of hypocrisy, and, having swallowed that, he can only defuse Bruce's humor. So when you hear Hoffman doing Bruce's shticks you don't even feel like laughing. The picture is a later version of the one-to-one correlation of an artist's life and his art which we used to get in movies about painters and songwriters. Hoffman makes a serious, honorable try, but his Lenny is a nice boy, whereas Bruce was uncompromisingly not nice. With Valerie Perrine, Gary Morton, Jan Miner, and Stanley Beck. (Cinema Village; May 12-14.)

The Lenny Bruce Performance Film (1974)—An actual Lenny Bruce performance, recorded, however, at the end of his career, in August, 1965, at Basin Street West, San Francisco. (Cinema Village; May 12-14.)

Lost in America—Original and pleasantly snappy. It lacks the fullness of a major comedy, but Albert Brooks, who stars in it and directed, is on to something: satirizing the upper middle class from within, he shows the nagging terror along with the complacency. And he keeps you laughing fairly steadily. As David, an L.A. advertising whiz, he's an anxious wreck who tortures himself and his wife over every detail of his existence. With her little-girl breathiness and her look of panic, Julie Hagerty is an ideal choice for the timid, depressed woman who puts up with him. These two buy a luxury motor home, and, with the security of a nest egg of roughly a hundred and forty-five thousand dollars, set out to find themselves and get in touch with the real America. With Garry Marshall, Art Frankel, and Michael Greene. (4/8/85) (R.K.O. Century Art, Manhattan, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

The Lower Depths (1936)—Jean Renoir's version of the Maxim Gorky play features those two magnetic poles of French acting—Louis Jouvet as the gambling baron who sinks to living in a flophouse and Jean Gabin as the thief trying to climb up to a different life. Their scenes together are among the treasures of the French film tradition. The fine cast includes Le Vigan, Jany Holt, Junie Astor, Suzy Prim, and Vladimir Sokoloff. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 13.)

A Man Escaped (1956)—In this country, escape is a theme for action movies, but the French director Robert Bresson is famous for his uncompromising methods, and having been a prisoner of the Nazis himself he is not disposed to treat his material—André Devigny's account of his escape from the Montluc fortress prison—lightly. Bresson's hero's ascetic, single-minded dedication to escape is almost mystic, and the fortress constitutes a world as impersonal and as isolated as Kafka's. François Leterrier, a Sorbonne philosophy

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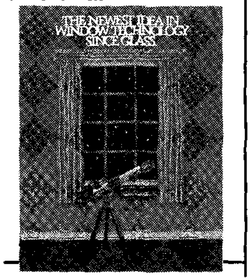


student, is the lead. It's a marvellous movie. In French. (Metro Cinema; May 16.)

The Miracle of Morgan's Creek (1944)—It's wartime, and Betty Hutton is the overenthusiastic girl who dates a soldier and produces sextuplets. This is one of Preston Sturges's surreal-slapstick-satire-conniption-fit comedies, and part of our great crude heritage. The picture was held up a year because of censorship problems, and you'll know why. With Eddie Bracken, Diana Lynn, William Demarest, Brian Donlevy, and Akim Tamiroff. (Thalia; May 14.)

A Passage to India—This admirable version of E. M. Forster's 1924 novel about the tragicomedy of British colonial rule was adapted, directed, and edited by David Lean, who knows how to do pomp and the moral hideousness of empire better than practically anybody else around. Peggy Ashcroft comes through with a transcendent piece of acting as Mrs. Moore, and Judy Davis is close to perfection as the repressed Miss Quested, who longs for adventure; they are the two women whose attempt to get to know the Indians socially results in a charge of attempted rape against Dr. Aziz, played by Victor Banerjee, a fine, fluid actor who's like a piece of erotic sculpture. It may not be the highest praise to say that a movie is orderly and dignified, but of its kind this "Passage to India" is awfully good, until the last half hour or so; the concluding scenes wobble all over the place. The cast is just about irreproachable. It includes James Fox, Nigel Havers, Art Malik, Michael Culver, Saeed Jaffrey, Roshan Seth, and Sandra Hotz. (2 hours and 43 minutes.) (1/14/85) (Festival, and New Yorker. . . . ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex; through May 9.)

The Postman Always Rings Twice (1981)—Taste and craftsmanship have gone into this Bob Rafelson version of James M. Cain's hot tabloid novel, but Rafelson's detached, meditative tone is about as far from Cain's American tough-guy vernacular as you can get. As Frank, the drifter whose passion for Cora leads him to kill her husband, Jack Nicholson does a run-through of his overdeliberate, sly, malevolent expressions from "The Shining" while still lobotomized from "Cuckoo's Nest." (His performance could have been given by a Nicholson impersonator.) As Cora, who does the cooking at her husband's roadside café, Jessica Lange is the best reason to see the movie. She looks good-sized—muscular but rounded—and with her short, curly blond hair, a Japanese silk wrapper pulled tight, and a lewd, speculative smile, she's both seraphic and steamy. The film needs to be propelled by a growing intensity in the sex scenes, but the first sex, on the table in the café kitchen, is the hottest. So things go downhill. With John Colicos and Michael Lerner. (Metro Cinema; May 17.)

Pretty Poison (1968)—An unobtrusive little psychological thriller, subtle and very smart. Anthony Perkins gives what may be his most sensitively conceived performance; he's a character who develops from a quirky, sneaky, funny boy into a decent, sympathetic man. He toys with fantasies but knows they're fantasies. Tuesday Weld plays a small-town girl, crazy for excitement, who accepts his fantasies in a matter-of-fact way and proceeds to act on them. The horror in the movie isn't just in the revelation of what the pretty young girl is capable of—it's in your awareness that the man's future is being destroyed. Directed by Noel Black. With John Randolph and Beverly Garland. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; May 12-13.)

A Private Function—It never quite makes the final leap into lewd farce, but it's pretty funny anyway. The action is set in a small Yorkshire town in 1947, during the worst of the postwar austerity, and the plot involves the efforts of the local pillars of society (Denholm Elliott, John Normington, Richard Griffiths) to fatten a hidden, "unlicensed" pig for a banquet celebrating the nuptials of Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip. They run into trouble when the pig is stolen by a mild-mannered chiropodist (Michael Palin), who is encouraged by his Lady Macbeth of a wife (Maggie Smith). The movie is trivial, but alive and unruly; the characters cheat and conspire on such a low level that it suggests "Volpone" set in a cabbage patch. With Liz Smith, Bill Paterson, and Rachel Davies. Directed by Malcolm Mowbray. (3/25/85) (Paris.)

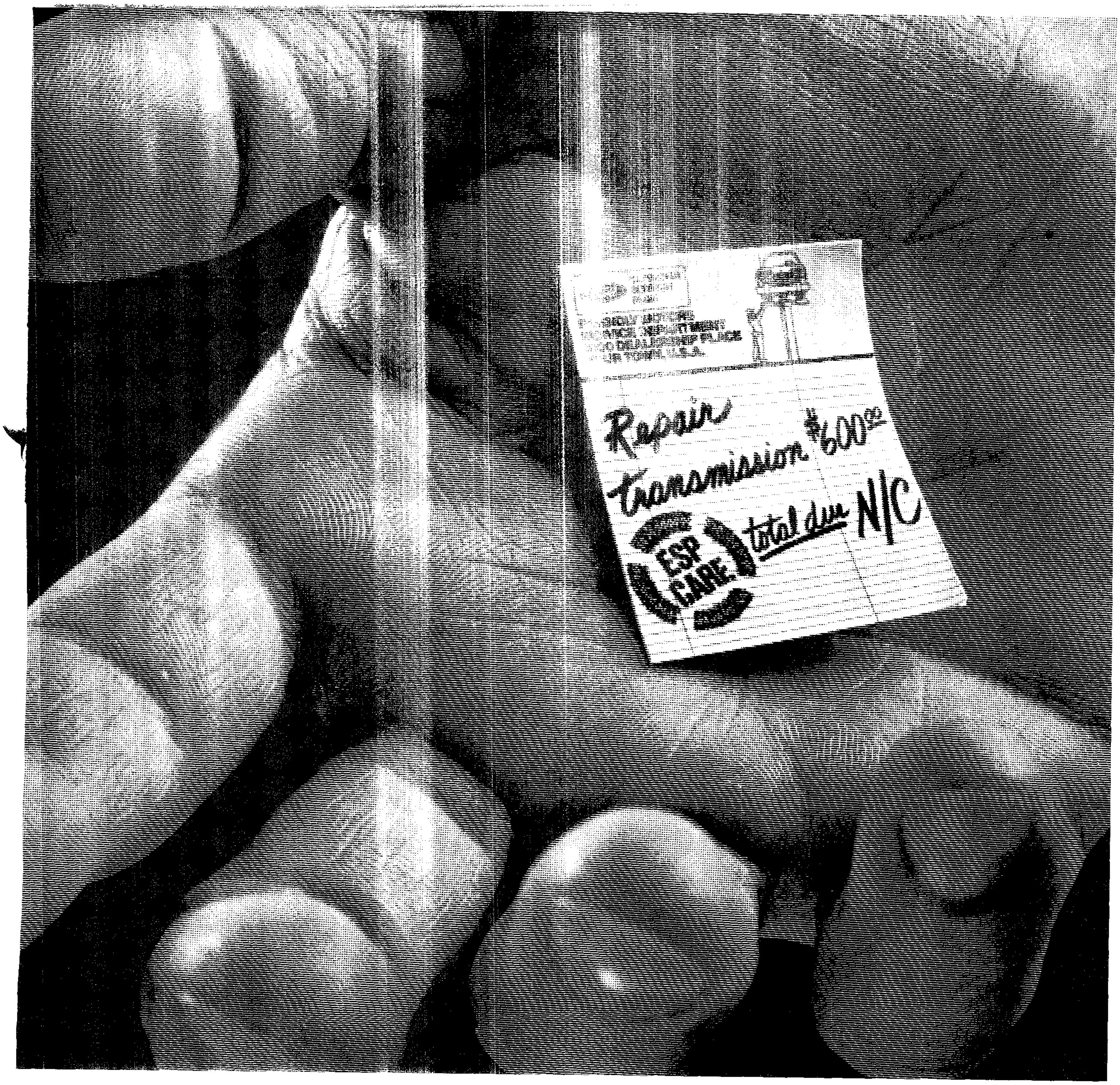
The Purple Rose of Cairo—The thirteenth movie that Woody Allen has directed, and possibly his finest creation. He wrote it for Mia Farrow, and it seems scaled to her cheekbones. The time is 1935, and she is Cecilia, who lives in a small town in New Jersey and can't hold a job for long because her thoughts wander away to the glamorous worlds she sees on the screen. Jeff Daniels plays a dashing young screen character who bounds down from the black-and-white image and into color, and takes Cecilia out of the theatre with him; he's also the ambitious young actor who arrives in the town to try to persuade the character to go back up on the screen where he belongs. Also with Danny Aiello, Stephanie Farrow, Zoe Caldwell, John Wood, Ed Herrmann, Van Johnson, and Dianne Wiest. (3/25/85) (Murray Hill, Beekman, Cinema Studio, and Movieland.)

The Return of the Soldier—Directed by Alan Bridges, this film version of Rebecca West's first novel, published in 1918, isn't great or exciting, but its very enjoyable. Julie Christie, Glenda Jackson, and Ann-Margret play the three women who love the shell-shocked amnesiac Captain Chris Baldry (Alan Bates), who has forgotten the last twenty years of his life and regressed to the time of his greatest joy. The conflict is: Should he be allowed to remain in his boyish state of happiness, or should he be forced to confront the truth? As Chris's wife, Julie Christie is so outrageously vain that she's funny; Glenda Jackson takes the literary conception of an instinctual, loving woman and plays it with an ease and leanness that's fairly astounding; and Ann-Margret has a thankless role, but she acquits herself with likable dignity. In a part that could seem ludicrous, Alan Bates has a weight and an aura of middle-aged bewilderment that you don't laugh off. The cast includes Ian Holm, Frank Finlay, and Jeremy Kemp. (3/11/85) (Greenwich Playhouse.)

Stranger Than Paradise—The young writer-director Jim Jarmusch uses a minimalist aesthetic for low-key comic effects. This punk picaresque is in black-and-white, and each scene is a single take followed by a blackout; the three principal characters—deadpan deadbeats—live in dead space. Jarmusch keeps the picture formal and cool, and it has an odd, nonchalant charm; it's fun. But it's softhearted fun—shaggy-dog minimalism—and it doesn't have enough ideas (or laughs) for its ninety-minute length. With John Lurie, Eszter Balint, and Richard Edson. (11/12/84) (Quad Cinema.)

The Three Musketeers (1948)—Gene Kelly plunges his sword into dozens of extras, vaults onto more horses than there are in a rodeo, swings from assorted drapes and chandeliers, and hops about seventeenth-century rooftops. His D'Artagnan veers between romance and burlesque, but is always enjoyable. However, the lavish production is a heavy, roughhousing mess. As Lady de Winter, Lana Turner sounds like a drive-in waitress exchanging quips with hot-rodders, and, as Richelieu, Vincent Price might be an especially crooked used-car dealer. Angela Lansbury wears the crown of France as if she'd won it in a milking contest at a county fair, and, as Lady Constance, June Allyson looks like a little girl done up in Mama's clothes. Directed by George Sidney. With Van Heflin, Gig Young, Frank Morgan, and Keenan Wynn. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; May 13-14.)

Witness—An eight-year-old Amish boy (Lukas Haas), on his first trip to a city, sees a murder taking place in the men's room of Philadelphia's Thirtieth Street train station. In order to protect the boy and his widowed mother (Kelly McGillis) from the killers, the police captain (Harrison Ford) who's in charge of the investigation tries to hide their identities, and, with a bullet wound in his side, drives them back to their farm in Lancaster County before he collapses. Directed by the Australian Peter Weir, the movie seems to take its view of the Amish from a quaint dreamland, a Brigadoon of tall golden wheat, and to take its squalid, hyped-up view of life in Philadelphia from prolonged exposure to TV cop shows. With Alexander Godunov, Patti LuPone, Josef Sommer, Danny Glover, and Jan Rubes. (2/25/85) (Loews Tower East, Loews 84th Street Six-plex, and Loews Astor Plaza.)



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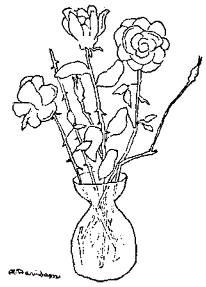
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A REPORT released this week by the East Harlem Interfaith Welfare Committee is full of the usual bottomlessly sad statistics about the poor: the number going regularly without food, the number with stress-related illness, the staggering number cut off welfare by mistake or caprice and left for weeks without money. But there was one short section about hope, and not despair—or, if not hope, then at least humanity. The anthropologist Anna Lou Dehavenon and a number of volunteers interviewed fifteen hundred and six people who came to religious social agencies in Spanish Harlem, Brooklyn, or the Bronx looking for food. They hadn't eaten, many of them, for several days, and for many this was not a new experience. They were asked if they had tried to borrow food, food stamps, or money to tide them over similar emergencies. Most—approximately two-thirds—said they had, and, what is more, most of these said they had been successful. With their welfare benefits exhausted before month's end (in almost half the cases because they had been forced to dig into their food money to pay rent) or cut off because of some bureaucratic complication, they went to family, friends, and neighbors and asked. About three-quarters of the time, they were given food or food stamps, and when they asked for money they got it more than two-thirds of the time. In some ways, this is unremarkable. "People always turn to their own social groups," Dr. Dehavenon said. "In social groups, people share—that's what a social group is." But consider that the social agencies in the survey are in the city neighborhoods with the highest percentages of the population on welfare. It is not as if the lenders had much to share; nor is it as if the borrowers were what a bank would consider attractive prospects. It's more as if the welfare system each month injected a certain amount of money into these neighborhoods and the residents handed it around so that nobody would actually quite starve. Except that there isn't enough money even for that modest goal, and eventually people get tired of lending, and twelve per cent of the people interviewed said that at some point they'd stolen food from bodegas. "I took crackers and milk from the corner store," said a seventeen-year-old girl with a baby.

The study also showed that an enormous number of people were living in other people's apartments; more than seventeen per cent of the families were doubling up, with relatives or with friends. This, too, is not so remarkable—people of all sorts move in with their parents. But Dr. Dehavenon reported, "The conditions in doubled-up homes are not to be believed—eight or nine people in two rooms. In each case, though, someone has said, 'I'll share what I have.' But because the stress is so great in these situations we refer to the doubled-up families as 'the incipient homeless.' " (The city's public housing authority also reports that tens of thousands of its apartments are being shared. That is strictly against the rules, but the rules are not enforced, because all that the city government needs is some more homeless folks.)



This sort of personal, involved generosity (albeit with a hundred unspoken quid pro quos) exists in every social group, but not between groups. Welfare is institutionalized generosity, and, while absolutely necessary, is also absolutely inadequate—money comes through the mail, not dignity or understanding or hope. Figuring out how to extend our cozy social groups so that the family in Tribeca is connected with the family on 128th Street, or the mother in Brooklyn Heights with the mother in Bed-Stuy, is a test of generosity constantly available to be passed; or to be flunked or—which is the same thing—ignored.

• •

Deliverance

A COUPLE of boys were hurdling the lunchroom benches; another was making funny noises into the microphone; two little girls were, to speak plainly, pulling each other's hair, until their mothers intervened and made them kiss. There was a lot of noise and excitement and happy confusion in the cafeteria of Public School 84, on the upper West Side, one night last week; it looked sort of like a political convention, except that no one wore an absurd hat or indulged in windy rhetoric. This was a *serious* meeting, called to mark the end of the school's No TV Week. And after Marie Winn, the author of a recently updated study of children and TV called "The Plug-In Drug," had gavelled the session to order, a number of kids from several classes at the school made a number of interesting points.

"My friends told me, 'Oh, you're missing this, you're missing that,' " said Lisette, from the fifth grade. "When it got bad, I put a pillow over my head."

"Monday, the first day, was very tough on me," said Reyson, a sixth grader. "At night, I wasn't going to sleep, and my father was watching the night movie, and I went in to the refrigerator to get something to eat and then I took it into the dining room and

I could see through the window into the living room and the TV was *right there*."

"At first, it was hard," said Michael, who's in the fifth grade, and who had confessed that he'd sometimes watched as many as eleven hours of tube in a day. "But I played a lot of board games, and by the weekend I got used to it—I *forgot* about TV."

We talked later with Ms. Winn (whose sons, now grown, went to P.S. 84), and she told us why she had instigated this week without TV. "From caveman times until the TV era, the lives of very small children remained pretty much the same, despite the historical changes that affected the rest of us," she said. "There was urbanization, and the invention of electricity, and cars, and still little kids just played and ate and slept. And then, all of a sudden, they were spending half their waking hours watching television." The problem, she added, is less what is on TV than that the TV is on. "Older kids know they watch too much. They'll even give you some party line. 'TV is ruining my brain,' they might say. But somehow there is not the idea that you don't have to watch." No TV Week was meant to show kids the depth of their addiction. "I wanted to give them a chance to feel what time is like," she said.

Some fifth-grade and sixth-grade students who had signed contracts promising not to watch TV used some of their free hours to make inventions. Rachel showed the cafeteria audience a panty-hose dryer, and Jesse demonstrated a robot dog-walker. "If you have a really vicious dog, its arms can extend," he explained. Then the class staged a memorable skit about a man so obsessed with TV that he eventually gets sucked into his set. It was a lot like the new Woody Allen movie, except that the point was clearer.

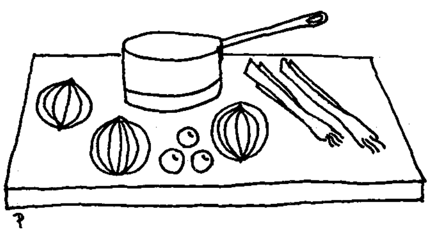
At one stage in the proceedings, Ms. Winn announced that each of the students who had gone cold turkey would get a prize—a book—if they all lined up in the corner. They didn't go quietly; they charged, they stampeded, they battled their way toward that pile of paperbacks. Good for them!

Triples

OUR friend the travelling lady who was trying last year to cope with her free-air-mileage addiction has just written to us again, this time about her staying-home adventures on Fifth Avenue:

One of the real motives still impelling me to fly from this part of the world to that seems to be my eternal search for shoes that fit my peculiarly narrow feet. I often feel that I would be satisfied with walking as my only form of locomotion if I could only find shoes to get around in comfortably. I have narrow, bony, long feet, and need to wear size 8½AAA, or, occasionally, 8½AAAA. Very few stores in this country or in any other country, I can tell you, stock either these triple A's or the "quads," as they are called. Salespeople in several shoe departments in New York City stores who know me watch out for me and call me to say, "Good news! An eight and a half triple A came in today!" And I go rushing over. Lately, I've been wearing only black shoes, with low to medium-height heels, and this stipulation reduces my chances still further of finding shoes to fit me. So I haunt shoe stores the way a collector hangs around in art galleries. I know how to ask for narrow shoes in several languages: "*Avez-vous des chaussures de pointure huit et demi triple A?*" and "*¿Tiene usted estos zapatos en número ocho y medio, medida triple A?*" and "*Avete scarpe numero otto e mezzo larghe tre A?*" and so on. When I'm in London, I ask my question their way: "Do you do triples or quads?"

You can understand my excitement, then, when the other day I spotted a shoe on display at Ferragamo, on Fifth Avenue. A beauty, and it looked narrow. Black snakeskin, cut out on the sides (open and airy), closed in the back, with an open toe and a stacked wooden heel only an inch and a quarter high. So I grabbed the display model (in impossible size 5) and sat down, clutching it, on one of those low-slung white leather couches that shoe salons go in for, and waited for a salesperson. On my right on the couch was a very neat woman with prematurely gray hair and wearing a St. John's knit suit of royal blue and a long string of small, matched pearls. She looked like a typical in-town-from-Greenwich-for-the-day shopper. She was holding the same model shoe in beige. She, too, was waiting for a salesperson. I felt a surge of friendship for this woman, a certainty that we had something important in common. But I didn't know how to initiate a conversation with her. Then I spotted a shiny, bright, new copper penny lying on the carpet beside this woman's left foot. I felt so happy to see that penny.



"Oh, look, there's a lucky penny for you. Just there at your toe," I said to this woman.

She quickly picked up the penny, put down the shoe she was holding, unzipped the top of her pouchy leather handbag, took out her wallet, and dropped the penny into the change purse of her wallet. Then she snapped the change purse shut, zipped up her bag, and picked up her shoe again.

"I'll have to keep it," she said to me, with a frozen look. "I really need it."

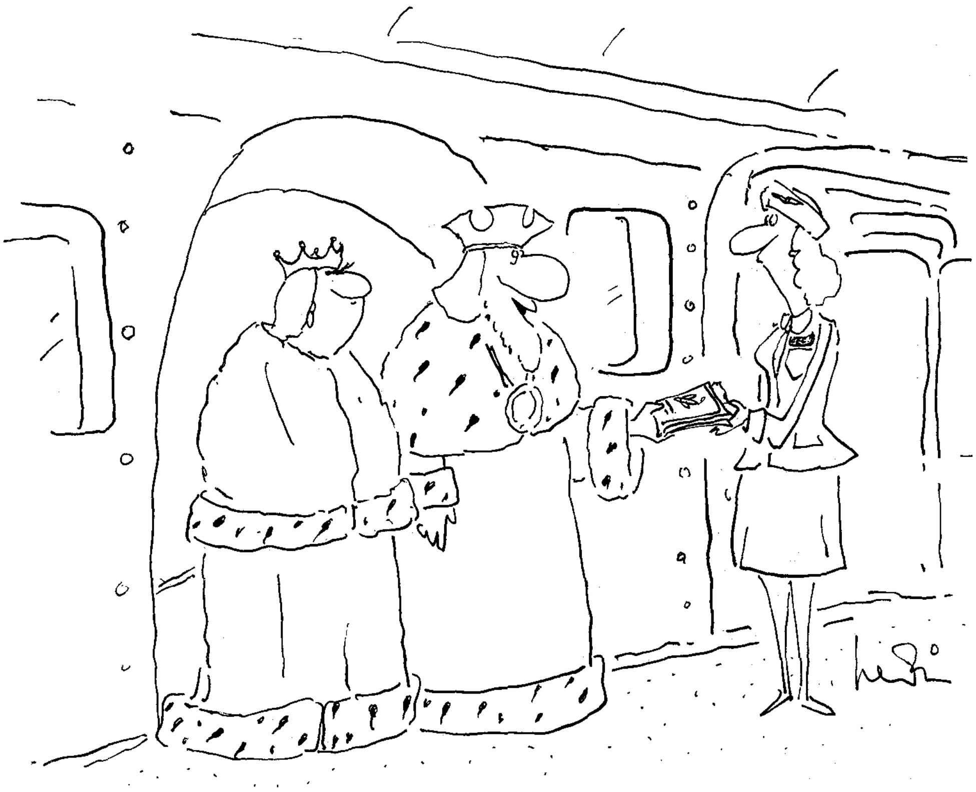
I was so astonished that she didn't even smile or say thank you that I tried to be funny or clever. "The penny or the luck?" I asked.

She stared at me and shut me out with silence. I felt awful.

A saleslady came to her first. The woman asked for the model shoe in size 7B (easy). There were no other salespeople free, so I said to the saleslady before she moved away, "Could you possibly see if there's an eight and a half triple while you're looking?"

My companion on the couch turned on me one of those how-dare-you looks. Although my feelings were really hurt, I didn't give her the satisfaction of acknowledging that I had noticed her look. Also, I was thinking I regretted having practically given her the lucky penny.

When the saleslady came back, she looked deliriously happy. She smiled and said to me, "I can't believe it. There was one eight and a half triple. You are really in luck." I was used to having salespeople have this kind of enthusiastic reaction to finding my triples or quadruples. Usually, this kind of instant rapport and warmth and sympathy on their part is instantly communicated to other people around, but the woman from Greenwich wasn't having any of *that*. The saleslady had brought a pair of the shoes in the woman's size and helped her try them on. I could see that they fitted her well. She stood up, walked around a lot, looked at her legs and feet in the mirror, and said, "I'll take them." Then I tried on my pair of shoes, and they seemed to fit. The price, when I asked about it, seemed high, and as I sat there deliberating about whether I could or could not afford to buy the shoes I watched the Greenwich woman go to the cashier's desk. She stood there impatiently, looking into space. When she got her shoes, she snatched them from the saleslady and quickly walked out. Suddenly, my shoes, which I'd thought felt fine a few minutes earlier, started, it seemed to me, to hurt my feet. I don't like to admit it, but I think I didn't want to have those shoes anymore. I took them off and apologized to the saleslady for her trouble, and she apologized to me for not having a quad. So I left without new shoes. Then I walked home, wondering whether the Greenwich woman would have any luck with hers.



"Ruling class."

• •

Uneven Collection

ONE million two hundred and ten thousand dollars for a Courbet painting of a vase of spring flowers sounded steep to us, but for the perspiring spectators in Sotheby's brightly lit saleroom the other night it was merely a warmup for the main event. The occasion was the auction of fifty-six well-publicized paintings and drawings—most of them Impressionist—from the estate of the late Florence Gould, who was the daughter-in-law of Jay Gould, one of the great financiers of the nineteenth century. The audience consisted of two thousand well-fed, well-heeled art mavens (Savile Row tailoring, "little" spring minks, billowy chiffon, lots of diamonds) who had come out on a nice spring evening to see who was buying what. Since none of the buyers were willing to be identified ("It's either the insurance or the I.R.S.," said a man standing next to us), the spectators were forced to concentrate on the paintings—displayed on a revolving platform at the front of the room—or on each other. There were perhaps two hundred serious bidders. Some of them seated in the saleroom were holding round green paddles with white numbers painted on them; others telephoned bids from outside to a group of Sotheby employees at a bank of phones.

Ten minutes after the Courbet was disposed of, a respectful silence fell as John L. Marion, the genial, tuxedo-clad auctioneer, opened the bidding for Vincent van Gogh's "Landscape with Rising Sun"—a medium-sized canvas depicting a spring wheat field in daubs of brilliant green, blue, and brown, with a line of blue hills in the background and a violent-yellow sun on the horizon—at three million dollars. Two and a half minutes later, Mr. Marion sold it to a telephone bidder for nine million nine hundred thousand dollars—a record for this artist, and the third-highest price ever paid for a painting at auction. There was polite applause. Some of the spectators looked stunned. Although several other paintings also sold predictably at high levels—a Toulouse-Lautrec portrait of a female clown for five million two hundred and eighty thousand dollars, a Monet landscape for one million three hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, a Degas pastel of three ballerinas for one million one hundred thousand dollars, a Pissarro winter scene for nine hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars—there were a few surprises. On the up side, a shimmering Roman river scene by Corot (the San Bartolomeo Bridge) and two delicate Fantin-Latour flower paintings went for well above their pre-sale estimates. On the down side, a Goya sketch, a Manet still-life, and another Pissarro landscape were not sold, because the bids did not meet the reserve prices. Another Manet ("Pêches") and a tiny Seurat oil sketch for "La Grande Jatte" turned out to be bargains: they were snapped up by knowledgeable professionals at figures well below the catalogue estimates.

A few days after the auction, we dropped by Sotheby's for a post-mortem chat with David Nash, the house's director of fine art, who had supervised the preparation of the catalogue. We found Mr. Nash, a short, witty Englishman with black hair and green eyes, seated in a small, book-lined office and surrounded by some of the paintings from the auction. The Goya and a Pissarro were propped against a wall; a Boudin beach scene was on a chair. He told us that almost all the buyers were private collectors. "There was very little museum interest," he said. "First, because Impressionist prices are so high. Second, many museums feel that they will end up getting some of these pictures later on anyway. Third, with the exception of such new institutions as Getty and Kimbell, most of the major museums already have very good Impressionist collections. For them, there isn't the sense of *urgency* about the purchase of a Degas or a Toulouse-Lautrec that there is when what may be the last Mantegna in private hands comes up for sale. Finally, the decision-making process of museum purchasing is extremely bureaucratic. The Museum of Modern Art, for example, has such a complicated procedure for acquiring a painting that it is, for all practical purposes, unable to buy at auction. The Met is a little swifter on its feet, but not much. English and French museums rarely buy here. German museums buy occasionally—usually something involved with their national heritage—and the Japanese are quite active. In this auction, Japanese bidders ended up with four reasonably expensive items, but we don't know whether they will go to museums or to private collectors. Japanese taste in Impressionists is based largely on the influence of two famous collections—that of Baron Matsukata, in the thirties and forties, and that of Mr. Ishibashi, in the fifties. Monet is a great favorite in Japan; Manet is not. Pissarro is admired; Bonnard is not."

As we talked, a white-haired man bounded into Mr. Nash's office carrying a book-size package wrapped in white tissue paper. Mr. Nash introduced him as Heinz Berggruen, a retired art dealer and private collector who specializes in Seurat, Cézanne, Picasso, and Klee, and added that Mr. Berggruen had been the lucky buyer of the Seurat sketch for "La Grande Jatte."

"I think I made a very fine purchase at two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, although it was beyond the limit that I had set for myself," Mr. Berggruen said, unwrapping a tiny blue-and-green river scene that was inhabited by four indistinct black-clad figures. "I was bidding against Thyssen, and he dropped out."

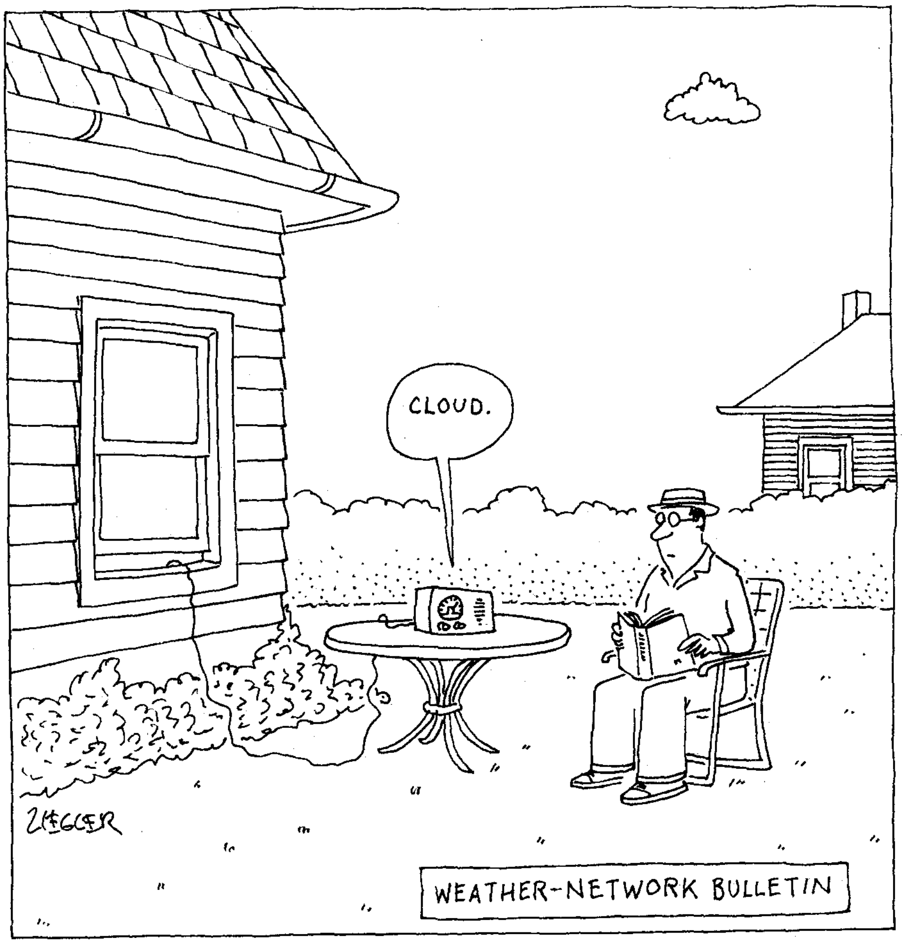
"You got the bargain of the sale," Mr. Nash said. He opened an enormous volume devoted to Seurat, and the two men bent over a double page of "Grande Jatte" sketches, trying to identify Mr. Berggruen's picture.

"Here it is," Mr. Berggruen said, pointing to a small black-and-white photograph. "It belonged to Georges Renand, the owner of the Samaritaine department store in Paris. A very lovely man."

We asked Mr. Berggruen why the Seurat had sold for such a low price.

"It was the kind of sale where people were after pretty, pretty pictures," he replied. "Nice flowers, nice Renoirs, cute little dogs. The collection as a whole was quite average; it reflected Mrs. Gould's petit-bourgeois taste. When it came to those few subtler, more sophisticated pictures—the pictures with intellectual content—I think there were really very few of us who wanted them, so we were fortunate. Of course, there were also six or seven superb pictures in the sale—the Corot Italian landscape, the Courbet flower piece, the van Gogh, the Lautrecs, and the Pissarro. But when you think of the *potential* that she had—enormous wealth, the personal friendship of Daniel Wildenstein, and buying at a time when so much was available—it's almost as if the best of her pictures were brilliant *mistakes*."

"This was a lady who liked to surround herself with pretty pictures," Mr. Nash said diplomatically. "It's an uneven collection because she bought only things she liked. I must admit that when I first saw it in the warehouse I had expected to find some better pictures. But, as a colleague of mine remarked, we're not selling the Louvre. We did get thirty-two million six hundred thousand dollars."



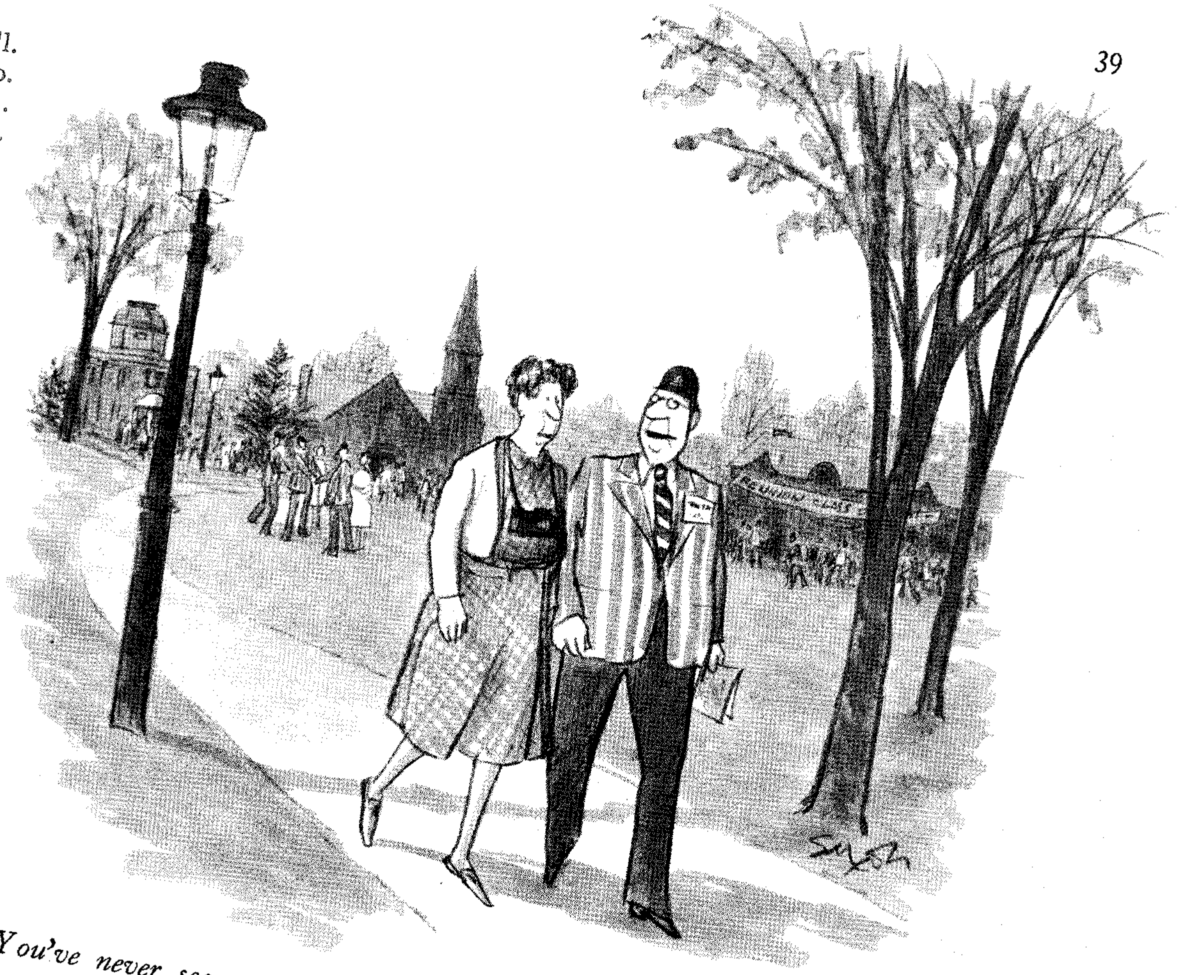
WEATHER-NETWORK BULLETIN

Energy

"I AM from the capital of Transylvania," said Livia Sylva, of Livia Sylva's Rumanian-bee-pollen skin-care salons for women and for men. She was telling us all about her new product: bee-pollen capsules, with ninety-three natural nutrients and a promise of youth and vigor. She had elaborately coiffured red hair and an extraordinarily brilliant smile. She lifted one hand above her head and gave a playful flamenco-style wiggle that made her emerald earrings flash. "I will not tell how old I am," she said. "But I have a thirty-nine-year-old daughter. And I am never tired."

In Livia Sylva's penthouse living room—with a huge chandelier, and a gallery up some stairs—people were standing about with champagne, waiting for Anthony Quinn, the actor, who serves as official spokesman for Livia's Imported Bee Pollen Capsules. New arrivals kept swarming in to take up vacant spaces between Louis commodes and tables nearly hidden by battalions of Meissen and crystal ornaments; arrangements of lilies, roses, candles; and pairs of gilded elephants, swans, and owls.

"My mother told me about bee pollen when I was very young," Livia Sylva said. "Now I am ready to share my secret with the whole world." Impulsively, she snatched our hands and gave them a squeeze. "Of *course* American men should take bee pollen," she said. "In Europe, men sleep longer, take more vacations. The more men work, the more they need bee pollen."



"You've never seen me before as a Lawrenceville person, have you?"

The room's high walls were closely hung with large paintings.

"This is Chagall. This is Chagall also. Over here is Miró. And there's Calder. And this one and that are Anthony Quinn," said Livia Sylva.

A slight, bearded man in a dark-red suit was standing near a wall smoking and talking to another man. "I have both peace of mind and knowledge now," he was saying. "That combination, as you are aware, is rare." He used to be Italian, years ago, and then he became Swami Anand Paramo, following the way of Rajneesh. "I am thinking of leaving New York and moving somewhere really strange," he said. "Maybe Indonesia."

Livia Sylva was in the thick of the party, smiling this way and that way. "Iolanda!" she sang out, to Mrs. Anthony Quinn.

"Livia is remarkable," said the man talking to the Swami. "She adds some things to her life story, of course, or leaves things out. I know she was a table-tennis champion in Rumania before the war. A beauty and an athlete, who married an older, very wealthy man. There was Bergen-Belsen, and terrible times. Then Paris, supporting husband, baby, and mother-in-law by working as a seamstress. Imagine that!" Her present husband, the man continued, was a meat purveyor, with interests in real estate—it wasn't bee pollen that had bought the Chagalls.

"I'll tell you frankly what *I'm* doing at this party," the Swami said, lowering his voice. "There was a woman I'd met in a restaurant, and I was hoping to see her again."

Three handsome grown sons gathered for a moment at the top of the stairs: any father would feel pride. Francesco and Lorenzo Quinn had the star's familiar profile, black hair, and black eyes; Daniele was fairer, of their mother's type.

"Yeah, we use bee pollen," Francesco said, in a deep voice. "No kidding."

"I use the Livia Sylva camphor lotion, too," Lorenzo said.

"And he's a model, he uses the mask," Francesco said, jerking his head in the direction of Daniele. Francesco held his hands clasped loosely in front of him and rocked restlessly from foot to foot.

"No kidding," Lorenzo said. "Men have much worse problems than women. They've got pores. They've got zits. They've got scars. Women don't begin to have that kind of stuff."

Francesco's hands had broken free, for a slow-swinging slap-slap-slap of fist into palm. Why not these three as official spokesmen, too, we asked.

Francesco laughed, made off downstairs. "You buy the stuff or we'll break your legs," he said in gruff mock-Mafioso, and launched himself from the banister as if in a gym.

Now Anthony Quinn was standing downstairs with folded arms. He gave an extraordinarily brilliant smile. "Livia is from Transylvania and I'm from Mexico, but we have a lot in common," he said. "I consume quite a bit of bee pollen. I find it gives me terrific energy."

An elderly woman in pink chiffon was approaching with a look of purpose in her eye.

"I'm going to have a big birthday soon," Anthony Quinn said.

The woman in pink had a blond hairdo and was half his height.

"In Crete, they make raisin bread with pollen and honey, and eat bee pollen raw, in chunks," he said, making gestures of gargantuan relish.

The woman touched his arm; she had someone across the room she wanted him to greet. He looked over the top of her head and winked as he was led away.

Francesco was talking animatedly beside the buffet. His father saw him, and his face lit up. "Actor, producer, director," Quinn senior said, over his shoulder. "He's like me, that one—he does everything."

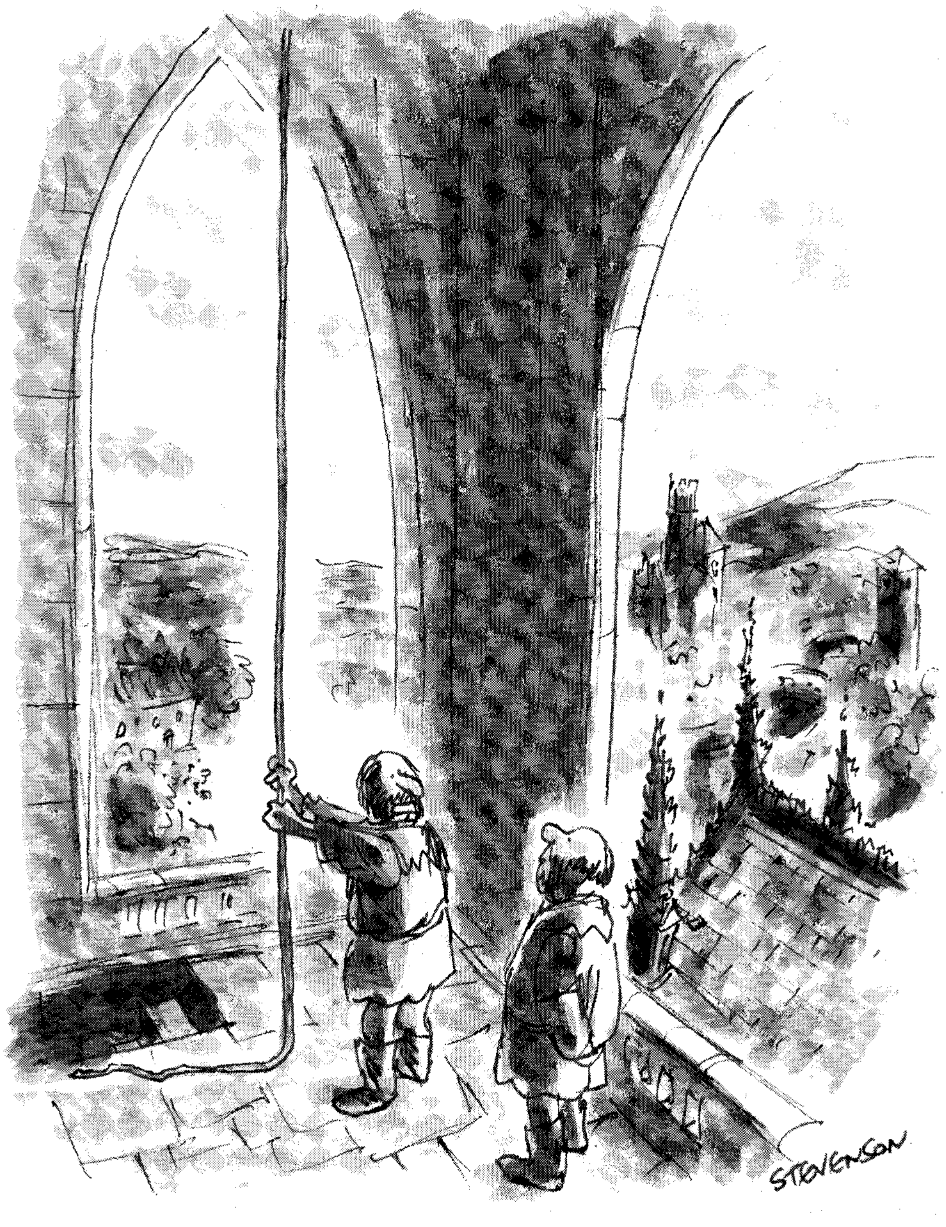
THE BUCK STARTS HERE

"Our attitude is, it is up to Kohl."
—*A White House official, on the Bitburg invitation.*

DEAR PRESIDENT MITTERRAND:

Would you mind dealing with this batch of invitations that President Reagan has received? We are enclosing all the unanswered invitations to date, plus a Xerox copy of his calendar, a supply of accept/regret notepaper bearing the Presidential seal, and a rubber stamp of his signature. We rely completely on your Gallic elegance in handling any potentially embarrassing requests in a graceful way. For instance, this card asking the President to appear on June 16th to serve coffee and doughnuts to demonstrators outside the South African Embassy as a symbolic gesture of support for their acts of conscience in protesting apartheid—well, obviously the President would be concerned about feelings of annoyance that he might cause Prime Minister Botha to suffer. Possibly that one could be forwarded to Botha himself to deal with. Also, there's that group of Contra unwed mothers who want the President to go down there for a baby shower. That's touchy—perhaps you could ask Mrs. Thatcher to fill in. But you will know best, given your national tradition of social graces—Proust, "*Répondez, s'il vous plaît,*" etc. The important thing is that President Reagan be spared any troublesome incidents that might arise if he made these decisions himself. That is why we hope you will graciously consent to act in his stead.

Thanking you in advance,
INVITATION WATCHDOG UNIT,
The White House



"When the damn thing tolls, I'm the one tolling it. For whom it tolls is not my problem."

DEAR PRESIDENT MARCOS:

We are writing to ask if you have the time to go over the enclosed draft of the 1986 State of the Union Message and just pencil in any changes and additions you think would be advisable. Normally, the President of the United States does this himself, but we are worried that opinions or facts in the speech might be attributed to President Reagan and create an unfortunate situation here. He has authorized us to assure you that not a word of your copy will be edited without your consent. Naturally, should you wish to come to the Capitol to deliver this address yourself on national television, your round-trip fare would be complimentary.

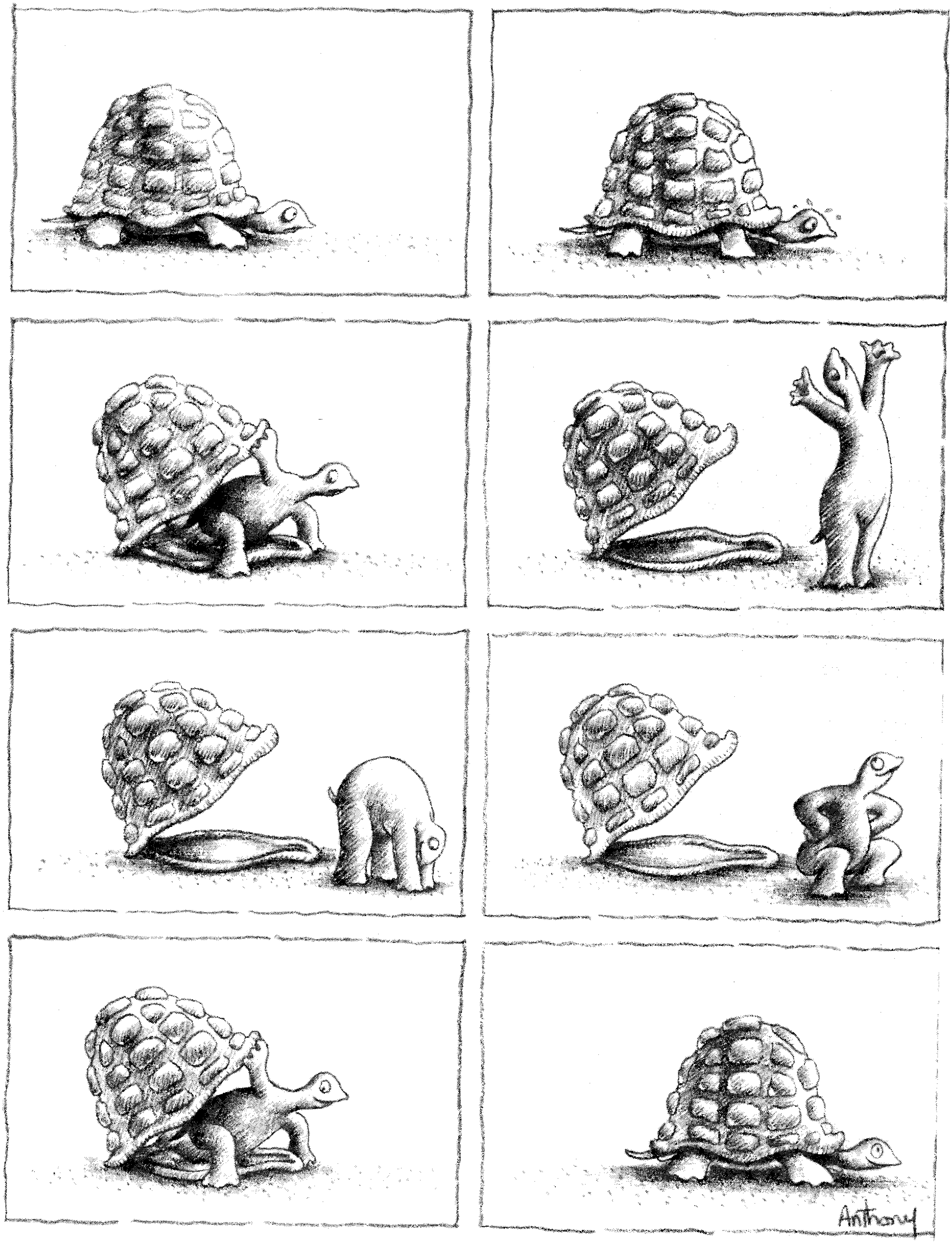
Best,
GAFFE PREVENTION TASK FORCE,
Presidential Speechwriting Staff

DEAR PRESIDENT GORBACHEV:

Perhaps you will find this request to be an unusual one, but please read on before dismissing it out of hand. Could you possibly substitute for President Reagan at a summit meeting between President Reagan and yourself? This would mean, of course, that you would be wearing "two hats," so to speak. But the advantages for both sides would be considerable. The President himself could not make concessions to the Soviet Union without losing face. You, however, in substituting for him, would be in a position to be more flexible, and no subsequent opprobrium would attach to the President's person. Any agreement that resulted would be signed by you and by you. At a time when national leadership must double its efforts for the good of all mankind, we hope you will rise to this great moral responsibility.

Very truly yours,
SURROGATE SELECTION COMMITTEE,
U.S. Department of State

—VERONICA GENG


Anthony

OLD FLAMES

AT the autumn cocktail party of the *Journal of American Finance*, Freddie Delielle ran smack into James Clemens, whom she had not seen for two years. He was wearing one of his beautiful tweed jackets, and the ridiculously long paisley scarf he had always affected was wound around his neck. At his left was a hefty-looking black man wearing a white skullcap, striped trousers, and a long tan linen shift.

On James' right was a girl so blond and pretty she caused Freddie, who was dark and plain, to blink. The girl wore a fuzzy red sweater, dangling earrings, and lipstick to match her nail polish. She and James looked so splendid together that it was hard for Freddie to believe that at one time James had been her own illicit lover.

Freddie was wearing her nine-month-old son, William, whom she carried in a hip sling. He was a very cheerful baby, who clutched a rubber giraffe in one hand and a teething biscuit in the other. Crumbs from his biscuit ornamented his mother's skirt.

James came right over and gave them a hard stare. He looked almost angry. Before Freddie could stop herself, she asked James, "Who's the dish?"

James' features instantly relaxed. A smile lit his face.

"That's Dr. Milton Obutu," he said. "I know you've been reading his articles on the economic history of the developing nations with avid interest."

"The other one."

"Oh," James said. "A recent acquisition. Speaking of which, you seem to have acquired a little something yourself."

"This is my son, William," Freddie said. "He's nine months old."

James leaned over and peered at William, who hid his face in his mother's neck.

"Not very friendly," James said.

"Don't be shy, Will," Freddie said. "Show your face, please."

William looked up and began to spit.

"He has your social style, I see," said James. "What a very good-looking boy."

"He looks like his father."

"He looks like you," James said. "Of course, I am less intimately connected with the way his father looks."

Freddie felt her cheeks flush.

"So," she said. "I see you've found my replacement. A much better model and much nicer color."

The beautiful blond girl was deep in conversation with Dr. Obutu. Her hair was swept up in a French twist and she wore an enormous gold bracelet.

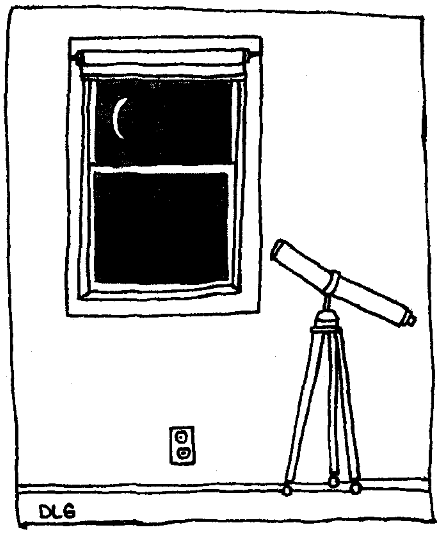
"How interesting that after throwing me over you're actually jealous," said James.

Freddie found that she could not look him in the eye.

"Dr. Obutu seems very familiar," she said. "Did he win a prize or something?"

"I see motherhood has not made you any keener on current events," said James. "He won the Valeur Medal in economics. But not to change the subject, I never knew that jealousy was included in your emotional repertoire. Of course, I had no idea you were fixing to have a baby. How little we know!"

ONCE upon a time Freddie and James had known an enormous number of things about each other. Freddie, who liked to keep her head uncluttered, had ended up knowing the names of all James' friends, their wives and children, as well as everyone connected with his wife, Vera. She knew the details of Vera's accomplishments as an interior designer, and the names of all the people whose houses, offices, beach cabañas, villas, lofts, and compounds she had worked on. She knew where Vera bought her clothes and where James had his shirts made, and all about his former colleagues in the investment-banking house from which James had prematurely retired. She heard endless stories about his landlady in the South of France, where he and Vera had rented a summer house for the past fifteen years.



It was harder for James to get information out of Freddie, but he had his methods. He was not above snooping into her mail or opening her cupboards and drawers. Unfortunately, these did not reveal much, except that she and Grey, her husband, drank tea and ate Irish oatmeal, had several pairs of hiking boots, two fishing rods, and a butterfly net, and that they got mail from a number of nature societies.

It had taken James a long time to learn that Freddie had known Grey almost all her life; they had met at school in London, where both their fathers had been sent by their firms. You would think, James often said, that a person might reveal one or two of these not very personal details, but Freddie was a clam. She felt it was a betrayal to tell James anything, whereas James took the opposite tack. Information *defused* things, he felt. If he nattered on endlessly about his family, he could con himself into thinking that there was nothing odd about the way he was feeling. As a consequence, he sang like a canary.

They never discussed the reason for their love affair or its effect on their lives. They had broken up numerous times, but their last parting two years ago had been final. Freddie, as was customary, did the initiating. She said, with a tone of resolve in her voice James had never heard before, "My life is being ruined."

Naturally, she did not say how it was being ruined, but James knew the knell of finality when he heard it. He had been listening for it all along, and when it came he was not entirely unrelieved. While his life was not being ruined, it was made complicated in a way he often found unbearable. Now he was used to missing Freddie. It was rather like chronic pain of the lower back. But when he looked at her and her child a feeling akin to rage overtook him.

"I always said you'd leave me in the dust," he said.

Freddie was silent.

"You threw me over," James said.

"I did not," Freddie said. James was pleased to see that there were tears in her eyes. "We were bound to part, one way or the other."

"We were?" James said. "Not from where I sat."

"Come off it, Jim," said Freddie, who alone in the world addressed James thus. "The only thing our relationship disturbed was us. I left you sitting in your ornamental house surrounded by your loving family and thousands of friends and relations."

At the sound of the sharp tone in his mother's voice, William began to fidget. "He's getting bored," Freddie said. "I'm going to have to take him away soon."

"Fine," said James. "I'll take you both away for a drink, and we can continue this conversation."

"What about your friend?"

"Ishbelle?" James said. "She's very enterprising. She's writing a profile of Dr. Obutu for the *Wall Street Journal.*"

"Ishbelle?" said Freddie.

"She's half English, half Dutch."

"And won't she think it's odd that you're leaving with me?"

"I'll take care of it," James said. "Besides, you're a woman with a baby. What could be more safe and respectable?"

FREDDIE and James in their winter coats ambled to the corner. James took her by the arm. The air was chilly and wet, and it was getting dark. William relaxed against his mother, and Freddie knew he was falling asleep.

"Here we are," James said, leading her through a wooden door.

Freddie had had hundreds of meals with James, mostly in out-of-the-way delicatessens, Chinese restaurants, or coffee shops. In the beginning James had attempted to take Freddie to decent restaurants and was so often rebuffed that he had given up.

Now she found herself in a bar full of polished blond wood, with a fire burning in the grate and fresh flowers in an ornamental urn.

"Do you come here often?" Freddie said.

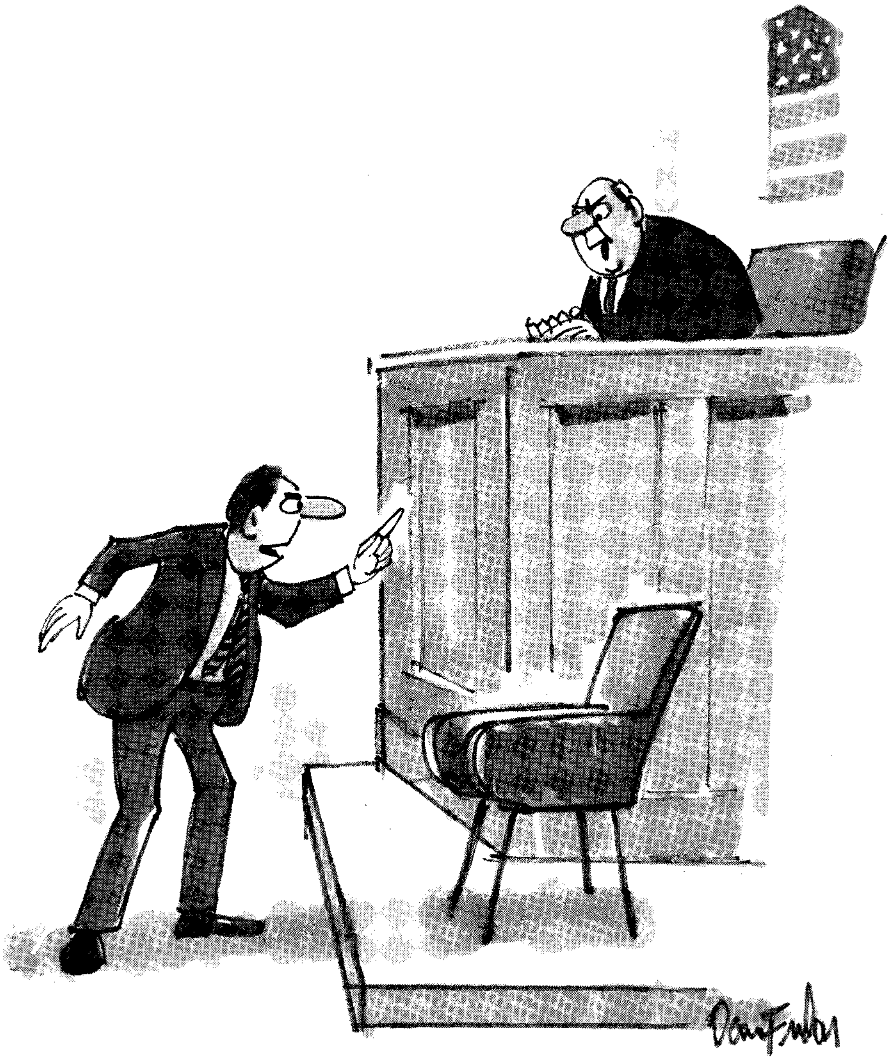
"Once in a while."

"We never went to places like this."

"Not for lack of trying," James said.

They took a table with a banquette. William's eyes were closed, so Freddie spread a little blanket, unzipped his snowsuit, and set him down to take a nap. She took off his hat and kissed his hair.

"Ah, motherhood," James said. "In the old days you used to throw your keys into the pocket of one of your hideous jackets and off we'd go. Now I see you carry a little mother bag with a blanket inside, and probably diapers, toys, and bottles, too. How well organized you've become! Why, just days ago, it seems, you allowed me to wonder what sort of child *we'd* produce."



"I don't mind your acting as your own attorney, but would you please stop hopping on and off that damned chair?"

• •

Freddie had very accurate recall and reminded James that this had been his exclusive fantasy.

"You played your own small part," James said.

"Stop trying to make me feel more awful than I feel, Jim."

"I don't believe you feel awful," James said. "You let me go without so much as a God-damned by-your-leave."

"We had a million by-your-leaves," Freddie said. "Besides, you had your baby. In fact, you had two."

James looked at her with an expression Freddie had often suffered as fatherly tenderness. It made her wince.

"All right," James said. "As long as you ditched me for family life, you may as well tell me all about it. How did it go?"

Freddie had heard James' birth stories countless times. His son Quentin had been born in Paris on New Year's Eve and the doctor had set off a bottle of champagne in the delivery room. Aaron was a labor so fast he had almost been born in a taxicab.

Freddie, on the other hand, had been hospitalized for toxemia two weeks before William's birth, and William had been born by cesarean section. He had been slightly underweight and made to stay in the hospital for eight days after Freddie was released. It had felt like eight months. Freddie knew she had not quite gotten over it and she was reluctant to tell James anything at all, but once she started she found she could not stop. James leaned back in his chair and listened with no particular expression on his face.

"And the baby's father?" he said conversationally.

"Are you referring to my husband, Grey?" Freddie said.

"You speak as if you had done this all yourself," James said.

Freddie stared at him. Did he really

ALL THAT IS

Twilight approaches, with its last brief spot-lit
Galaxies of midges, its first star,
And having put in doubt its bats or swallows,
Enters the eastern suburbs. There the hedged
Air darkens like a fast-reducing broth,
Simmering the shapes of things. And counter to
Those topiary whims, those *carceri*,
That cypress dye which taints the arbor vitae,
Bright squares flash on in staggered patterns, block
By block, some few blacked out by lowered shades.
Meanwhile, through evening traffic and beneath
Checkered façades, a many-lighted bus,
Pausing or turning at the intersections,
Goes intricately home. One passenger
Already folds his paper to the left-
Hand lower corner of the puzzles page,
As elsewhere other hands are doing, whether
At kitchen tables under frazzled light,
In plumped-up sickbed, or the easy chair
Near which a facetted decanter glows.
Above this séance, in the common dark
Between the street lamps and the jotted sky,
What now takes shape? It is a ghostly grille
Through which, as often, we begin to see
The confluence of the Oka and the Aare.

Is it a vision? Does the eye make out
A flight of ernes, rising from aits or aeries,
Whose shadows track across a harsh terrain
Of esker and arête? At waterside,
Does the shocked eeler lay his lampreys by,
Sighting a Reo driven by an edile?
And does the edile, from his running
  board,
Step down to meet a ranee? Does she end
By reading to him from the works of Elia?
No, there are no such chance encounters
  here
As you imagined once, O Lautréamont,
No all-reflecting prism-grain of sand
Nor eyeful such as Markandeya got
When, stumbled into vacancy, he saw
A lambent god reposing on the sea,
Full of the knitted light of all that is.
It is a puzzle which, as puzzles do,
Dreams that there is no puzzle. It is a rite
Of finitude, a picture in whose frame
Roc, oast, and Inca decompose at once
Into the ABCs of every day.
A door is rattled shut, a deadbolt thrown.
Under some clipped euonymus, a mushroom,
Bred of an old and deep mycelium
As hidden as the webwork of the world,
Strews on the shifty night-wind, rising now,
A cast of spores as many as the stars.

—Richard Wilbur

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want to hear her tell him how wonderful Grey had been, how he had taken a month's leave of absence from work and had barely left her and William except to run errands? How patient he was, how tender and besotted, and how jubilant he was to have the baby home? "He's an excellent father," she said.

"And are you finding motherhood very fulfilling?" James said.

"It's very public."

"As opposed to your previous activities."

"For instance," Freddie said, "if I take William to the bank and he begins to squawl, at least three people give me advice—to feed him, or give him a toy, or to prop him up in his stroller. When I took *you* to the bank, no one told me anything like that."

James sipped his drink in silence. "How things change," he said. "No more charming dalliance in that study of yours, which I assume is now the child's room."

"It isn't. We had that spare room, which is warmer."

"A snug family group," said James.

"You're snug enough, Jim," Freddie said. "Didn't you use to drag me by the hair over to your little snuggery and show me album after album of happy-family portraits? Don't be so mingy."

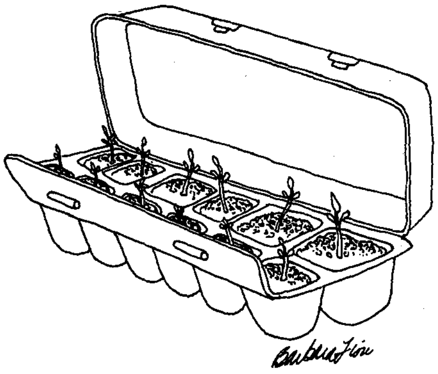
"I'm not," James said. "Your baby is awake."

William peered up from the banquette. His cheek was pink from sleeping on it. Freddie took him into her arms. "You're a hungry boy," she said.

James suddenly looked alarmed. "I don't suppose you were or are one of those nurse-your-baby-in-public types," he said.

"Yup," Freddie said. "But don't you worry. I've got a nice bottle in my bag."

The lights of the bar gave the room an orange glow. Freddie bent over her baby, who drank his bottle peacefully and stared up at her. Her hair fell into her eyes, but she did not have a free hand to push it away. James restrained himself from doing it for her.



"A tender scene," he said. "I wonder what sort of parent you are. Probably no-nonsense. Schedules, enforced naps, and so on."

Freddie, who found the experience of having a baby exactly like being madly in love, looked up at James.

"I only treated *you* that way," she said. "Actually, I'm a very indulgent mother."

"It's funny what we didn't know about one another," James said.

"It's entirely appropriate to the situation," said Freddie.

William had finished his bottle and was sitting on his mother's lap trying to take all the silverware off the table. Freddie reached into her bag and pulled out his rubber giraffe and a set of plastic keys. When they both looked up, James could see what a replica of his mother William was. Freddie kissed her baby's neck and he began to laugh. A look James had never seen before appeared on Freddie's face. James sighed. He felt weak and depleted, as if after a long swim.

"It's time to go," Freddie said.

"One more thing," said James. "I've always wanted to know. When you and I snuck off to Vermont for our little trip when Vera and Grey were away, what did you tell Grey?"

She looked suddenly so stricken that James realized their trip had been the occasion of the first lie Freddie had ever told her husband.

"Never mind," he said.

Freddie pushed the hair off her forehead. She felt rather exhausted herself. "O.K., William," she said. "It's time for the horrible torture of your snowsuit."

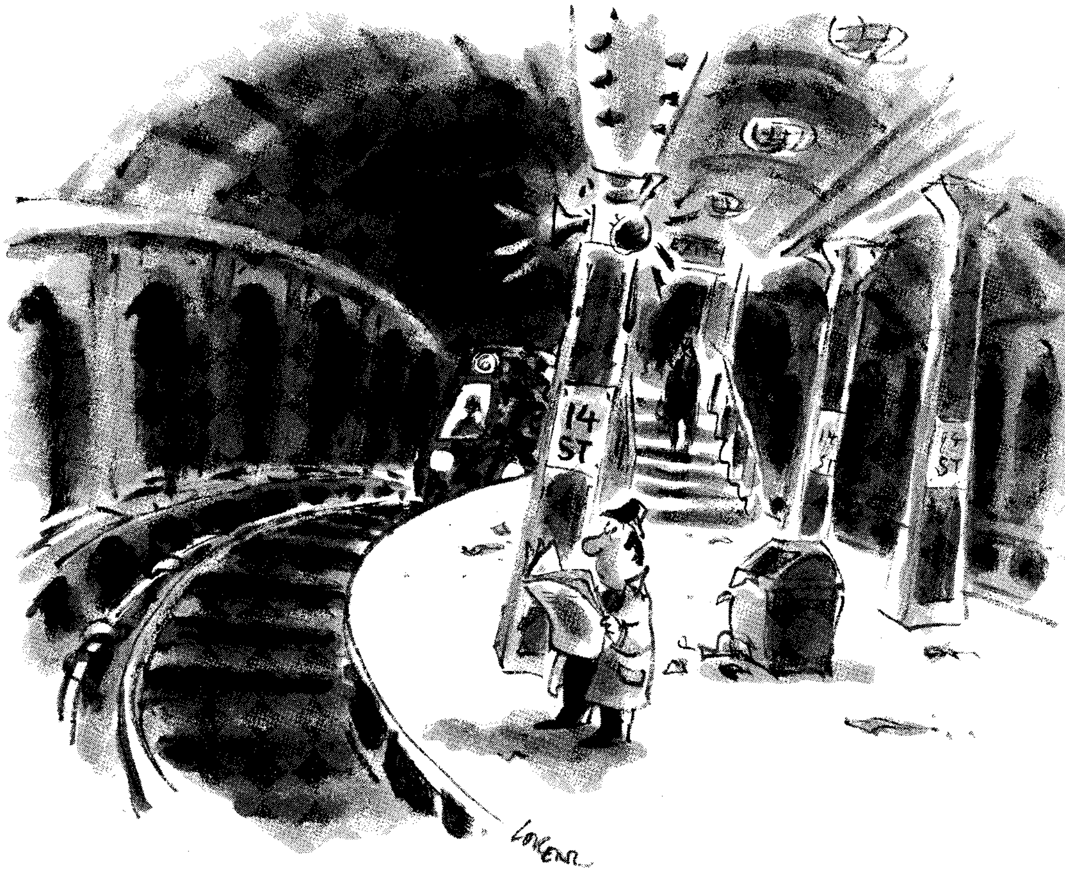
She set William down on the banquette and started with his feet. He began to squirm. Then he began to cry.

"They all hate this," Freddie said to James.

"Ours didn't."

"Really?" Freddie said. "How totally unusual."

Finally William was bundled up and fastened into his hip carrier. James threw some money on the table, and they ambled into the street.



"Uptown local now arriving, featuring early work by Tico '88, Baco-Loco, and Zazoo 101."

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It was misty and dark; halos formed around the street lamps.

"It feels like snow," said James. "It's very odd seeing you."

Freddie was silent.

"Is it odd seeing me?" he said.

"Yes," said Freddie.

"I had forgotten what a rewarding conversationalist you are," James said. "I suppose that with all your motherly chores you no longer wonder what we were doing together."

"I think about it a lot," Freddie said.

"And what brilliant thoughts have you had?"

"Love seeketh only self to please," Freddie said.

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"It's a quote from William Blake. Now I get to ask you a question."

"Anything," James said. Freddie had never been one for a direct question.

"Where did you get the paisley scarf?"

"Is that all you wanted to know?"

"Sort of."

"It belonged to Vera's grandfather, who was quite a dandy," James said. "I'd be happy to give it to you as a goodbye present. You can keep it for William and I can say I lost it."

"Oh, no!" said Freddie. "I always think of you in that scarf."

FINALLY the three of them reached the corner. James was about to hail a taxi when Freddie grabbed his arm. "Are you in love with that girl?" she said.

James spun around. "What's it to you?"

"I want to know," Freddie said. Her voice was shaking.

James looked down at her intently.

"Are you?" Freddie said. She was clutching his arm rather painfully.

"She's my daughter-in-law," James said. "Aaron got married last year."

Freddie let go. James saw that her face was flooded with relief, which was instantly supplanted by anger. "You bastard," she said.

"It shouldn't make any difference to you one way or the other," James said. "Now that you're a respectable wife and mother."

"Are you in love with anyone else?" Freddie said.

James did not have to repress the desire to kiss her: it was not easy to contemplate kissing a woman who was holding a baby. Instead, he hung his scarf around her neck and pulled her a little closer. William found this very entertaining and began to laugh. "Does that mean that if I can't be in love with you I also can't be in love with anyone else?" he said.

"I didn't mean that," said Freddie, slipping out from under the scarf.

"I think you did," James said. A few fine snowflakes began to fall. "I'll get you a taxi, so your precious darling doesn't get wet."

James hailed a taxi and opened the door. He bent to kiss Freddie goodbye. She thought she heard him say, "You were the only one."

She ducked her head, so instead of kissing Freddie, James kissed William, and as he watched them drive away he could still smell that clear, benign baby smell of biscuits and talcum powder.

—LAURIE COLWIN

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A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*Editorial in the Baltimore Sun*]

So while Albania has slightly more land than Maryland and about three-fifths the people, its capacity for disturbing the peace of the Balkans is infinitely greater.

ANOTHER PAIR OF HANDS

I AM the only son of parents who were old enough to be grandparents. This has advantages and disadvantages, for although I was out of touch with the intervening generation, my mother's friends when I was born being forty and upward and my father's contemporaries mostly over sixty, I inherited a longer sense of living history than most people do. It was quite natural for my elders to talk about the life of the early part of the century, to which they belonged, and I grew up knowing instinctively how things were done in those days and how they thought.

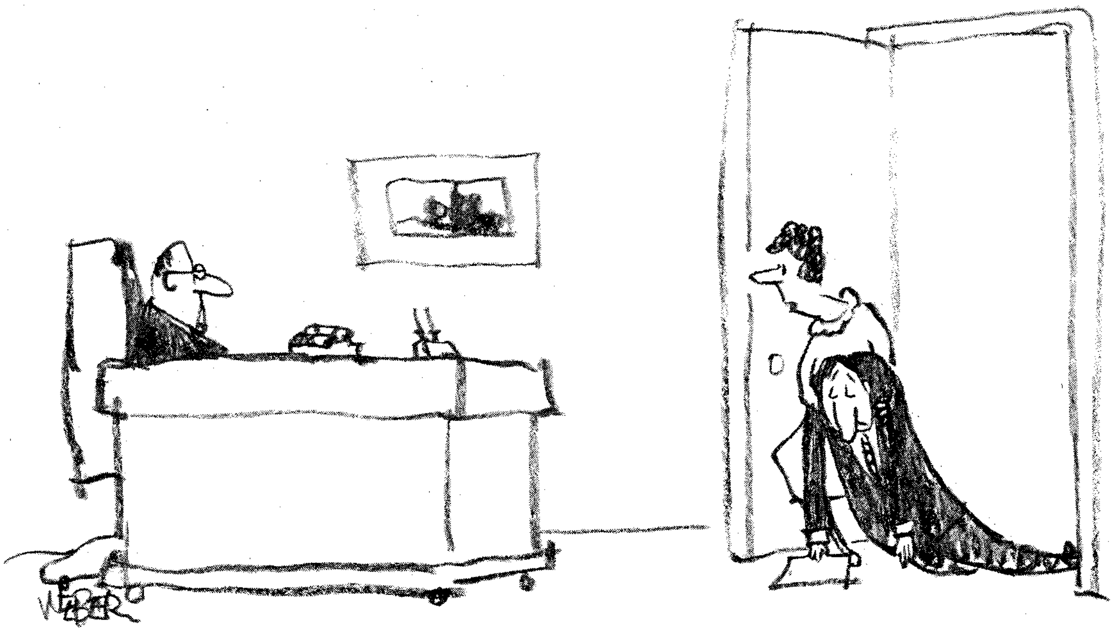
My mother died, aged ninety-six, just after my fiftieth birthday. She had survived my father by nearly thirty years. She was active almost to the last, the only difficulty being her failing eyesight; her movements had slowed down a bit. But really she was, as everyone said, wonderful for her age. She died quickly, of a stroke. To the last she was still wondering why I hadn't found the right woman to marry. Maybe she's wondering even yet. She belonged to the wondering generation.

My mother, originally mistress of a great house with countless servants, had moved down with the times like everyone else, each move, to a smaller house and fewer servants, being somewhat of a trauma to her. She called every new house poky, every domestic arrangement makeshift. It was not till well after the First World War that she got used to only four indoor servants, including a manservant, and three outdoor. Somewhere about the end of the fifties she was reduced to a compact Georgian house in Sussex, with twelve bedrooms and surrounded by woodland. It became more and more enormous for one person as time went on. Her means were sufficient, but she couldn't get the staff she needed. A few rooms were closed off entirely. Some years before she died she was doing very well with a gardener, to keep going a token piece of lawn and some kitchen-garden patches, and indoors her cook-housekeeper, Miss Spigot, and Winnie, the maid. By the end of her life, two years ago, she was left with only Winnie.

After Miss Spigot's death Winnie struggled on, in deep chaos, burning the food and quite unable to shop and clean, too. My mother wouldn't lift a finger beyond picking flowers; she sat calmly with her eternal sewing, which she called "my work," giving orders. Up to then I had been accustomed to going down to spend Sunday and Monday with a few friends to cheer Ma up, and she had always looked forward to these visits. She had outlived her sisters and her friends, and she enjoyed company. My own work, a regular theatre column, prevented me from spending much more time with her. I don't notice dust but I do notice bad food; I must say Miss Spigot, who was already in her late seventies, had cooked very well. Our rooms had always been ready and bright when we arrived during Miss Spigot's lifetime. But suddenly all that ended. Winnie was frantic. I could see that my mother would have to move again. I begged her to let me get her a small flat in London. She was very old but by no means infirm, especially of purpose. "Winnie can manage alone. I shall have a Word with her," said Ma, and went on with her needlepoint or whatever. I could have killed her, but Ma wasn't the sort of person you could easily be nasty to.

I decided to stop bringing my friends to my mother's. My own visits were hell. There was a terrible smell everywhere of burnt food, unaired rooms, and sheer neglect. My mother's tastes in food were simple, and I daresay so were Winnie's, but as for me, I like my square meals. The dining-room floor was littered with old bits of toast and eggshells. The table hadn't been cleared for weeks, the placemats were greasy. I did my best to help clear up on my miserable Sundays and Mondays. Personally, I'm quite used to shifting for myself in London. In fact, having been brought up with servants, I hate them; your life's never your own. In London I always managed with a morning woman. But I wasn't up to coping with a vast house like Ma's. Nothing would disturb Ma's resolve to put up with it or Winnie's exasperating loyalty; she took my mother's part. It went on for a month. I spent all my spare time in employment agencies and on various other means to get someone to replace Miss Spigot, but nothing came of my efforts or those of my friends. Nothing. "I am going to have a Word with Winnie," said Ma.

On the fifth Sunday I drove down to Sussex late, intending to cut short the horror of it all. Amazingly, there was no horror. Winnie had become a super-efficient cook-housekeeper all in the course of a week. As I passed the dining room I could see the table was laid ready, sparkling with silver and glass, and the table linen was up to Ma's best standard. The drawing room was fresh and the windows



"Mr. Beech, I wonder if you could give Mr. Pruitt some encouragement."

looked like glass once more.

Ma was knitting. It was almost time to go in to dinner.

"Have you found someone to help?" I said.

"No," said Ma.

"Well, how has Winnie managed all this on her own?"

"I had a Word with her," said my mother.

Winnie served an excellent dinner on the whole; perhaps it wasn't quite up to the late cook's quality, but certainly ambitious enough to include a rather flat soufflé.

"It's her first soufflé," said Ma when Winnie went to get the meat course. "If she doesn't improve I'll have a Word."

But now something had happened to Winnie. She was perfectly happy, indeed almost blissful. She went around whispering to herself in a decidedly odd way. She served the vegetables with great care, but whispering, whispering all the time.

"What did you say, Winnie?" I said.

"The soufflé was flat," said Winnie.

"Turn on the BBC news," said my mother.

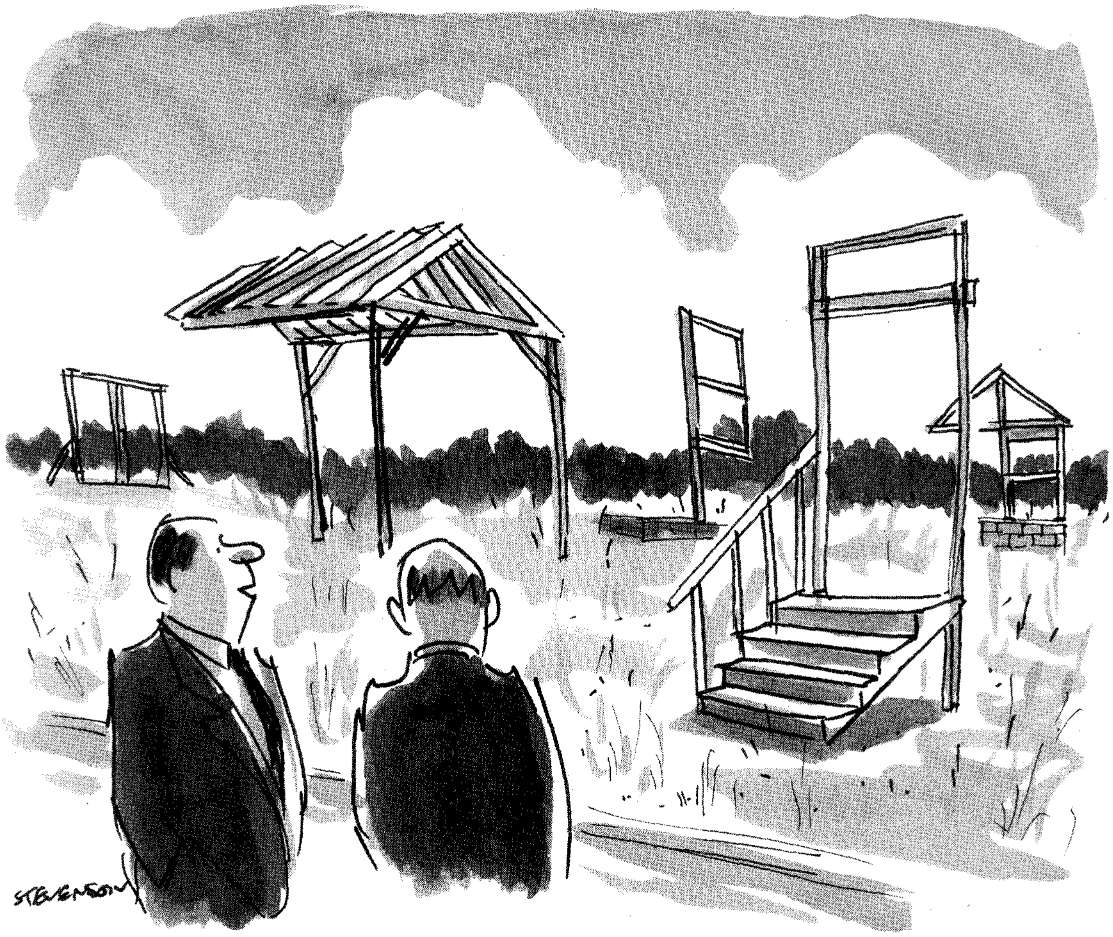
For the whole of Monday Winnie went round chattering to herself. Breakfast was, however, set out on the table with nothing forgotten. The house was already in good order before half past eight, the fire new and crackling. And Winnie conversed with herself, merrily and quite a lot. I supposed that her finding herself alone in the kitchen was now showing. However, my mother seemed to have solved her domestic problem, which had fast been developing into mine. I didn't give time to worrying lest Winnie was turning a little funny.

I WENT back cheerfully to my own bachelor life and regaled my friends with the news of the change that had come over Winnie and of how well she was coping. They were quite eager to come and join me in Sussex again, assuring me they would make their own beds, help with the shopping, and generally refrain from giving Winnie a hard time. I thought I'd better wait a few weeks before making up a party as of old. These visitors to my mother's house were either unmarried and younger colleagues of mine who, like me, had to work on Saturdays for their newspapers or middle-aged widows who had nothing to tie them to any day of the week. All were very keen to come, but I waited.

Winnie was even more efficient the next week. I came to the conclusion that it was Winnie who had been the guiding spirit in the kitchen all along; she was a good cook. Ma took no notice of her whatsoever, as was always her way, preferring not to praise or blame, just to give orders. Winnie was an unguessable age between fifty-five and seventy; her face was big, with a lot of folds, her body thin and angular, her hair chocolate-rinsed. My mother, who long ago had been used to picking and choosing maids "of good appearance," had taken some time to resign herself to uncomely Winnie, and, having done so, she was not now inclined to waste consideration on any further divergence from the norm that Winnie might display.

Winnie, in fact, could now be heard in the kitchen kicking up a dreadful racket. One evening the noise filled the house for about ten minutes. My bed was turned down neatly. The stair carpets were spotless as of old, and the furniture and bannisters shone. Winnie conducted a further brief altercation in the kitchen and then was quiet till tea, when my mother went to bed and so did she. I had a comfortable night. In the morning Winnie started fighting with herself again, or so it seemed. On investigation, I found her smiling while she argued. My mother's breakfast tray was all prepared, and Winnie was about to carry it up to Ma's room. "What's the matter, Winnie?" I said.

"Oh, the butter was forgot to be put



"Looks like housing starts are up in this area."

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on the tray. Too old for the job."

"Would you like to leave, Winnie?" I said somewhat desperately but feeling that this was Winnie's way of saying just that.

"How could I leave your mother?" said Winnie, marching off with the tray.

WELL, my mother, aged ninety-six, died suddenly during the following week. Winnie phoned me quite calmly from Sussex, and I went down right away. There was a quiet little funeral. The house was to be sold. Winnie was still having occasional outbreaks against herself, such as "The *Times* didn't get cancelled at the newsagent like I said," and she muttered a bit as she went around. However, I spent a last, comfortable night in the house and after breakfast prepared to settle Winnie's pay and pension. I believed she would be glad of a rest. She had relations in Yorkshire, and I thought she would probably want to return to them.

"I'm not leaving the family," said Winnie. She didn't mean her family, she meant me.

"Well, Winnie, the house will be sold. There's no family left, is there?"

"I'm coming with you," Winnie said. "I've no doubt it's a pigsty but I can live in the basement."

My pigsty, my paradise. It was a small, narrow house in a Hampstead lane which I had acquired over twelve years ago. I never got round to putting it straight. It was so much my life to be out late at night at the theatre, then usually some sort of supper after the theatre with friends; in the morning doing my notes for the theatre column, shuffling about in my dressing gown; then after a quick lunch I would work in my study or maybe go out to a cinema or an art show or, if not, attend to something bureaucratic; or I would play some music on the piano. I worked hardest Fridays and Saturdays, for my last show was Friday and the column had to be in on Saturday at three in the afternoon. And since, until Ma died, I would go down to Sussex for Sunday and Monday with my friends, there was no time to put things straight. Sometimes there were people staying at my house and they would try to help. But it was better when they didn't, for after one of those friendly tidy-ups I couldn't find anything. Never, on any occasion, did I allow anyone into my little study upstairs. A sullen and ladylike domestic help called Ida came mincing in three mornings a week for a couple of hours, painful all round; that is, to herself, to me, and to my cat, Francis. Ida took the clean dishes out of the dishwasher and stacked them away; she changed the towels and bedsheets and left them at the laundry. She swept the kitchen floor, making short work of Francis with her broom, and sometimes she dusted the sitting room and vacuumed the carpet. Francis cowered in the basement three mornings a week till she had gone.

It was not altogether the undesirability of Ida that persuaded me to take on Winnie. At first, I was decidedly dissuaded. The family fortunes had just managed to eke themselves out over my mother's lifetime. I am comfortably off, I have a job, but I'm by no means wealthy. Like most of my friends, I wasn't in a position to take on a full-time housekeeper. And, for another thing, I had no room. There was the basement, damp, full of rotting boxes, which contained a great many other rotting objects that I always intended to do something about. These included some boxes of my mother's that had somehow landed at my house during one of her moves and had never been forwarded. Once, I looked inside one of them; it held two ostrich-feather fans falling apart with moth, some carved wood chessmen the worse for the damp, some soggy books, and some wine. On that occasion I threw back the contents into the box, less the wine, which was still enjoyable. But I never again opened one of those boxes. The basement contained two rooms, a little dank bathroom, and a frightful kitchen. It had plainly been inhabited before I acquired the house.

"I can't put you in the basement, Winnie," I said, instead of saying outright "I can't afford a cook-housekeeper, Winnie."

"What's wrong with the basement?"

"It's damp."

"I don't need much money," said Winnie. "Your mother underpaid me anyway. Old-fashioned ideas. You need me to cook for you. I can go into the attic and make it over for a room."

How she knew about the attic I don't know. I had once thought of making it into a one-room apartment and renting it, but it was just above the two bedrooms of the house, one of which was my study, and I hadn't liked the thought of people moving about over my head. So the attic was empty. The other rooms in my house, apart from my bedroom and my study, were on the ground floor: a sitting room and a dining room with a divan, where I put up occasional friends. The only place for Winnie was the attic, warm and empty. What made me waver in my resolve not to take on Winnie was that remark of hers, "You need me to cook for you." That was indeed a temptation. I visualized the effortless and good little supper parties I could give after the theatre. The nice lunches I would have, always so well planned, well served; and Winnie was a very economical shopper.

"Save you a fortune in restaurants," decided Winnie, for it really was all decided. "And with the sale of your mother's house you'll be in clover."

I didn't go into the fact that death duties were taking care of my late mother's property, she having stubbornly arranged her affairs so badly. But it was true that restaurant eating in London was becoming more and more difficult as the food and service were ever more inferior. I just said, "Well, Winnie, you'll have to settle yourself in the attic as best you can. I'll help you up with your things, but beyond that I'm a busy man."

"I haven't many things," Winnie said.

When she saw my house she said, "The Slough of Despond, if you remember your Bunyan." Nevertheless, she settled into the attic. I paid off Ida and from then on was in Winnie's hands.

IT was true my life was transformed. It was amazing what Winnie could do. Except for the study, which I locked up every time I left the house and where Winnie could not penetrate, she penetrated everywhere. A new kitchen stove was her only extravagance. I paid no attention to Winnie's comings and goings, but it was truly remarkable how she managed to clean out the house from the basement to the attic so well that I saw through the sitting-room windows it seemed for the first time, and my bed was actually made every day. Winnie achieved all this in a very short time. Within a week I began to have friends to meals—delicious, interesting, just right.

"How lucky you are!" was what I heard from one friend after another. There were few who would not willingly have taken Winnie away from me if they'd had the chance. My mother's silver and crystal sparkled on the table. Winnie was quite up to serving at a late hour. And her meals were always marvellous. "Oh, what elegance! How does she manage it?"

"Who is she arguing with, there in the kitchen?"

"Herself."

For one could hear Winnie, after she had cleared away and served us coffee, muttering to herself meanwhile and still fighting her lonely battles in the kitchen.

I am a man of the theatre, and this oddity of Winnie's certainly appealed to my sense of theatre. Nor were my friends unappreciative of the carry-on. They thought it was delightful. As soon as she had left the room, they called her a joy and they called her a treasure. One of my younger friends, an actress who had formerly liked to visit my mother in the country, had the quick eye to notice, what I hadn't noticed, that a couple of my chairs had been newly upholstered in genuine petit point.

"You've had your mother's petit point finished," she said. "I remember she was working on it all last summer. The last time I saw her, just before she died, she was sitting out on the terrace working at this."

"How do you know it's Ma's work?" I said.

"I recognize the pattern. Look, that's the Venetian design, she had it done specially. Look at that red."

"Well, she must have finished it."

"Oh, that's impossible. It's very slow work. For your mother, impossible."

"Well, Winnie must have finished it."

"Winnie? How could she have managed it with all the other things she had to do?"

"One never knows what Winnie's up to."

I was suspicious. But, looking back on it, I think that the truth is I didn't want to know how Winnie did it. It was like admitting you didn't believe in Santa Claus: all those lovely surprises might stop.

Winnie's success with my friends wasn't lost on her. She, too, developed a sense of her theatrical side, muttering ever the more as she served the vegetables or the coffee; and one evening when I had a few guests, for no apparent reason she entered the room with one of my mother's mothy great ostrich-feather fans in her hand and gave a performance of a prewar débutante being presented at court, sweeping the fan before her and curtsying low, with the feathers flying all over the carpet. She solemnly left the room, backward, treating us to another low genuflection before she left. Nobody spoke till she had gone, but Winnie's dottiness occupied the conversation merrily for the rest of the evening; secretly, I was a little embarrassed. Another time, I was having a quiet game of chess with a friend when Winnie came in unnecessarily to tidy the fire. She had cleaned up those old chess pieces from Ma's box; they were positively a work of restoration. As she passed us she cast an eye at the board and said, "Undemocratic." I suppose she was referring to the kings and castles. But where Winnie was getting beyond a joke was on those days when, after lunch, I sat in my study trying to compose my theatre column.

Winnie at that time of day was usually up in her room in the attic wildly remonstrating with herself. I could get no peace. Finally and reluctantly, I had it out with her.

"Winnie," I said, very tactfully, "you're beginning to talk to yourself, you know. There's nothing to worry about, many people do it. In fact, there are great geniuses who go about talking to themselves. It's only that I can't get on with my work when I hear these arguments going on over my head."

"Well, I'm much provoked," Winnie said.

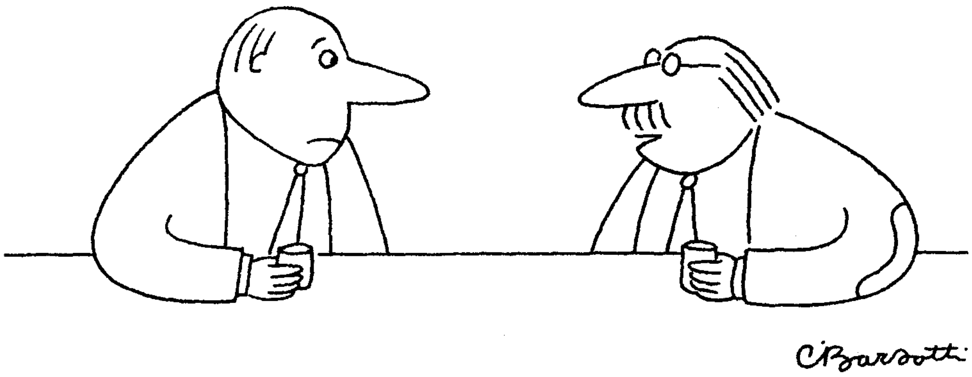
"I've no doubt of that. And I think you really do too much for me. Will you agree to see a doctor?"

"In an institution?" Winnie wanted to know.

"Oh, Winnie, of course not. Only privately. Maybe you need some medicine. Otherwise, I'm afraid we'll have to part. But I do urge you—"

I urged her into going to a young psychiatrist I'd heard of, in private practice. I have no idea what account she gave of herself and her condition, but I've no doubt he got some illogical story out of her. She didn't appear to think there was anything wrong with her, and neither, apparently, did he. She refused to go into hospital under observation, and he sent her away after a few visits with some medicine. I made inquiries of the doctor, but he wouldn't say much. "She has a few hallucinations—nothing to worry about. She should get over it. Of course I can't diagnose in depth without her coöperation in a clinic." I settled his exorbitant bill. Winnie carried on in much the same way as before for about a week. She told me she was taking the medicine.

Then she did get quieter. Within two weeks she had stopped her racket-



"I disagree with what you say, sir, but, as you know, Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances, and far be it from me to do otherwise."

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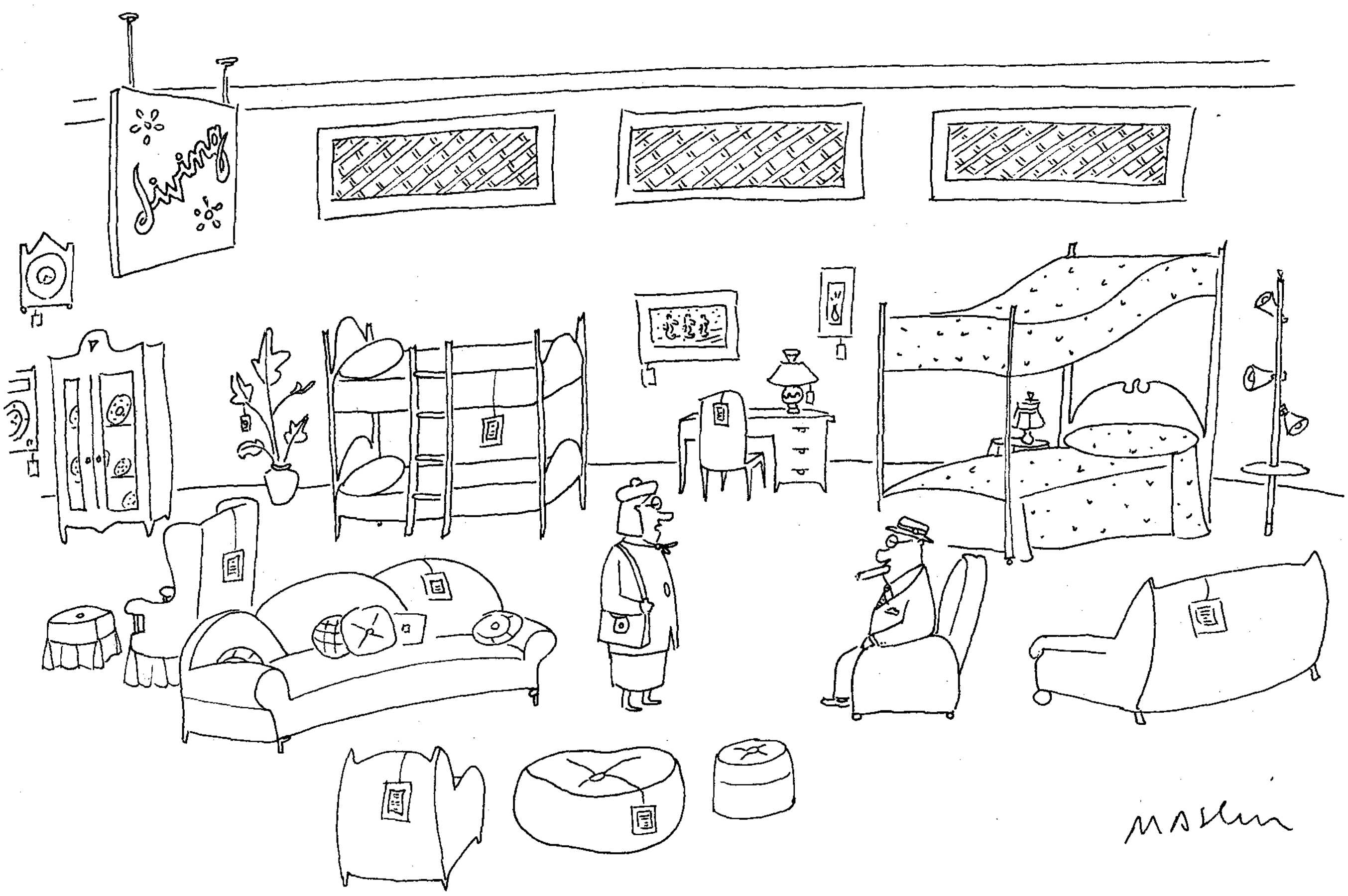

"Don't just sit there—recline!"

• •

ing and shouting. I was able to get on with my work. But slowly the house degenerated. It was like old times, only worse, because, although I began to eat out, Winnie burnt the food she prepared for herself. There was a super-chaos, a smell of burning and old rubbish all over the house. She bustled about brightly enough, but simply couldn't manage.

"Perhaps you need a holiday, Winnie."

"I stopped taking them pills," she said. "Rose didn't like them. They had an effect."

"Rose?"

"Rose Spigot."

I remembered Miss Spigot, the cook who died. I remembered her especially careful enunciation, her prim and well-trained ways, and how she was said to have travelled with a duke's family all over the Orient. "Are you talking about some relation of our late cook?" I said.

"I'm talking about our late cook herself," said Winnie. "She's gone away. When I started to take the pills, they put her off her stroke."

"By no means," I said wildly, "take anything whatsoever that doesn't suit you, Winnie."

"It's not me, it's Rose. She was a very provoking woman, acting the lady with your mother's needlework and objecting to me showing off in front of company. But she was a good cook-housekeeper, she's a good manager, and I can't cope alone with all the mess. She was another pair of hands."

"Definitely, you should stop the pills," I said. "Wouldn't you like me to have another word with the doctor?"

"Certainly not," said Winnie. "There was nothing wrong with the doctor."

I HAD to go away for a week to a theatre festival in the North. I was glad to go, notwithstanding my crumpled shirts and unwashed socks crammed into my bag. I felt I could face the problem of Winnie better after a break.

When I got back, as I put my key in the door, I knew something had happened by the fact that my old brass nameplate was twinkling and by the sound of Winnie's voice from the back of the house raised in argument.

Only Winnie was in the kitchen when I put my head round the door. "Rose is back," said Winnie.

I could see what she meant. The house was clean and shining; my supper that night was excellent. But it was all too much for my no doubt weak character. I thought it over for a bit and finally persuaded Winnie to retire. She went back to Yorkshire, accompanied by Miss Spigot or not I don't know. My house is the pigsty of old. My friends are awfully good to me and I dine out a lot. The stuff that used to molder in the basement is now rotting in the attic. Nobody combs Francis the cat, but he doesn't mind. When I'm on my own I can always sit down among the dust and the litter and play the piano. —Muriel Spark

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UP LIFE'S LADDER

[*TV listing in the Maui* (*Hawaii*) *News*]

(13) Movie ★★ "The Damned Don't Cry" (1950, Drama) Joan Crawford, David Brian. A woman rises from meager beginnings to become a glamorous gun moll.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

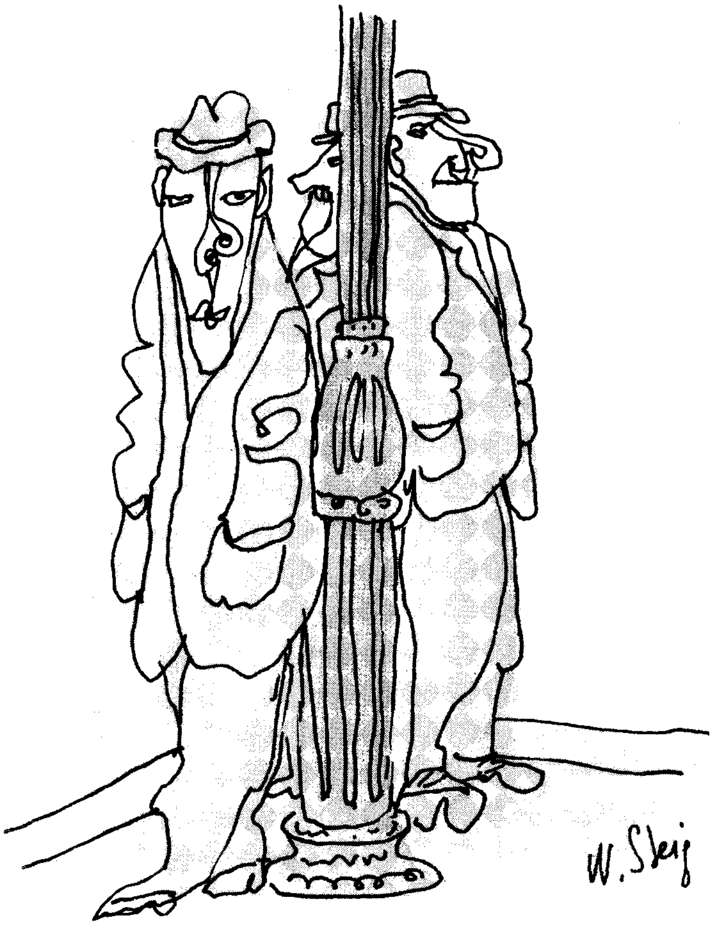
THE MOUNTAIN OF NAMES

IN 1977, a book editor suggested that I write up the history of my family, and I accepted the proposition not only eagerly but with a sense of urgency. My two grandmothers were both nearly ninety. I had heard some of their stories, in bits and pieces—of how they had got out of Russia because of the Revolution and started life over again in the United States, and of what their life had been before—but I had never heard the whole story. One afternoon, as I was studying some genealogical material they had given me, I noticed a possible connection between two Ukrainian families, the Adamoviches and the Vitovts, which would have meant that my mother's and father's forebears had been related to each other in the seventeenth century. I had heard that the Genealogical Society of Utah—a branch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints—had the most voluminous genealogical archives in the world, and I wrote to ask if the society could be of help in confirming this connection, and if anything had been written about the overlapping of pedigrees in general. A few weeks later, an amazing paper by Robert C. Gunderson, called "Connecting Your Pedigree Into Royal, Noble, and Medieval Families," came in the mail. Gunderson, who heads the Genealogical Society's Royalty Identification Unit, has calculated that if you kept multiplying by two the progenitors of a person born today—doubling his parents, *their* parents, etc.—the person would have (based on an average generation length of twenty-five years) something like two hundred and eighty-one trillion forebears alive at the time of Charlemagne. Each person's pedigree, in other words, experiences a sort of retrogressive population explosion.

Obviously, there were nowhere near that many people around in 800 A.D., or at any other time. What prevents the theoretical population explosion from taking place is another phenomenon, which Gunderson delightfully calls "pedigree collapse." Pedigree collapse is caused by cousins marrying cousins—both intentional mating between close cousins and random mating between distant ones who don't know that they are related. Close-cousin marriage has happened much more often than is generally supposed. In tribal societies, the exogamic restriction is usually applied not to all one's blood relatives but only to those in one's kinship group. In a patrilineal society, for instance, there is nothing to stop one from marrying a matrilineal cousin or uncle; in fact, such a match is often esteemed. The ideal is to marry out, but not too far out. In Japan, which has one of the world's highest consanguinity rates, arranged marriages between first cousins have been going on for centuries; and surveys made in the nineteen-sixties in southern India found that up to a third of the marriages among the Sudras of Andhra Pradesh were between first cousins and that the proportion of uncle-niece matings might have been as high as twelve per cent.

"If we could only get into God's memory, we would find that eighty per cent of the world's marriages have been with at least second cousins," the British social theorist Robin Fox told me recently. "In a population of between three and five hundred people, after six generations or so there are only third cousins or closer to marry. During most of human history, people have lived in small, isolated communities of about that size, and have in fact probably been closer to the genetic equivalent of first cousins, because of their multiple consanguinity. In nineteenth-century rural England, for instance, the radius of the average isolate, or pool of potential spouses, was about five miles, which was the distance a man could comfortably walk twice on his day off, when he went courting—his roaming area by daylight. Parish registers bear this out. Then the bicycle extended the radius to twenty-five miles. This was a big shakeup." Even in today's much more mobile English society—according to an estimate in Fox's book "Kinship and Marriage"—the average isolate for any given individual, which is "to some extent determined by the previous marriage choices of his ancestral consanguines," varies from about nine hundred people to just over two thousand.

Elevated consanguinity has not been a feature only of rural populations. Jewish people have tended to maintain themselves, throughout history, as an endogamous religious isolate. Marriage between close kin of various types is permitted in Jewish law, and such alliances are still common in groups like the Haddanites, of Israel, whose first-cousin



Favored Lamppost

"If Coke can change after so many years, why can't you?"

• •

marriage rate was recently determined to be fifty-six per cent. In most of the world's upper classes, cousin intermarriage has been frequent, in order to keep wealth and power in the family, or because of a dearth of other acceptable mates. Consanguineous marriage has been particularly common in royal houses, the extreme cases being the Egyptian Pharaohs and the Incan kings, who had to marry their own sisters. In spite of the Catholic Church's ban on marriage within the fourth degree of relationship (third cousins), which lasted from 1550 to 1917, most of the people sitting on the thrones of Europe have been cousins of one sort or another, with their pedigrees in varying stages of collapse. The pedigree of Alfonso XIII of Spain (1886-1941), for instance, collapsed almost immediately: because of cousin intermarriage, he had only eight great-great-grandparents instead of the usual sixteen.

Each time cousins marry, a duplication will occur in the pedigrees of their descendants because as cousins they already occupy a slot in them. The farther back one traces any person's genealogy, the greater the rate of duplication, until finally, when cousin intermarriage begins to predominate, the shape of the pedigree, in theory, stops expanding, and begins to narrow. Each person's complete family tree, in other words, is shaped more or less like a diamond. In the beginning, it expands upward from the person in an inverted triangle. At some point, hundreds of years back, the rate of expansion reaches its maximum and the pedigree starts to narrow, eventually coming to a point at a theoretical first couple. Whether one such couple existed, and, if so, where and when, cannot be known, of course; the answers to these questions require, among other things, a subjective judgment about when we became human, and the notion that a primordial couple are the mother and father of us all begins to seem like a romantic oversimplification when one considers that most of our complement of genes had evolved before we separated from the apes and that we share ninety-nine and a half per cent of our evolutionary history with chimpanzees.

"Beginning about 200,000 to 300,000 years ago, forms of humans appear that might be called *Homo sapiens*, with a skull size comparable to that of modern man," the geneticists Walter F. Bodmer and Luigi Cavalli-Sforza write in their book "Genetics, Evolution, and Man." One "reasonable hypothesis," based on a comparative study of skull metrics in widely distributed ancient and aboriginal populations and on present geographic variations in the frequency of certain genes, holds that "the subspecies *Homo sapiens sapiens* may have expanded from a nuclear area (perhaps in Western Asia) to all of the world during a period perhaps 30 to 40 thousand years ago," replacing or mixing with earlier human populations, and initiating the rapid cultural change of the late Paleolithic. That is about as specific as anybody can be about our ultimate ancestors without taking a religious leap of faith.

The demographer Kenneth W. Wachter has created a simple probability model for the progenitors of an English child born in 1947. The child would have more than sixty thousand progenitors in the generation born at the time America was discovered, and ninety-five per cent of the slots on that tier of his pedigree would still be filled by different people. At the twentieth generation—around the time of John Wycliffe and the Peasants' Revolt—he would have roughly six hundred thousand progenitors, with a third of the slots filled by duplicates. Just before the Black Death, thirty per cent of England's estimated population of three million six hundred and fifty thousand would be his progenitors. Around the time of King John, the widest point of his pedigree, with about two million different progenitors along a horizontal line, would be reached. Then the pedigree would start to narrow. At that point, each progenitor would be filling an average of sixteen slots, and the child would be descended from eighty per cent of the people in England.

The mathematics of descent has fas-

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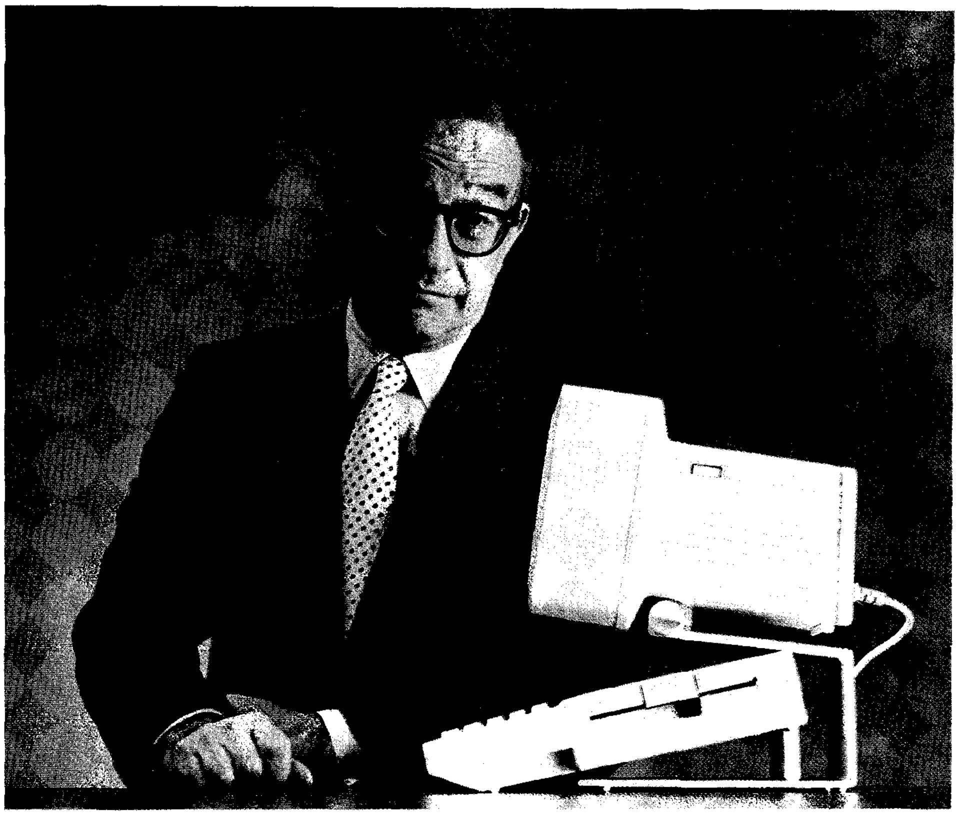
How to avoid paying your bills.

by Alan Greenspan



Alan Greenspan, Famous Economic Advisor

"The other day, a prominent politician in the executive branch of our government phoned me up.

'Alan,' he said to me, 'the budget is a mess.'

'No joke,' I said.

'Not that budget,' the prominent politician continued. 'My budget. My checking's overdrawn. They're threatening to disconnect my phones. I even got into a shouting match with my wife when I tried to lay off the servants.'

'Civil?'

'Not very. And I think I'm about to be audited. What would I show them? Who keeps receipts for embassy parties?'

At this point, we were disconnected. And although it was too late to teach proper money management to this prominent politician, there is a lesson all of us can learn from his misfortune.

Everyone has to pay their bills, and nobody likes to do it.

You can keep file folders full of bills, drawers stuffed with grocery receipts, envelopes brimming with cancelled checks, and at the end of the month, it still takes hours to figure out just where your money has gone. Not to mention how long it takes to straighten things out at the end of the year.

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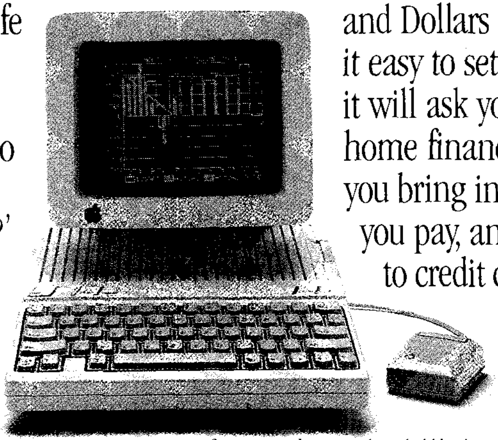

An Apple II will take care of everything from your household budget to your taxes with software programs like Dollars & Sense, The Home Accountant, and Tax Preparer.

phone, utilities, and the like. Then, it will ask you where you keep your money, and for the numbers of your various checking and savings accounts.

That's really all there is to it. After that, an Apple II can automatically write checks for all your fixed expenses each month. It will also tell you what other bills you can be expecting, and when you enter their costs, an Apple II will pay them, too.

An Apple II will see to it that your checkbooks remain balanced, and that you'll know when your expenses are about to exceed your income. It can even help you plan to buy a new car. Or a home.

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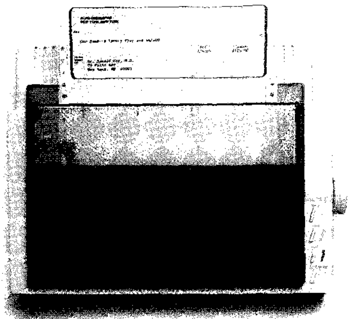

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So the only time you'll have to go to the bank is when you want to visit with your money, personally.

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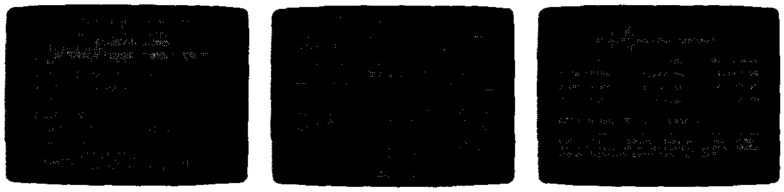

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The Apple II and making money.

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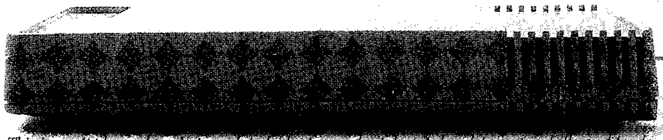

This is an Apple modem. Not much to look at, we admit; but it does let you pay bills and trade stocks by phone. It also connects your Apple II to a wealth of information services, like THE SOURCE℠ and CompuServe.®

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** A note to Dr. Greenspan's relatives: He says, "Don't get excited. This isn't my real bank account." © 1985 Apple Computer, Inc. Apple and the Apple logo are registered trademarks of Apple Computer, Inc. The Home Accountant is a trademark of Continental Software. Dollars & Sense and Forecast are trademarks of Monogram. Dow Jones News/Retrieval and Dow Jones Investor's Workshop are trademarks of Dow Jones and Company, Inc. Tax Preparer is a trademark of Howard Software Services. Scribe is a registered trademark licensed to Apple Computer, Inc. THE SOURCE is a service mark of Source Telecomputing Corporation, a subsidiary of the Reader's Digest Association, Inc. CompuServe is a trademark of CompuServe Corporation, an H & R Block Company. The Equalizer and Equalizer are trademarks of Charles Schwab & Company, Inc. Spectrum is a registered service mark of the Chase Manhattan Corporation. For an authorized Apple dealer near you call* **(800) 538-9696.** *In Canada, call* **(800) 268-7796** *or* **(800) 268-7637.**

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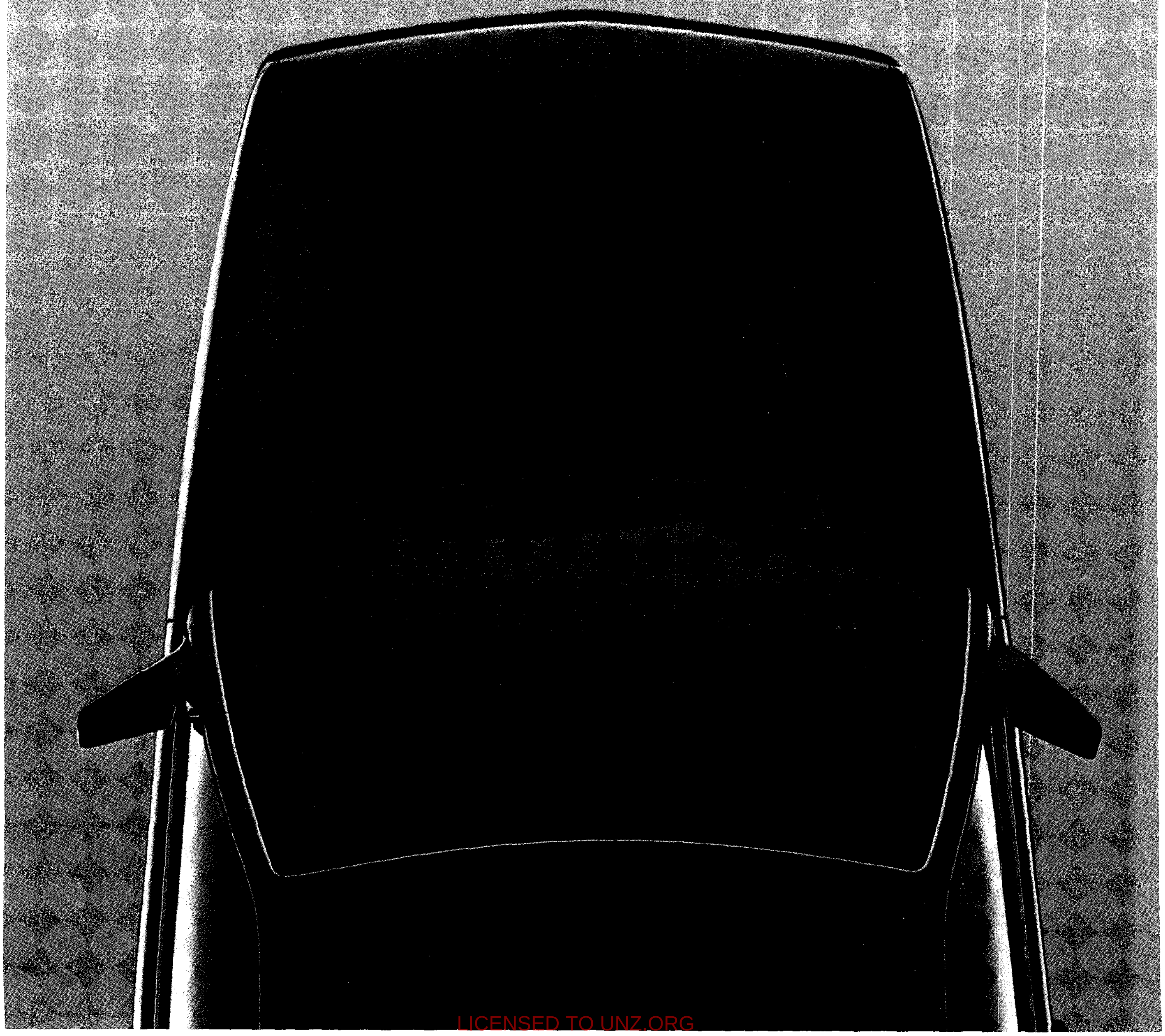
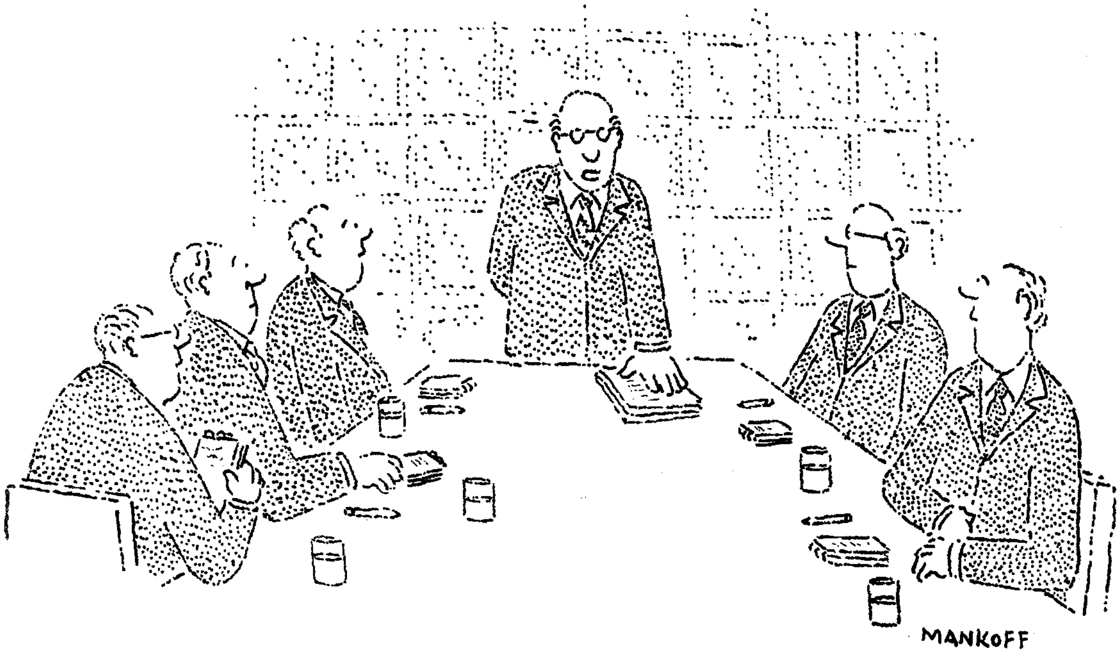
The art of engineering.



cinated many people. "If we could go back and live again in all of our two hundred and fifty million arithmetical ancestors of the eleventh century," Henry Adams wrote in 1904 of those with Norman-English blood, "we should find ourselves doing many surprising things, but among the rest we should certainly be ploughing most of the fields of the Contentin and Calvados; going to mass in every parish church in Normandy; rendering military service to every lord, spiritual or temporal, in all this region; and helping to build the Abbey Church at Mont-Saint-Michel." And, more recently, the sociobiologist Edward O. Wilson has written, "The gene pool from which one modern Briton has emerged spreads over Europe, to North Africa, the Middle East, and beyond. The individual is an evanescent combination of genes drawn from this pool, one whose hereditary material will soon be dissolved back into it."



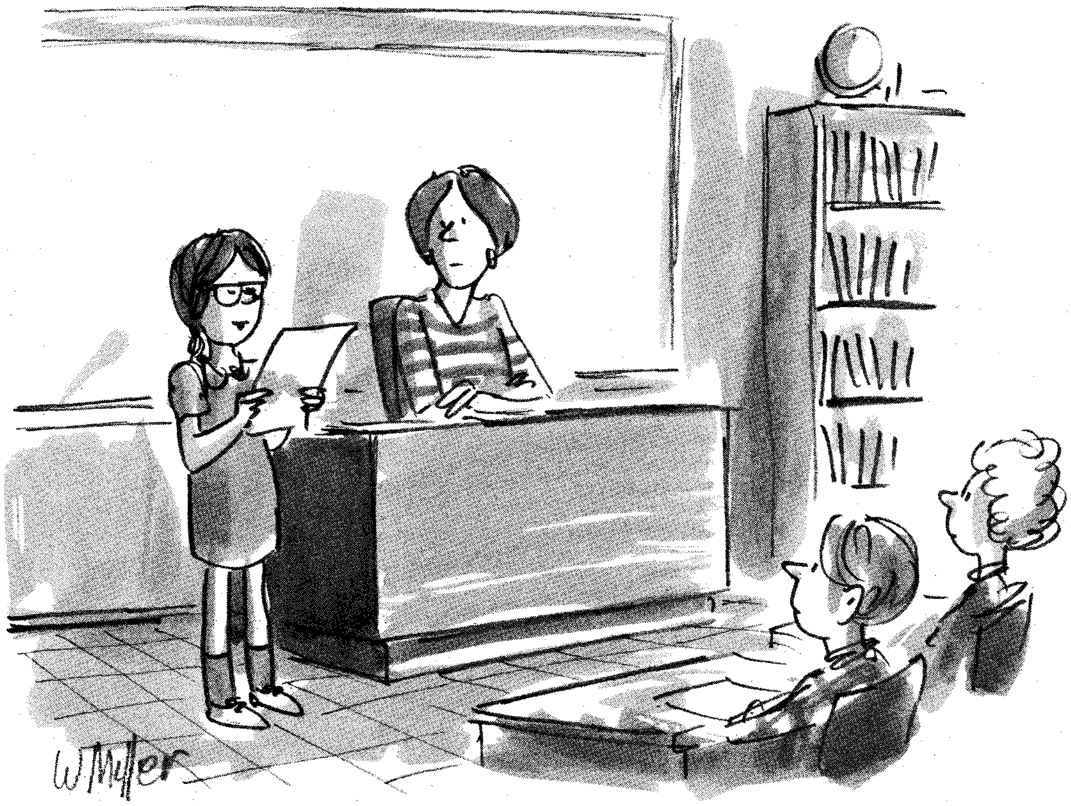
"There you have it, gentlemen—the upside potential is tremendous, but the downside risk is jail."

• •

The genetic consequences of distant-cousin marriage are negligible. Only "relatively recent consanguinity . . . is pertinent," Cavalli-Sforza and Bodmer explain in "The Genetics of Human Populations." "In some human societies more distant consanguinities may have social significance, but from a genetic point of view the connection between two individuals who have one great great great grandparent in common (fourth half cousins) is . . . very tenuous indeed." The children of couples more closely related than fourth half cousins, however, are at higher risk of inheriting a recessive genetic disorder. The more common genetic consequences of inbreeding include defects of the ear and eye, structural malformations, and various forms of mental deficiency. There is also a greater chance of miscarriage; inbreeding can reduce reproductive fitness, in other words.

Inbreeding greatly increases the possibility that a deleterious recessive will meet up with itself—that two genes that have passed down through different lines from a common ancestor will double up and produce the trait. The more recent the couple's consanguinity is, the greater are the odds of their offspring's being affected. The risk is determined by computing the average proportion of genes the consanguineous couple share from the common ancestor or ancestors; this proportion is the same as the probability that both will have any one of these genes in common—a value that is known as the coefficient of kinship. A child shares half his genes with one of his parents, and thus their coefficient of kinship is one-half; full siblings share a quarter of their genes through each parent, and thus their coefficient is also one-half. For uncles and nieces, the value is one-eighth; for first cousins, one-sixteenth; for first cousins once removed, one-thirty-second; for second cousins, one-sixty-fourth; and so on. (It often happens that couples who are related in one way have other connections to each other as well. As Cavalli-Sforza and Bodmer explain, "the effect of multiple consanguinity is additive;" that is, such a couple may have a higher coefficient of kinship than the one they know about.) If both consanguineous parents are carriers of the recessive gene, the odds that their child will inherit it from both of them proceed according to the laws of Mendelian inheritance: the child has a one-in-two chance of inheriting one copy, and thus being only a carrier; a one-in-four chance of inheriting both copies, and thus expressing the trait; and a one-in-four chance of inheriting neither.

Arthur Bloom, the director of the genetics division at Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center, in New York City, has studied the genetic consequences of inbreeding on Grand Cayman, a Caribbean island, northwest of Jamaica, that was colonized by the English in the eighteenth century and has about fifteen thousand inhabitants of mixed slave-and-English ancestry, who lived for many generations in five isolated population centers. Bloom told me not long ago that genetic problems have emerged in the last several generations. "It takes a number of generations before the gene frequency goes up enough for disorders to occur in significant numbers," he explained. "Each population center has its own spectrum. A lot of children in West Bay have San Fillipo 'A' syndrome, a mucopolysaccharide-storage disease, usually lethal by adolescence, which is not seen on the East End. One per cent of the West Bay population is afflicted with a recessively inherited syndrome that we call Cayman disease—it includes retardation, ataxia, and disturbance of gait—and eighteen per cent are carriers, so it is a risky situation in terms of mating. Six in every thousand people in the East End are born deaf, which is the highest incidence known in humans—the normal incidence is one per thousand." On Grand Cayman, as elsewhere, the deaf tend to marry each other, so that



"This past weekend, my parents took me to see 'The King and I.' 'The King and I' is a musical version of 'Anna and the King of Siam.' Siam is a country that is now called Thailand. Thailand is next to Kampuchea. Kampuchea is a country that was once called Cambodia."

all their children are born deaf. Bloom collected several eight-generation pedigrees there that show a steady rise in the frequency of congenital deafness.

The Old Order Amish are the best-studied religious isolate. More than eighty thousand Amish live in the United States and Canada, seventy-five per cent of them in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana. Most are descended from the followers of a Mennonite bishop named Jacob Amman, who in the sixteen-nineties broke with the mother church and started his own sect. The main immigration—to Pennsylvania from Bern and Alsace-Lorraine—began no later than 1727 and lasted until about 1790. The genealogical records of the Amish are extraordinarily good; most members of the sect can trace their complete ancestry, on every line, to the first immigrants. Eighty per cent of the Amish in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, have only eight surnames among them. The Amish do not proselytize, and they forbid marriage with outsiders. Some leave the fold, but very few enter it. "A strong system of sanctions, including excommunication and shunning (*Meidung*), helps maintain the group," the geneticist Victor McKusick and the sociologists John Hostetler and Janice Egeland write at the beginning of a book entitled "Medical Genetic Studies of the Amish." The average consanguinity among the Amish may be at the level of third or fourth cousins; of a total of six hundred and twenty-seven marriages involving descendants of Johannes Schwartz and his wife, Anna Ramseyer, who were from Berne, Indiana, for instance, twenty-one and a half per cent were between second cousins or closer consanguines. The price of the Amish people's endogamy has been a greater than normal occurrence of such afflictions as albinism, two recessive types of dwarfism, agoitrous cretinism, limb-girdle muscular dystrophy, lateral sclerosis, and neurofibromatosis. Not surprisingly, they take a great interest in hereditary illness. *The Budget*, an Amish weekly, runs long, detailed accounts of genetic ailments, which are sent in by members of Amish families from all over the country.

The noble houses of Europe have repeatedly intermarried, forming a political, as opposed to a geographic or a religious, isolate. Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, for instance, were second cousins, but the houses of Aragon and Castile, to which they respectively belonged, had previously intermarried so often that the royal couple's cumulative coefficient of kinship was much higher than one-sixty-fourth. One of their daughters—Joan the Mad—was insane. Contrary to widely held belief, however, inbreeding has had nothing to do with the "royal hemophilia" that has so far afflicted nine male descendants of Queen Victoria, including the Czarevitch Alexis Romanoff and an uncle of the present King of Spain, the Prince of the Asturias, who hemorrhaged to death after a car accident in 1938. The disorder sprang from a genetic mutation that is believed to have occurred in the X chromosome of Queen Victoria's father, Edward, the Duke of Kent; it was inherited by one of her four sons and by two of her four daughters. Prince Edward was fifty-one when Victoria was conceived, and the germ cells of older men are more prone to some types of mutation. The execution of Czar Nicholas and his family and the untimely death of two afflicted Prussian princes have terminated Victoria's Hesse line, but the mutant gene may still be carried by some of her English and Spanish female descendants.

Defective children of the European royalty and nobility were no doubt rarely seen in public. The British anthropologist Francis Galton wrote in the last century that "a large number" of victims of what he called "hereditary silliness" were kept out of sight by their families, although their existence was "well known to relatives and friends." One striking—though possibly apocryphal—case of sequestration is related in a book called "Royal Scotland," by the genealogist Sir Iain Moncreiffe of that Ilk and the writer Jean Goodman. The first son of Lord Glamis is said to have been born, early in the last century, "in a hideous form with a massive body covered with matted black hair, tiny arms and legs, and

References available upon request.

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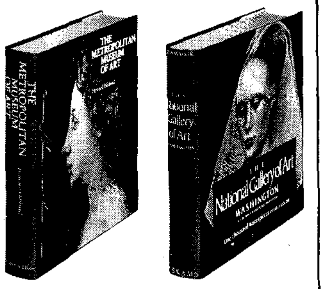

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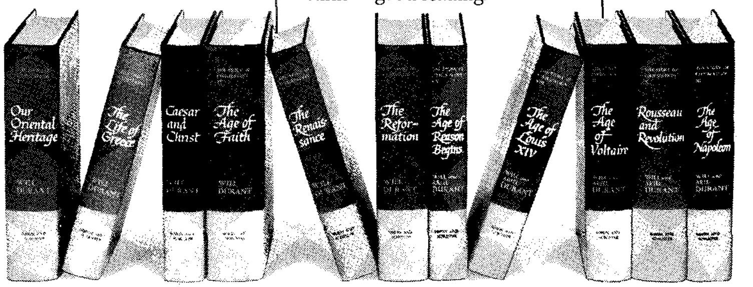

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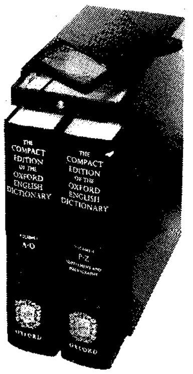

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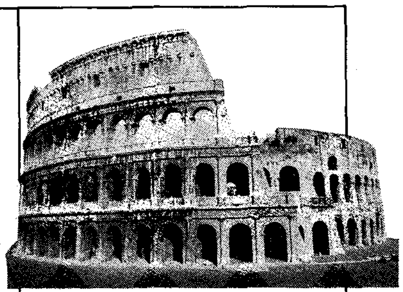

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a head sunk deep into his barrel chest." The authors continue, "Obviously such a creature could not inherit the title [the Earl of Strathmore] and he was kept in a secret room [in Glamis Castle, the setting of "Macbeth"] and exercised on the roofs at night. He was believed to have lived to be well over a hundred and died in the early part of this century. To keep the dreadful secret only four men at any one time were allowed to know of the Monster's existence. They were the Earl, the family lawyer, the agent to the estate, and the eldest son, who was shown the Monster, the rightful Earl, on the day that he came of age."

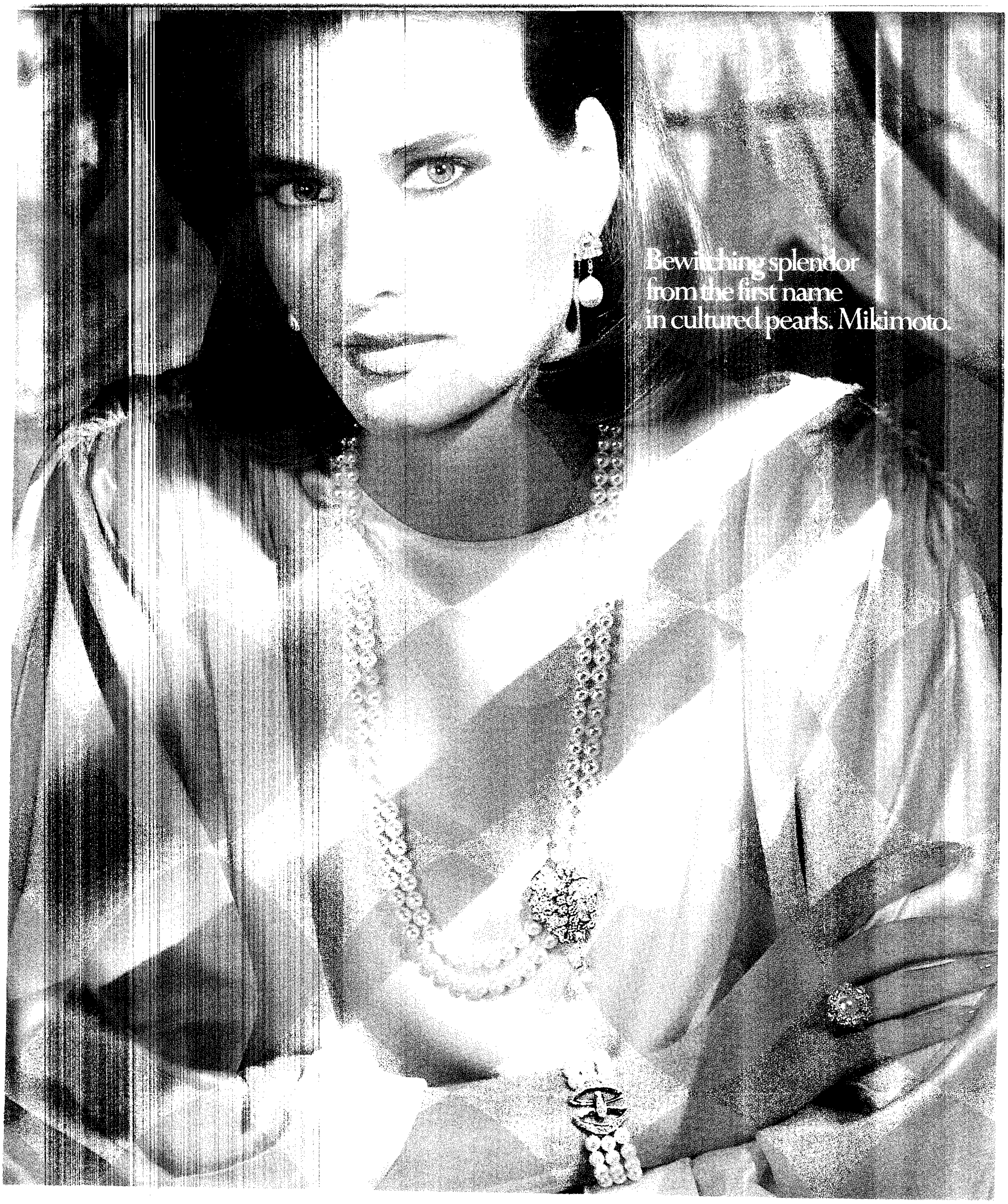
Inbreeding levels are sensitive to political and technological change. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, for instance, after the Napoleonic code had abolished primogeniture in Continental Europe, first-cousin marriage increased in Italy as a means of keeping property in the family. But on the whole inbreeding has not been a problem in Catholic countries, because of the Church's promulgation of "forbidden degrees" of consanguinity. Since the end of the nineteenth century, with the diffusion of local populations brought about by the Industrial Revolution, there has been a decrease in consanguineous marriage. The world is becoming increasingly panmictic—a healthy development both medically and sociopolitically.

"The human species is young, perhaps not more than 10,000 generations old, and the major geographical races diverged from each other about 1,500 generations ago, at most," the population geneticist Richard Lewontin writes in his book "Human Diversity." "If anything is clear about the direction of human evolution, it is that the early differentiation of people into local groups, while still very much a part of our biological diversity, is on the decline. The unifying forces of migration and of common selection through common environment and common culture are stronger than they have ever been." Most geneticists are in agreement that, as the science writer Guy Murchie has put it, "no human . . . can be less closely related to any other human than approximately fiftieth cousin, and most of us . . . are a lot closer. . . . The family trees of all of us, of whatever origin or trait, must meet and merge into one genetic tree of all humanity by the time they have spread into our ancestors for about fifty generations." The "family of man," which has been posited by many religions and philosophies (it was a central concept of the Enlightenment, for instance), actually exists.

All it takes for widely divergent populations to merge genealogically is migration by one person. "A single indirect genetic contact between Africa and Asia in a thousand years can make every African closer than fiftieth cousin to every Chinese," Murchie has observed. "Surprisingly, this may happen without any natives of either continent doing any particular traveling at all, but simply in consequence of the wanderings of nomads in intermediate territory." History can be seen, in other words, as a mosaic of billions of overlapping pedigrees. The kinship group to which we all belong extends indefinitely in every direction. Some genealogists have started to play with this notion. The new vogue in genealogy is horizontal genealogy. By charting the overlap in the pedigrees of recent American political figures, for instance, the genealogist William Addams Reitwiesner has discovered that the former White House aide Hamilton Jordan and former Florida Governor Reubin Askew are eighth cousins once removed; that former President Jimmy Carter and former President Richard Nixon are sixth cousins (both are descended from a New Jersey Quaker named Richard Morris, who lived before the American Revolution); that Nixon and Vice-President George Bush are tenth cousins once removed; that Bush is a seventh cousin of Elliot Richardson, Attorney General in the Nixon Administration, and is also a kinsman of Ernest Hemingway and of the nineteenth-century plutocrat Jay Gould; and that California Senator Alan Cranston has in his constellation of known kin—through descent from a man named Robert Bullard, who lived in Watertown, Massachusetts, in the early seventeenth century—Queen Geraldine of Albania, Richard Henry Dana, Emily Dickinson, George Plimpton, the Dows of Dow Chemical, Julie Harris, and Margaret Mead.

The extent of our kinship is brought home even more dramatically, however, by traditional, vertical genealogy. "It is virtually certain . . . that you are a direct descendant of Muhammad and every fertile predecessor of his, including Krishna, Confucius, Abraham, Buddha, Caesar, Ishmael and Judas Iscariot," Murchie writes. "Of course, you also must be descended from millions who have lived since Muhammad, inevitably including kings and criminals, but the earlier they lived the more surely you are their descendant." The political implications of this great kindred are quite exciting. If all of us could be made aware of our multiple interrelatedness, if the same sort of altruism that usually exists among close kin could prevail through the entire human population, if this vision of ourselves could somehow catch on, then many of the differences that have polarized various subpopulations from the beginning of human history—differences that are for the most part the result of adaptation to disparate climate, of genetic drift, and of cultural vagary—would seem secondary. The problems we have with each other would become, as it were, internal.

HOW big is the human family? We know that close to five billion people are alive today, but how many have there been in the past? According to the most carefully reasoned estimates, between sixty-nine billion and a hundred and ten billion people have lived since the appearance of human beings. The figures are based on an exponential growth curve interpolated between "benchmark estimates," or key points at which there are data related to the size of the world's population; the disparity is the result of differences in estimated birth rates and life spans and in the date of origin for "humans." Although the ascent of the curve is at first—and for many millennia—so gradual that it is largely lost in the thickness of the draftsman's pen, the final tally is significantly affected by when one decides to begin the curve. Creationists, who start the human race with the placing of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden six thousand years ago, and who believe that in about 2400 B.C. a worldwide flood killed off everybody then alive except Noah and his family, come up with a considerably lower figure for the total number of people ever—fifty-one billion. Most historical demographers, however, begin their curves a million years ago. Erect hominids—the australopithecines—are thought to have lived as long as four million years ago; the genus *Homo* is perhaps two million years old; archaic *Homo sapiens* lived around three hundred thousand years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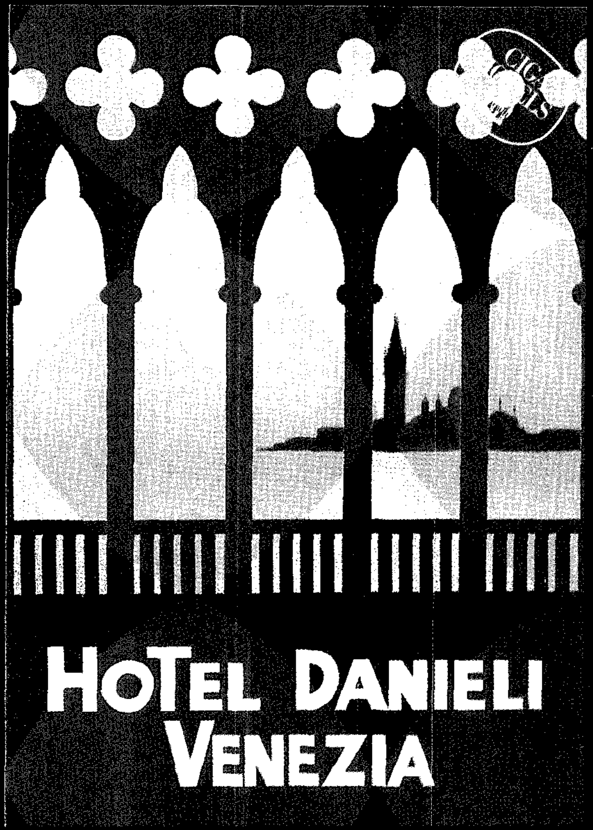

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ago; and our race, *Homo sapiens sapiens*, begins to appear in the fossil record only about a hundred thousand years ago. So the choice of a million years ago is something of a compromise. The biologist Edward S. Deevey, Jr., has estimated that between a million years ago and twenty-five thousand years ago a total of thirty-six billion Paleolithic hunter-gatherers lived, in generations averaging twenty-five years in length. Ten thousand years ago—the consensus date for the beginning of settled agriculture—the world's population was a little over five million. The figure is based on a study of the territorial requirements of contemporary hunter-gatherers and on an estimate of the amount of land available for human exploitation—an estimate based, in turn, on geological evidence of the extent of the ice caps and on a reconstruction of the prevailing climate and rainfall patterns. By the beginning of the Christian era, when most people had become village farmers or city dwellers, the population had risen to between two hundred million and four hundred million. This slightly more informed guess, the demographer Ansley J. Coale explains, is based on surviving information about censuses within the Roman Empire, on imperial Chinese records, on a "tenuous estimate" by historians of the population of India around then, and on a "crude allowance for the number of people in other regions."

The growth rate of a population is the difference between its birth rate and its death rate, and, beginning about 1750, the start of the "modern era" (which represents only two-tenths of one per cent of human history), a number of developments combined to reduce mortality in the West, thus causing comparatively unrestrained growth. By 1750, of course, there were much more extensive written records, and the world's population at that time can be estimated with twenty per cent accuracy to have been around eight hundred million. The curve, which for thousands of years has shown little more upward mobility than a straight horizontal line, now begins to rise steeply. "To begin with," Coale recently told me, "there was a more abundant and more regular supply of food, because of an extension of cultivation, particularly in America; because foods from the New World—potatoes and maize—helped to cause an agricultural revolution in Europe; and because transport improved. Water supplies were cleared up, and sanitary habits changed—people, including doctors, started to bathe and to wash their hands more regularly. By 1825, medical innovations, such as smallpox vaccine, had begun to have an effect. Doctors stopped healing their patients by bleeding and purging, and in the latter part of the nineteenth century germs were discovered and anesthetics were invented. Real curative medicine did not begin until after 1930, with chemotherapy and antibiotics. The reduction in mortality affected growth in two ways: by prolonging life, it led to a larger population from a given stream of births, and by allowing more women to survive to procreative age it enlarged the stream of births."

By the late nineteenth century, between seventy-five and eighty-five per cent of the women in the industrialized countries were surviving to the mean childbearing age of twenty-eight. (This is about the current proportion in many parts of the Third World.) Coale estimates that until 1750 the average woman, over the span of her childbearing years, had six offspring, with the male-female ratio of the children about even, but that only one of the three daughters survived to become a parent herself. The early deaths not only depress the annual growth curve but figure, more significantly, in the computation of the total number of people born. Since 1750, the growth rate of the world's population has risen from .56 per thousand to more than seventeen per thousand (with almost forty per thousand in prodigiously fertile Kenya), and the world's population now stands at about four billion seven hundred million people. Nearly a billion of these people were born after 1970, and between four and seven per cent of all the people who have ever lived are alive today.

Roughly ninety per cent of all the people who ever existed slipped into complete oblivion, without leaving even their names behind. The loss of their identities, like the extinction of a species, is irreparable. There is no "catalogue of catalogues" in which we might hope to find the name of everybody who has ever lived. Such records as were kept of human populations in the past have been ravaged by various agents of destruction. For instance, in the middle of the fourteenth century not only did the Black Death kill a third of the people in London but fires set to fumigate the victims' quarters destroyed many of the documents by which they and their ancestors could have been identified. The earthquake of 1906 destroyed most of the birth and marriage records in San Francisco. During the bombing of Exeter in the Second World War, all the wills from southwestern England, which had been taken there for safekeeping, were destroyed. Professor Hsiang-lin Lo, of Canton, who had built up a priceless collection of Chinese clan genealogies, and had been forced to leave them behind when he fled to Hong Kong during the Communist takeover, later heard from a friend that his documents had appeared in a bookstore, which, unable to find another market, had sold them to grocers for wrapping paper. But loss of records is not the real problem. Most of the historical human population was never recorded. It has been estimated by the Genealogical Society of Utah that existing records of the dead name on the order of only six or seven billion people, almost all of whom lived after 1500.

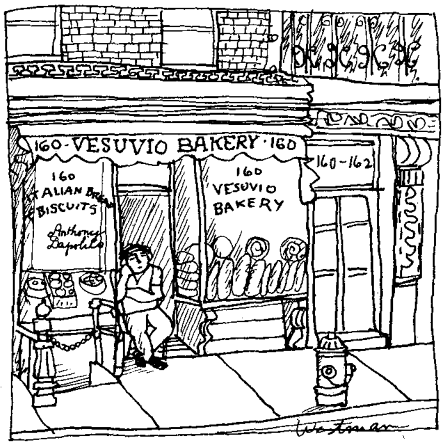
The practice of conducting a regular, comprehensive census is a recent development in most of the world, although the Babylonians appear to have been doing it as early as 3800 B.C., and the Romans were inveterate census takers. The periodic assessment of adult male Roman citizens and their property was instituted by the sixth king, Servius Tullius, around 550 B.C. and continued until the Empire fell. In 158 B.C., three hundred and twenty-eight thousand citizens capable of bearing arms were enumerated. At the time of Caesar Augustus, the census was expanded to take in the whole Roman Empire. (One recalls how, in the Gospel of Luke, Joseph and Mary had to go to Bethlehem to be counted among the descendants of David.) Fragments of Chinese censuses in the fourth and fifth centuries of the present era have been found in the Tunhuang caves, in Kansu province; the demographer John Durand has discovered records of or references to hundreds of censuses taken between 2 A.D., when the golden age of the Earlier Han Dynasty was drawing to a close, and 1911, when the last Ching emperor was deposed. The Japanese were keeping track of themselves, with land registers that contained additional household information, by the seventh century, but the practice stopped in the eighth century, when the society became feudal. The inquisition records of the repressive Tokugawa Shogunate (1603-1867), however, are as nearly comprehensive as most modern censuses; in fact, they represent the earliest instance of the gathering of vital statistics for almost a whole population.

The first post-Roman censuses in the West were Scandinavian: Sweden in 1539 (but just the taxable part of the population), Iceland in 1703 (a very thorough one, listing entire households). The first federal census in the United States was taken in 1790, and there has been one every ten years since. But until 1850 only heads of households were listed; the rest of the family appeared as numbers in age and sex columns, and Indians—unless they had been assimilated into white society—were not counted until 1860. Recent American censuses have probably undercounted by between one and three per cent. Russia did not conduct a full-scale census until 1897, and there have been only five censuses since. The 1897 census seems to have been conducted rather like one of the Christmas bird counts by the Audubon Society. It was all done in one day, January 28th (the reasoning was that people were most likely to be at home in the dead of winter), by a hundred and fifty thousand census takers, who filled more than thirty million sheets with data. Even visiting foreigners were counted. The 1897 census was a notable improvement, however, over the "revisions" of taxable "souls" (all males not in the nobility), started by Peter the Great. The first of these began in 1719 and dragged on until 1727. The twenty-three million souls counted in the tenth revision, which was completed in 1859, are estimated to have been only thirty-five per cent of the Czar's subjects.

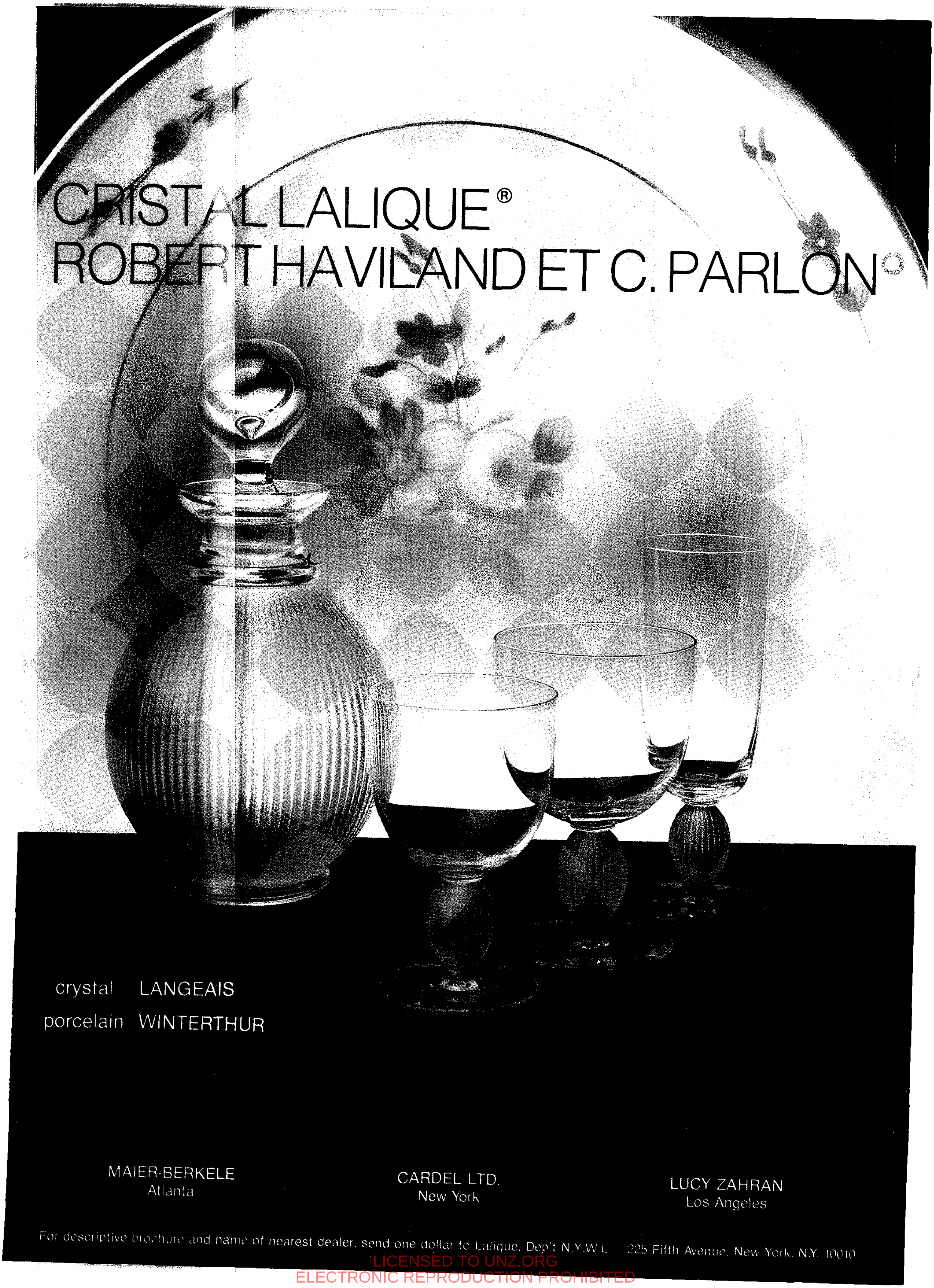
Most of the people in sub-Saharan Africa were not counted until after the Second World War. The first modern census in China was taken in 1953. The first census ever in the Sudan, also taken that year, is of questionable accuracy. Nigeria's 1963 census was apparently a gross overcounting. Some people have never been counted. In 1981, at the request of some anthropologists, I took photographs and wrote down the names, ages, and clans of several dozen BaLese tribespeople who live in small villages in the Ituri Forest of northeastern Zaire, several days from the nearest road. It was the first time their existence had been documented.

The age of modern vital-record keeping is widely considered to have begun in 1538, when Thomas Cromwell, Henry VIII's vicar-general, ordered the parish clergy to record every christening, wedding, and burial (although the Japanese, whose Buddhist necrologies go back to the thirteenth century, and the Italians, whose baptismal records begin in the early fifteenth century, might not agree). Most of the other European countries were also keeping parish registers by the end of the sixteenth century. The usefulness of these records varies from country to country (one scholar recently ranked the German registers as the "most meticulous," the French ones as "a hodgepodge," and the Spanish ones as even more difficult than the French ones to evaluate), but in general parish registers are the meat and potatoes of European genealogists. Because they are restricted to local congregations, however, they are far from comprehensive; by the end of the seventeenth century they covered, at most, only half the European population. The first civil records were begun in France in 1792, and they are between ninety-five and a hundred per cent complete. In the United States, most states did not begin to keep birth and death records until after 1900; American genealogists have had to rely on probate and land records, which have been kept since the beginning of Colonial history.

The names of people who lived before there were such things as parish or civil records are in short supply. Great Britain, because it has a relatively stable history (no one, after all, has invaded the island since 1066) and a remarkable capacity for accommodating social change, has accumulated the greatest volume and diversity of records from the Middle Ages. It has records of peasant land transactions back through the twelfth century; wills from as early as 1316; family histories of London merchants in the aldermanic class back to 1300; rosters of yeomen in fifteenth-century Leicestershire. But most of its records before 1538 are of the aristocracy. Throughout the world, where names from before 1500 have survived they are almost always of the tiny minority that belonged to a country's hereditary élite.



Of the six billion to seven billion names of the dead which various societies are thought to have recorded for various reasons, about a billion and a half have been collected and stored in a climate-controlled, nuclear-bomb-proof repository twenty-two miles south of Salt Lake City. The rest are still at large, scattered around the world in a multitude of forms. The names in Utah are contained on about a million three hundred thousand rolls of microfilm. Each roll has an average of twelve hundred exposures; each exposure reproduces an average of two pages of written record; and each year, in forty countries, thirty-five to forty million more exposures are taken, by a hundred and fifteen cameras specially designed for filming records. Two of the cameras, for instance, are in Haridwar, India, the site of a popular Hindu shrine, where they are being used to film pilgrim registers kept by a caste of spiritual entrepreneurs called *pandas;* some families have been coming to Haridwar for centuries, and their records go back more than twenty generations. From time to time, oral pedigrees—such as those from the Tonga Islands, which were taped and transcribed by a local genealogist named Tevita Mapa—are shipped to the Granite Mountain Records Vault, as the repository is called. The vault was built for the Genealogical Society of Utah—another name for the Genealogical Department of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and the name that it uses for doing business with various governments and other entities that might be reluctant to deal with the Mormons. No genealogical archive is remotely comparable. The Mormon collection is the closest there is, and the closest there will ever be, to a catalogue of catalogues for the human race. The reason for its existence has to do with the Mormons' religion—with their belief that the family is eternal and all-inclusive, and that each church member, in conformity with the teaching of Joseph Smith, Jr., the prophet and founder of the church, must "seek out" his ancestors and perform certain ceremonies for them, so



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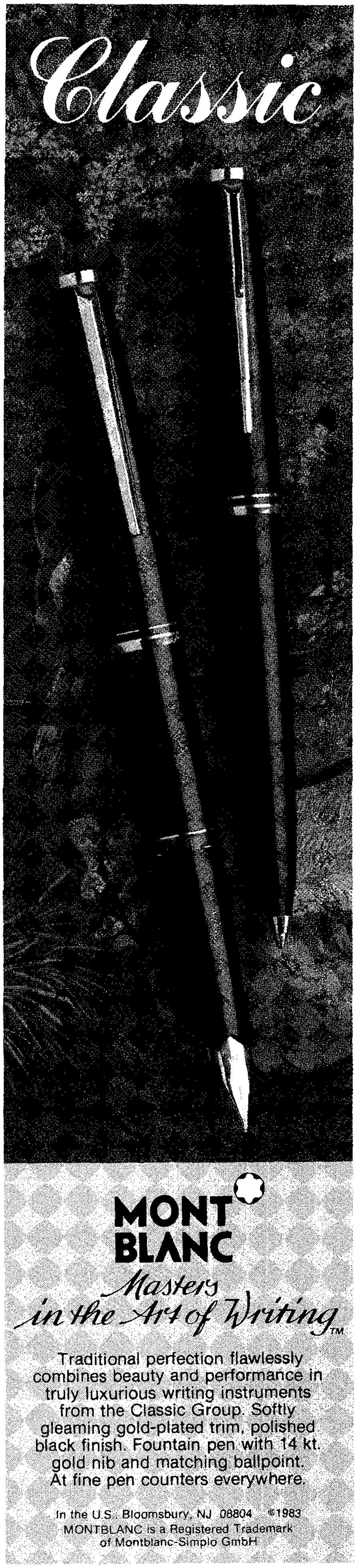
THE first half of the nineteenth century was a religiously fecund period in the United States, as Fawn M. Brodie, a former Mormon, has shown in a remarkable biography of Joseph Smith, titled "No Man Knows My History." Between 1814 and 1830, the Methodist Church split four ways, and there was even greater schism among the Baptists, who broke up into Reformed Baptists, Hard-Shell Baptists, Free-Will Baptists, Seventh-Day Baptists, Footwashers, and other groups. In Vermont, "half a dozen hills away" from where Smith spent part of his childhood, Isaac Bullard and his followers practiced free love and communism, regarded washing as a sin, and wore nothing but bearskin girdles. In New York State, Ann Lee called herself the reincarnated Christ and founded a sect known as the Shakers, who whirled dervishlike, spoke in tongues, and were reputed to indulge in debauchery and to practice infanticide; Jemima Wilkinson proclaimed herself "the Christ" and "the Universal Friend," and appointed as her chief aide the prophet Elijah; William Miller, the founder of the Adventist Church, predicted that Jesus would revisit the earth and usher in the millennium in March of 1843, with the result that thousands auctioned off their property and bought ascension robes; and John Humphrey Noyes, the head of the Oneida Community, preached that the millennium had already begun. Faith healers and evangelists went from town to town, "preaching in great open-air camp meetings where silent, lonely frontiersmen gathered to sing and shout," Brodie writes. "Revivalists knew their hell intimately—geography, climate, vital statistics—and painted the sinner's fate so hideously that shuddering crowds surged forward to the bushel-box altars to be born again." Some were seized with "the jerks;" others were seized with "the barks" and went crawling on all fours, vocalizing like dogs. Many frontier families belonged to no church, and a crusade was mounted by ministers of various Protestant denominations to convert them. In 1820, the crusade descended on western New York. Hundreds of people in the little settlements of Palmyra, Macedon, Manchester, Lyons, and Ontario were persuaded that the end was at hand, "confessed that the Lord is good," and became "hopeful subjects of divine grace" at revival meetings, according to an account in a Rochester newspaper.

But the Smith family of Palmyra did not join any church. Both parents were antinomian. Joseph senior looked to his own dreams for guidance. His father-in-law had fallen into "a kind of senile mysticism, with lights and voices haunting his sickbed," Brodie relates. A brother-in-law, Jason Mack, became a "Seeker" and set up in the province of New Brunswick "a quasi-communistic society of thirty indigent families whose economic and spiritual welfare he sought to direct." Joseph junior wanted to join one of the newly formed congregations, but he didn't know which one. When he was fourteen years old, he was visited by two personages "whose brightness and glory defy all description," as he later reported. These identified themselves as God the Father and God the Son, and told him that there was no true church of Christ upon the earth and that he should join none of them. Three years later, on the evening of September 21, 1823, Smith had the first of a series of encounters with an angel named Moroni, who was barefoot and bareheaded, wore "a loose robe of most exquisite whiteness," and had a "countenance truly like lightning." In 1827, Moroni presented Smith with two golden tablets containing, in what Smith later described as "reformed Egyptian" hieroglyphs, the story of a lost tribe of Israel, which, led by the prophet Lehi, fled its homeland about 600 B.C. to avoid being conquered by the Babylonians, travelled by barge to somewhere in what is now Latin America, and there divided into two groups—the Nephites, a "fair and delightsome people," who were farmers and temple-builders, and the Lamanites, "wild, and ferocious, and a bloodthirsty people." In 420 A.D., having gradually moved north, these two groups fought each other in the Valley of Cumorah, near what became Palmyra. The Lamanites won the battle, but their descendants, the Indians, were blighted with dark skin for having turned away from the Lord. This great battle explained the burial mounds in the vicinity, which had already fascinated Smith; he had spread the rumor that treasure was buried in them, and had persuaded friends to



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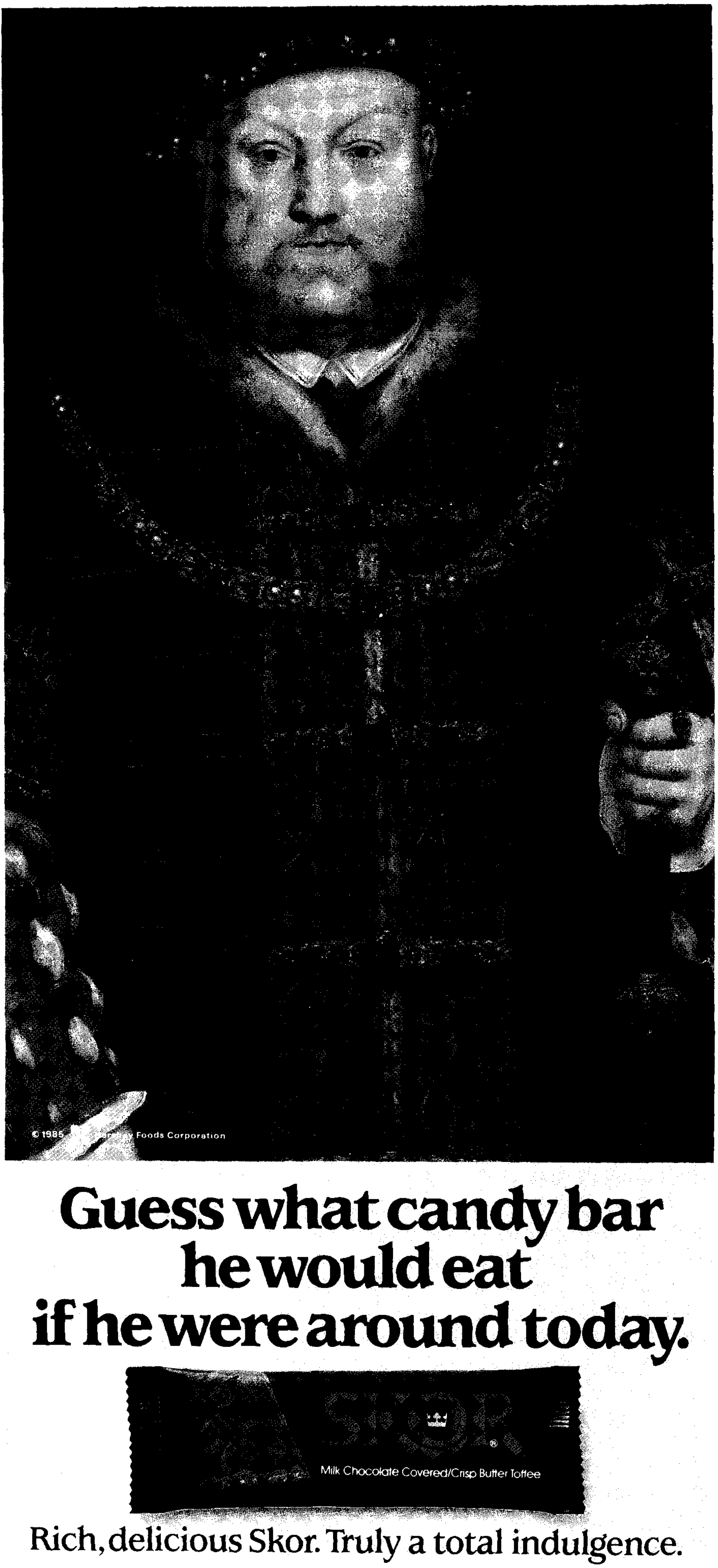
accompany him on digging expeditions. (The mounds are thought by archeologists to have been built by Indians, well before the arrival of white men, to hold the bones of their ancestors. The theory that the Indians were remnants of the "ten lost tribes of Israel" was widely held in the United States and Europe at the time of Smith's meeting with the angel; William Penn, Roger Williams, Cotton Mather, and Jonathan Edwards had all espoused it.)

Smith translated the story on the tablets into English with the aid of magic spectaclelike instruments, also received from Moroni, and it became known as the Book of Mormon; Mormon was a Nephite prophet who had condensed the history of his people into the form in which it appeared on the tablets. Moroni, who was the last Nephite prophet, and a series of other heavenly messengers empowered Smith to restore the Gospel of Christ, to reëstablish the authority of the priesthood, which had been removed from the earth after the death of the twelve original apostles, and to found the true Church of Jesus Christ. This he did on April 6, 1830. (Four years later, the phrase "of Latter-day Saints" was added.) Brodie describes Mormonism as "a real religious creation, one intended to be to Christianity what Christianity had been to Judaism: that is, a reform and a consummation."

Smith was persecuted for his religious ideas, and he had to keep moving. In Hiram, Ohio, on February 16, 1832, the structure of the hereafter was revealed to him in a vision. It consisted of three levels: the Telestial, the Terrestrial, and the Celestial (a coincidence that, later in the century, would facilitate the conversion to Mormonism of the Catawba Indians, in the Carolinas, whose hereafter also happened to be three-tiered). As his church was getting started, Smith began to wonder about all the people who had lived before him: How were they going to receive the true Gospel and be saved? Searching in the Bible for direction, he found in I Corinthians 15 a verse that seemed to imply that baptism for the dead had taken place in the early church, and in I Peter 3:18-20 he noted that Jesus, on returning from the dead, told the apostles that he had been preaching the Gospel to "spirits in prison." On April 3, 1836, now in Kirtland, Illinois, Smith reported that the prophet Elijah had visited him, fulfilling a prediction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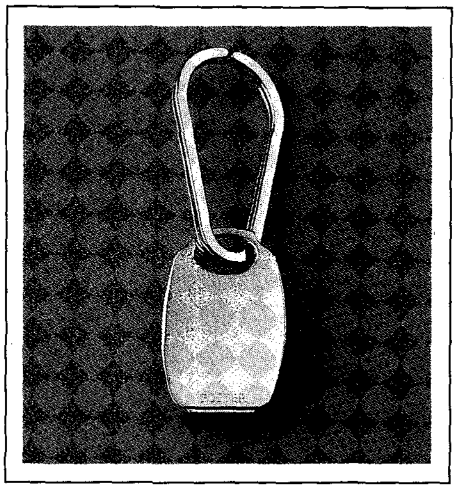

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of the prophet Malachi that Elijah would come to "turn the heart of the fathers to the children and the heart of the children to their fathers, lest I come and smite the earth with a curse." He began to expound to his followers what he called the "new and strange" doctrine of baptism for the dead, which Elijah had given him: the dead could enter the Celestial Kingdom only if this sacrament, or "ordinance," was performed on their behalf, and the living could not be saved without their departed kin. Later, he divided the Celestial Kingdom into three tiers and created two more ordinances, which he made prerequisites for admission to the highest tier, which is called Exaltation. He extended the idea of the family to include not only all one's living relatives but all one's ancestors. "It is doubtful whether Joseph sensed the truly staggering implications of his endowment system," Brodie writes. "Upon his church . . . rested the burden of freeing the billions of spirits who had never heard the law of the Lord."

Having brought in everybody from the past, Smith considered it necessary to build up the living church membership—which continued to be heavily persecuted—as quickly as possible. After a revelation from the Lord on July 12, 1843, at his latest headquarters, in Nauvoo, Illinois, he advocated "the plurality of wives" and told his followers that it was their religious obligation to procreate. The righteous, he said, would be blessed like Abraham with "seed as numerous as the sand upon the seashore." A man's posterity would constitute his kingdom and his glory in eternity, and the more children he had and the more of his dead he saved, the larger his kingdom would be. Not only that, but if a man had been righteous he would go on reproducing after death: the Lord would empower him to have "spiritual children." On April 7, 1844, at the funeral of his friend King Follett, Smith said that "the greatest responsibility in this world that God has laid on us is to seek after our dead." Two months later, Smith's "earthly dispensation" came to an end when an angry mob broke into the Hancock County jail and killed him and his brother Hyrum. They were being held on charges of destroying the printing press of the Nauvoo *Expositor*, which had published an editorial claiming that Smith had seduced women by promising to make them his "spirit wives."

By then, Smith's followers—there

were now about twenty-six thousand of them—were already practicing polygamy and had begun to trace members of their families and to perform the ordinances for them. This "temple work" is still a central part of the religion, and each Mormon has spent hours, months, or years (depending on the depth of his commitment) tracking down his ancestors and taking their names to one of forty-one Mormon temples around the world. Gradually, the work has expanded; since 1939, when microfilming of American records began, the ordinances have been performed for all the dead, not just traceable relatives of living church members. Last year, ten million six hundred thousand names of the dead were "extracted" from microfilms by volunteers at eight hundred and seventeen "stakes," as the Mormon parishes are called. In addition, there were about one and a half million "patron submissions," the results of genealogical research that church members had done on their own. All these names were sent to the Genealogical Society's headquarters, in Salt Lake City, and fed into an I.B.M. 3081, one of the most powerful computers on the market, to make sure that temple work had not already been done for any of them. Twelve per cent of the extracted names and twenty-two to twenty-four per cent of the patron submissions "duped out." The rest were "cleared" for temple work.

There are about five and a half million Mormons, and those who are deemed ready and worthy are encouraged to go to a temple as often as they can and perform the proxy ordinances. The temples are where the needs of the dead are taken care of, and where private covenants with the Lord are made and renewed; the regular Sunday worship takes place in a meetinghouse in each stake. Only Mormons in good standing, who have obtained a "temple recommend" from their bishop, can enter a temple, and nobody is supposed to talk about what goes on inside. Near the door, if they have not brought along the name of an ancestor, they receive the name of somebody of their own sex who has been cleared by the computer—Josephina Maria Ximenes, let us say, whose name was recently extracted from a parish register filmed in Coixtlahuaca, Mexico, which had recorded her marriage on August 25, 1748, to a man named Juan Garcia. Then they strip down to their "temple garment," which Brodie describes as "an un-

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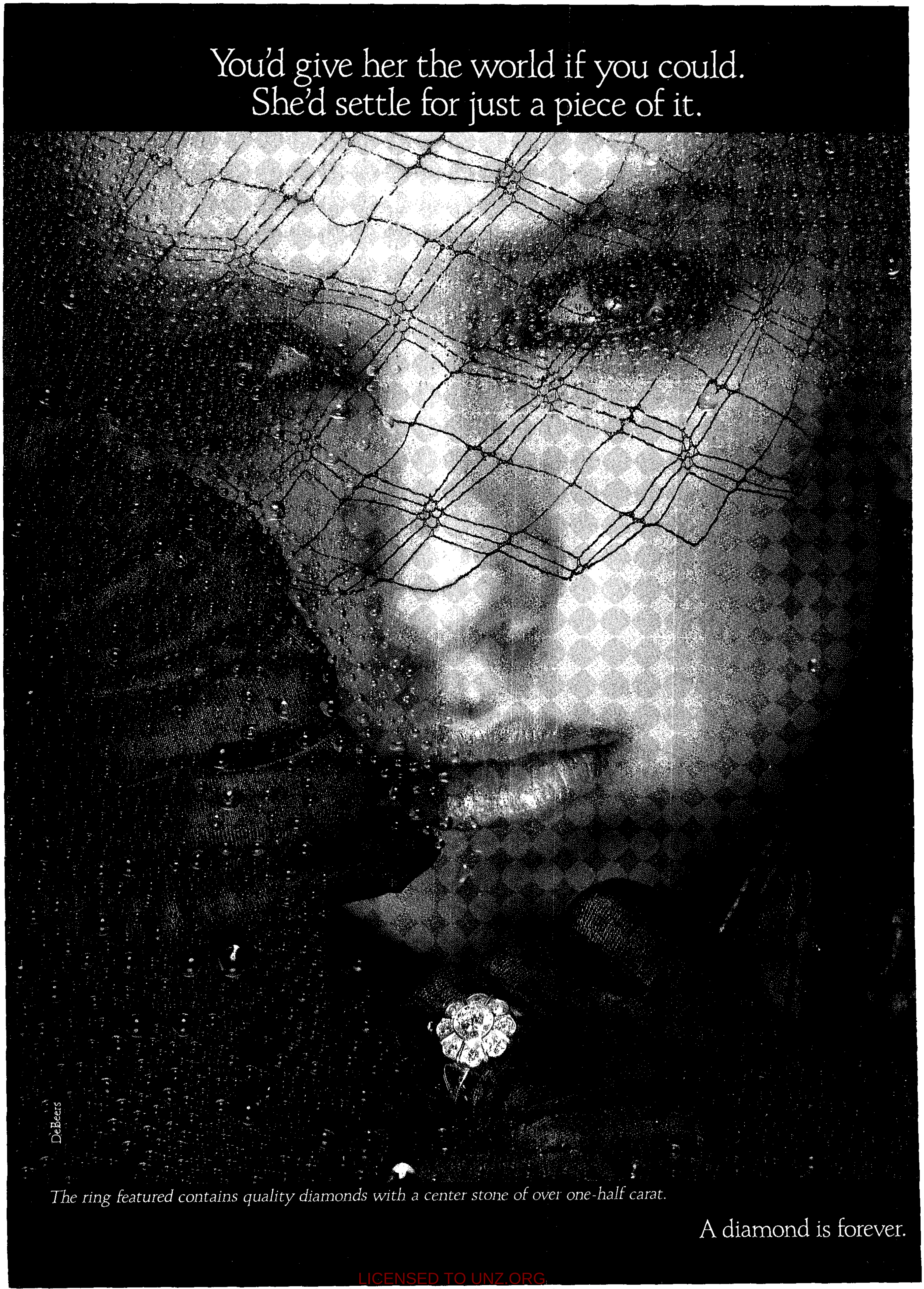
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lovely and utilitarian long suit of underwear," with holes at the nipples and Masonic symbols cut into the breast. (The pious wear their garment all the time, under their street clothes.) After donning white ceremonial robes, they proceed into the temple, whose rooms are typically decorated with murals representing the Creation, the Garden of Eden, the modern world, and the Celestial Kingdom, and perform one of the three ordinances for Josephina.

The first to be performed is Baptism. Nobody is eligible to enter the Celestial Kingdom who has not been "born of the water and of the spirit." A living person can be baptized wherever there is water deep enough for complete immersion—in a river, even in a swimming pool—but baptism for the dead can take place only in the temple. Children who died before the age of eight do not have to be baptized; they go automatically to the Celestial Kingdom. Baptism is for the remission of sins, and children are not considered to have reached "the age of accountability"—to know right from wrong—until their eighth birthday. (The Mormons do not believe in original sin.) The second ordinance, called the Endowment, is a series of covenants that one makes with God on behalf of the dead person one is sponsoring. The rite includes the purificatory washing and anointing of one's entire body, including the "vitals," by a member of the same sex. Smith, who became a Mason of the Sublime Degree in 1842, was fascinated, according to Brodie, by Masonic ritual—its costumes, its grips, its passwords, its keys, its oaths, its "veiled phallicism." The Endowment used to run about two and a half hours, a regular templegoer told me, but "a very pleasurable movie about the Creation, with professional actors," is now shown at most temples and has cut the ceremony to about an hour and a half.

The last ordinance is the Sealing, in which members of families are bound together "for time and all eternity"—wife to husband, child to parent, generation to generation. The templegoer may seal his own ancestors or the dead provided by the computer. The work on one's family is done in bits and pieces over one's lifetime. Where there are breaks in a chain, one does research. Living couples may also be sealed in the temple. Such "celestial" marriages, which are also "for time and all eternity," are very hard to undo; the parties must petition the president of the church—the incumbent is Spencer Woolley Kimball—and satisfy him that they were wrong for each other and should never have been sealed in the first place. Cancellation of a sealing is a drawn-out process. Sometimes a sealed couple may not be able to get along but neither party wants to jeopardize the status of his immortality, so they separate or get a civil divorce without cancelling the sealing.

Partly because what goes on in the temples is secret, a good deal of controversy surrounds the proxy ordinances, as it surrounded the church's early practice of plural marriage. Some people, angered to learn that the Mormons were meddling with their ancestors, have accused the church of "spiritual kidnapping;" but the church is careful to explain that the dead have "free agency" to accept or reject the ordinances, just as the living have the right to choose whether or not to join the church. The church is also scrupulous about observing the "rights of privacy" of next of kin. No birth records are sent out for extraction until they are a hundred and ten years old—a rule that more than complies with every country's statute of limitations regarding the privacy of such records. Records less than a hundred and ten years old may be submitted only by the person's next of kin, and nobody who has died less than a year earlier will be considered, for two reasons: to give the next of kin, who may still be in mourning, a chance to "settle into the idea of whether they want to do this," as a spokesman for the Genealogical Society recently explained to me; and to give the dead themselves a chance to be exposed to the Gospel in the spirit world. Mormons believe that if you were not receptive to the Gospel in life you may not be, initially, in the hereafter.

Most of the names that have been cleared are listed in the International Genealogical Index, an enormous file, which is periodically updated and which currently contains about eighty-eight million names, broken down by locality, alphabetized, and carded on microfiche. Entries after an individual's name, in addition to including information such as his date and place of birth, monitor the progress of his soul: when he was baptized, endowed, or sealed, and where. The Index is

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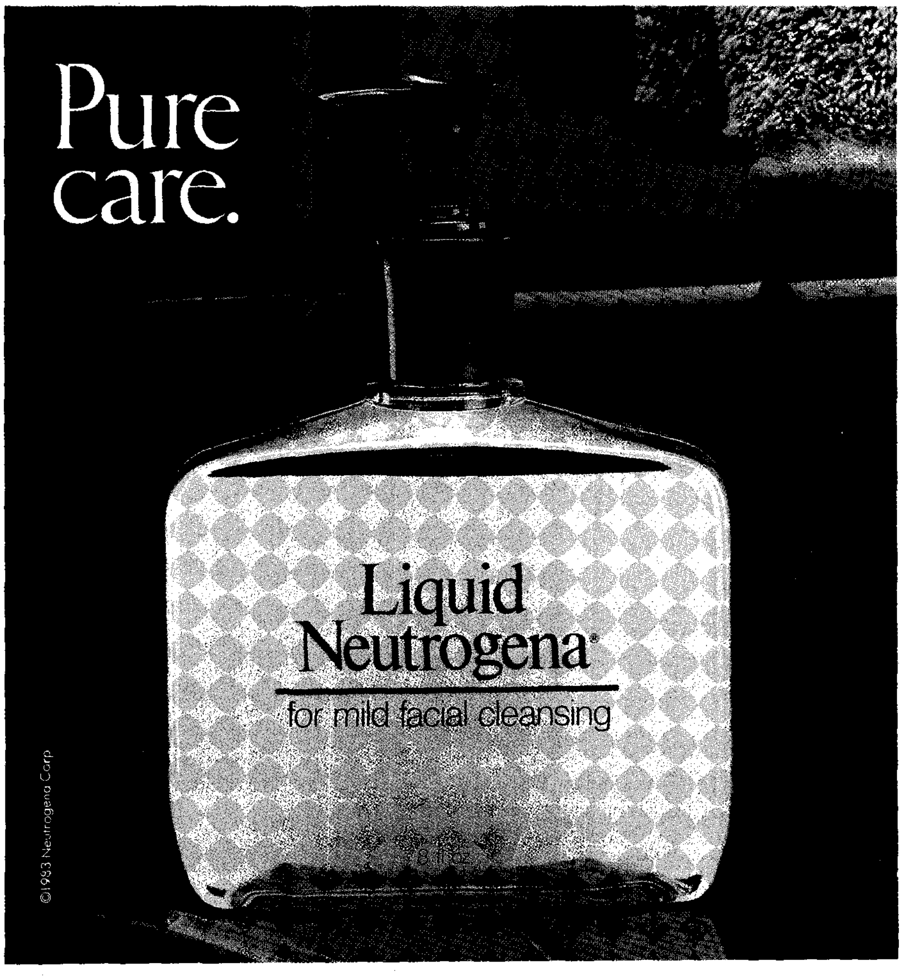
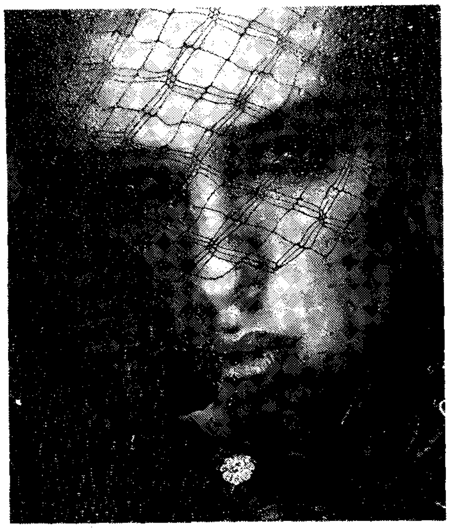


available to the public in the society's Genealogical Library, along with other genealogical materials the society has collected. It is also distributed to the church's five hundred and fifty branch libraries worldwide and is sold to a number of non-Mormon libraries. As a tool for genealogical research it is unrivalled. But the religious motivation has occasionally caused problems. "Once in a while, a few people get indignant when they find their ancestors in the I.G.I. and see that temple work has been done for them," Henry E. Christiansen, a longtime troubleshooter for the society, remarked in a recent conversation. "There are two kinds of objections—from people who have different religious opinions, and from people who are sensitive about the vital statistics of their immediate family being made known." In a few cases, the names of people who were born out of wedlock have been removed from the Index at the request of a descendant, although legally, as Val Greenwood, an attorney who advises the society, explained, "the dead have no rights—in a court of law the next of kin would be hard pressed to make a case."

THE Genealogical Society, which was incorporated in 1894, takes up one of the wings and the first five floors of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints Office Building, in Salt Lake City. The twenty-eight-story building, a quartz-aggregate tower whose whiteness is scored by vertical slits of dark glass, is right off Temple Square, in the center of the city. It is part of the administrative complex of the Mormon Church and is the tallest building in Utah. At the foot of the tower are two windowless four-story wings, whose façades are embossed with oval bas-relief plaques. The plaque on the east wing depicts a map of the Eastern Hemisphere, centered on Jerusalem, and the one on the west wing shows the Western Hemisphere, centered on Independence, Missouri, the Mormons' "New Jerusalem" in the early eighteen-thirties. The building was designed by George Cannon Young, one of three hundred and one grandchildren of Brigham Young, Joseph Smith's successor, who led the first Mormons to Utah in 1846 and presided there over the creation of a flourishing religious community.

Patronage of the society's Genealogical Library, which is located in the west wing, has grown steadily over



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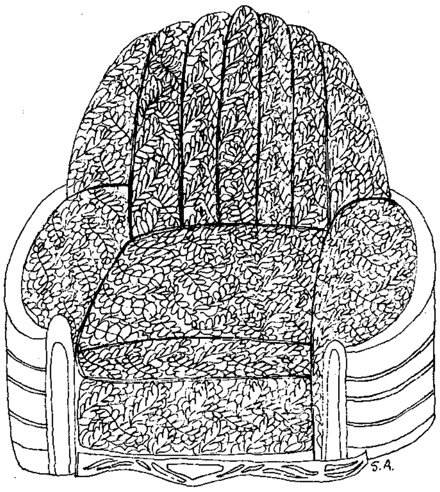
the years. After the 1977 broadcast of a television mini-series based on Alex Haley's "Roots," the number of visitors to the library doubled, to about three thousand a day. "There are all kinds of people in there," a society official complained recently, "and we have no idea what they're up to." The library's security guards keep a lookout for anything unusual, and an electric eye at the exits protects the books from being walked off with.

One cloudless morning not long ago, I presented myself at the office of Thomas E. Daniels, the society's public-relations manager, on the second floor of the tower. A clean-cut, young-looking man of fifty-three, Daniels has fourteen grandchildren and one more on the way, and he projected a patriarchal gentleness not often found in public relations. "This is where the real action is," he told me. "The Granite Mountain Records Vault is just the storage and developing arm of our Micrographics Division." Daniels had arranged a tour for me that would put the society in the larger, Mormon context. My guide was a tall elderly man named C. Laird Snelgrove, who had spent fifty-three years in his family's ice-cream business, which had been started by his father during the Depression. Recently, he told me, he had relinquished the day-to-day management of the company, to "give my sons their turn at the tiller," and he was now serving as a volunteer host in the society's public-communications department. Together we rode in a high-speed elevator to the twenty-sixth floor of the tower, which is flanked by two observation decks. The view, unobstructed in every direction, was awesome. To the east was a massive wall of mountains with conifers clinging to their sides, patches of snow lingering beneath their jagged summits, and ridges of wavy strata tilted almost to the vertical. This was the Wasatch Range, part of the western front of the Rockies. To the west, the arid gap between the Rockies and the Sierra Nevada known as the Great Basin fell away, and on the western horizon stood a vast gray sheet of water—the Great Salt Lake. The purity of the air, which visitors a century ago had remarked upon ("The balmy air is instinct with immortal life," John Muir said, and Sir Richard Burton declared, "It is indeed no wonder that the ignorant should fondly believe that 'the spirit of God pervades the very atmosphere' "), is a product of low humidity and high elevation (forty-four hundred feet), and was still impressive, even though the tower rises in the middle of the seventy-eight-mile strip between Orem and Provo in which about a million people, or two-thirds of Utah's population, live. Salt Lake City was the cleanest city I had ever seen. As we took in the view, Snelgrove told me that the peopling of Utah had begun just below us, in the summer of 1847, when a hundred and seventy-two persecuted "saints," most of whom had crossed the Mississippi a year and a half earlier in search of a place where they could practice their religion in peace, dammed what is now called City Creek in order to irrigate the crops, planted hastily in torched sagebrush, that would get them through the winter. A hundred yards from the tower were the Lion House and the Beehive House—adjoining gabled residences where Brigham Young and his twenty-seven wives lived when Young was governing the State of Deseret, which later became the Territory and, finally, the State of Utah. ("Deseret" is said by the Mormons to be the "reformed Egyptian" name for the honeybee, the embodiment of industriousness, which is an important Mormon virtue.) In the next block, behind fifteen-foot-high plastered brick walls forming a ten-acre square, were the church's most sacred monuments: the Tabernacle, a domed, oval wooden structure, completed in 1867, where the church's General Conference Session is held every six months and where the famous Mormon Tabernacle Choir sings on Sunday mornings for a nationwide television audience; and the Salt Lake Temple, which is made of thick blocks of gray granite and looks indestructible. The Salt Lake Temple is the visual symbol of Mormonism, and is where the church's two governing bodies—the First Presidency and the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles—meet, once a week. Brigham Young wanted it built strong enough to withstand the great conflagration that Mormons expect before the arrival of the millennium, Snelgrove explained. The lines of the temple—six principal spires, each surrounded by three tiers of lesser spires, with a gilded Angel Moroni standing on the tallest of the principal spires and blowing a long trumpet to proclaim the restoration of the Gospel—were "given" to Young in a vision in 1853. The vision took forty years to execute.



Later in the morning, Snelgrove took me into Temple Square. Outside its south gate, a young woman who had apparently lost her faith thrust some literature on me. Snelgrove looked pained but said nothing. I put the flyer in my pocket and read it later; it attacked the "barbarian" temple rituals. A sign inside the gate said, "Literature received outside gates is not part of Temple Square." Snelgrove pointed out a bronze sculpture of a family group, with the husband yoked to a cart, and said that it was a monument to the "hand-cart companies," made up of people proselytized in Europe in the eighteen-fifties—tradesmen, mostly, who had immigrated with their families, travelling up the Mississippi and the Missouri by steamboat as far as Council Bluffs, then setting out on foot for the State of Deseret, pulling carts containing their possessions. Between 1846 and 1869, when the transcontinental railroad was completed, roughly six thousand Mormons died en route to Zion; they lie buried in the Great Plains. It has been suggested that the robustness of present-day Mormons may be due partly to this winnowing process. But Mormons may be healthy simply because they lead wholesome, productive lives. Chase Peterson, the president of the University of Utah, who is himself a church member, showed me a study comparing the citizens of Utah, who are among the healthiest people in the country, with the citizens of Nevada, whose death rate in middle age is forty to fifty per cent higher than that of their peers in Utah, and whose fatalities from cirrhosis of the liver and from lung cancer are up to six times more numerous. Since neither the desert environment nor the average income nor the medical care in the two states is appreciably different, the dramatic contrast in the health of the two populations is probably due to differ-

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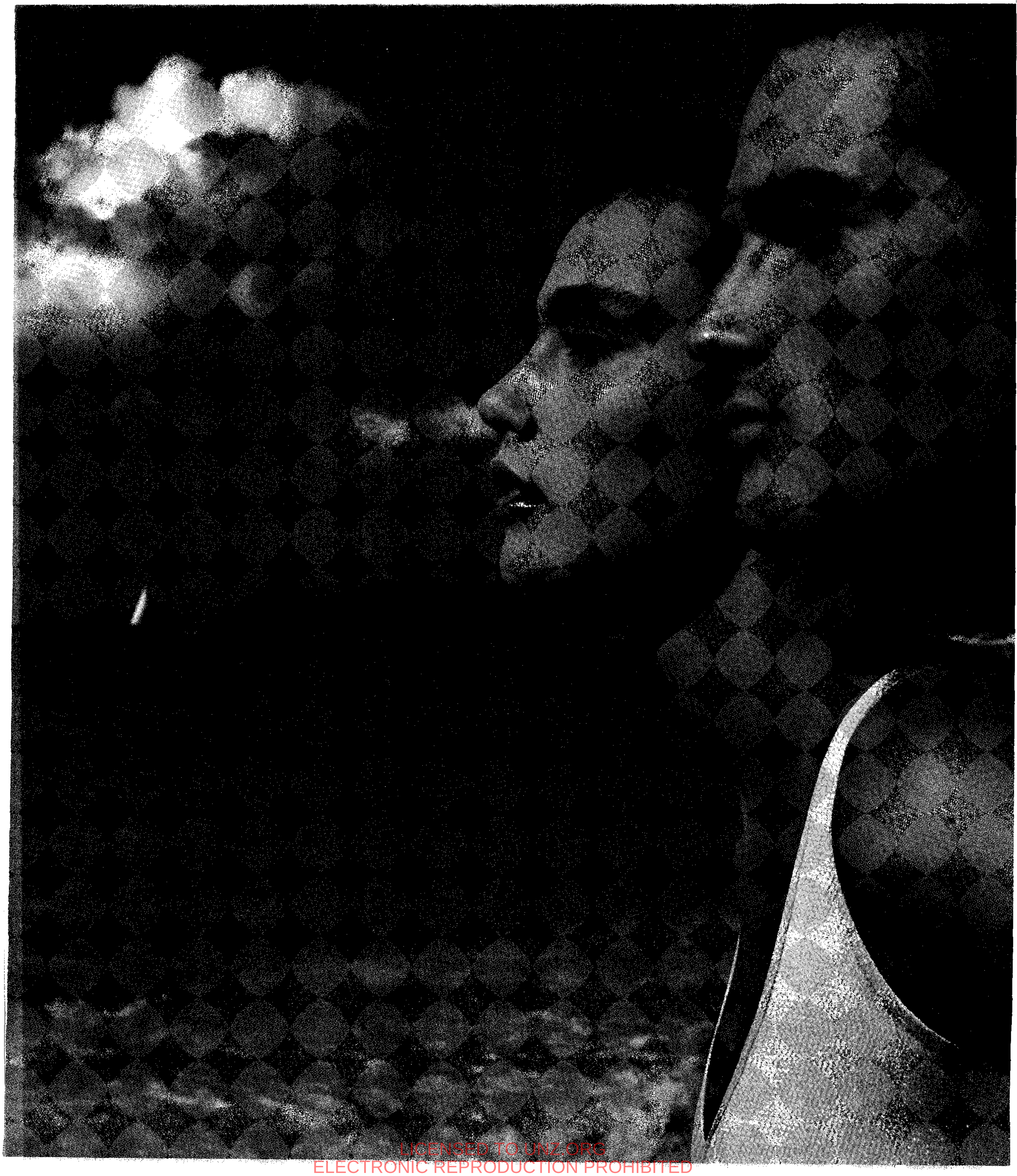


The Onion Omnibus

Anecdotes and facts about one of Stouffer's favorite vegetables.

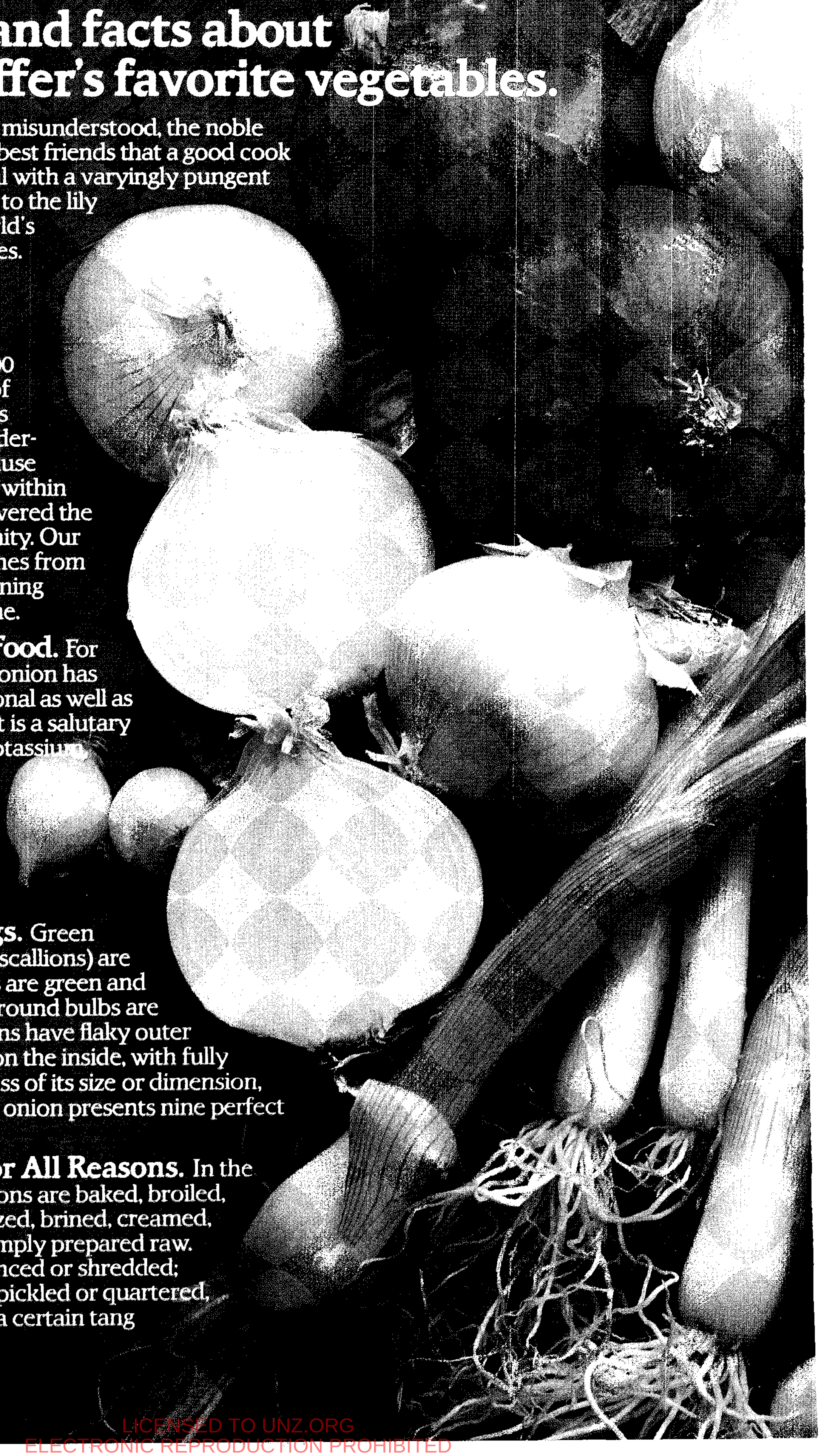
Maligned and often misunderstood, the noble onion remains one of the best friends that a good cook ever had. A hardy biennial with a varyingly pungent bulb, it is distantly related to the lily family and one of the world's oldest cultivated vegetables.

A Spicy Bit of History. The onion was grown by farmers in the Middle East as long as 5,000 years ago. The Bible tells of the Israelites longing for its zesty goodness while wandering in the wilderness. Because its layers formed a sphere within a sphere, the Egyptians revered the onion as a symbol of eternity. Our word "onion" actually comes from the Latin word "unis" meaning unity or many things in one.

A True Health Food. For centuries, the mysterious onion has been credited with nutritional as well as medicinal properties, for it is a salutary source of iron, calcium, potassium, protein, B-vitamins and vitamin C. One medium-sized onion delivers as much vitamin C as a ripe Florida orange, yet it contains only 38 calories.

Nine Gold Rings. Green onions (sometimes called scallions) are harvested while their tops are green and tender, before the underground bulbs are fully developed. Dry onions have flaky outer skins, are juicy and fresh on the inside, with fully developed bulbs. Regardless of its size or dimension, every true, single-hearted onion presents nine perfect rings on the inside.

A Vegetable For All Reasons. In the kitchens of the world, onions are baked, broiled, fried, stuffed, sautéed, glazed, brined, creamed, steamed, barbecued or simply prepared raw. Whether sliced, diced, minced or shredded; grated, puréed, chopped, pickled or quartered, every onion should have a certain tang and a bit of a bite.



Why Cry About It? Slicing onions often induces tears in the eyes because microscopic sulphuric compounds are released that cause a temporary irritation. You can control your weeping by slicing onions under running water or briefly refrigerating them prior to chopping or dicing.

A Constant Quest. Stouffer's® searches year-round for onions of special texture, spiciness and configuration. Our selections are frequently made from three or four basic strains:

Globes, the most common dry onions, usually have yellow, but sometimes white or red, skins. They range from 2″ to 5″ at harvest, vary in shape from round to oval and are pungent, all-purpose favorites.

Sweet Spanish Onions, grown over the fall and winter months, are large, globe-shaped and usually yellow-skinned. They have a mild, sweet flavor.

Granos are semi-pungent, globe-shaped and yellow. Measuring up to 5″ in diameter, they are excellent spring and summer growers in Texas, Colorado, New Mexico and California.

Pearl Onions, usually Sweet Bermudas, are restricted by growth density to measure less than an inch at maturity. These mild, sweet, crunchy favorites often come from Colorado, Washington and Idaho.

Always Looking For An Edge. Stouffer's uses onions to enhance and accent. To highlight. To add spirit and snap. To simmer just the proper edge to soups and stews. To accommodate such favored vegetable companions as tomatoes, cabbage, carrots and peas. To lend a subtle oniony dimension to beef, chicken and fish.

So, the next time you ponder and enjoy the good taste of a Stouffer's entree, whether it be Spaghetti or Short Ribs, Cashew Chicken or Swedish Meatballs, it may be the subtle, spicy taste of the noble onion that has quietly presented itself again.

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ences in their way of life. "Utah is inhabited primarily by Mormons, whose influence is strong throughout the state," the study, which was carried out by the economist Victor R. Fuchs, of Stanford University, explains. "Devout Mormons do not use tobacco or alcohol and in general lead stable, quiet lives. Nevada, on the other hand, is a state with high rates of cigarette and alcohol consumption and very high indexes of marital and geographical instability. The contrast with Utah in these respects is extraordinary." Tom Daniels feels that the religion itself promotes good health—and not only by proscribing alcohol and tobacco. "When you have a culture that feels that it has the truth, it can result in a very sanguine feeling," he told me. "The people are not encumbered with a lot of problems, because they have a mechanism for solving them. When loved ones die, there's grief, but it's not total loss, because we know that we'll be with them again. The family orientation causes less parent-child strife, less stress in that department. We live by Exodus 20: 'Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.' Contention is a definite source of unsettled health."

In the days that followed, I was allowed to learn about every aspect of the Genealogical Society's operation except its budget. Concerning this I was told only that it is "in the millions" and is funded by the tithing—each Mormon's contribution to the church of ten per cent of his earnings. I learned, however, that the data on one roll of microfilm costs between a hundred and a hundred and twenty-five dollars to acquire. Since each roll has an average of twelve hundred exposures, and about thirty-five to forty million exposures are taken a year, somewhere between three and four million dollars must be spent annually just to gather the raw genealogical material.

Over the years, the society has grown into a full-blown institution with a salaried staff of about five hundred, supplemented by about four hundred volunteers. Productivity is closely monitored; as has been noted, industry is an important Mormon virtue. The working environment is unusually salubrious. Nobody smokes, of course, and there are no coffee wagons (caffeine is also forbidden to Mormons); there are candy machines, though, on several of the floors. Occasionally, one catches an employee stifling a yawn at his desk. The society is always developing new ways to keep up with the material. Chairs are shuffled; new sections and divisions are created; old ones are merged or phased out. The society is not immune to the intrigues and power plays that seem to go on in every institution, and its bureaucracy sometimes gets carried away with itself, but in three weeks I spent as its guest I was unable to find any employee for whom the processing of dead people's names was just a job. It seemed, on the contrary, a joyous communal effort.

The society's Acquisitions Division has divided the world into four areas: the United States and Canada, Latin America, Western and Central Europe, and a catchall category known as "International," which includes Eastern Europe, the Middle East, Africa, Asia, and the Pacific. Each area has a "manager of acquisitions," who is responsible for negotiating for permission to film records that qualify. Rarely is material more recent than 1900 gathered. Priority is given to the records of England, Germany, and the Scandinavian countries—since these have historically produced the most Mormons—and to records in imminent danger of destruction, like the colonial records in Sri Lanka, whose acquisition was described to me, by Monte McLaws, an Asian-records specialist, as "a race against time and worms." He explained, "Some of the Dutch *tambos*, or registers of school enrollment and landowners, in what was then Ceylon go back to the seventeenth century. After the British took over, in 1796, they cranked up civil registration—births, marriages, deaths. All the names were entered in Sinhalese, Tamil, and English, but the Sri Lankans can't afford to protect the registers, and they are just falling apart. Some of the pages crumbled to dust as we turned them, and on others the ink had eaten through, so we were filming holes—what would have shown through if we had held the pages to the light."

When an acquisitions manager is negotiating with a government, a library, or ecclesiastical authorities for permission to film material, he offers a number of incentives: technology (the first microfilm laboratories in Poland, for example, were built by the society, in 1967); hard cash; a free print of everything that is filmed; and a guarantee that the original films will be preserved in the Granite Mountain Records Vault as permanently as is humanly possible. The specialist plays down his theological motives and usually identifies himself as an employee of the Genealogical Society of Utah rather than of the church's Genealogical Department. Many archivists are more than willing to coöperate. Most of the religious and civil records in Scandinavia have been filmed, for instance, and Hungary was finished in the nineteen-fifties. The Soviet Union, however, is "a hard nut to crack," Dennis Neuenschwander, the acquisitions manager for the International section, said. "It is safe to assume that most of the material is in government archives: all the religious material—Armenian, Orthodox, Muslim, Lutheran, Jewish, Baptist, Old Believer—and whatever nobility records have survived. From the time of Catherine the Great, an official called the marshal of nobility kept track of the noble births, deaths, and marriages in each district, but many of those records were destroyed during the Revolution. We still don't know what there is, or whether it is being kept at the central, state, or city level, because there are very few lists or indexes; the archivists simply don't publish. As for being able to get into the country to film, that is still under discussion. The archivists are friendly but noncommittal."

The prospects for filming in the People's Republic of China are apparently better. In 1980, a delegation of mainland Chinese came to the society's second World Conference on Records, obviously with the aim of sniffing out the operation. Its report was favorable, and the Chinese government later agreed to film the First Historical Archives, in Peking, for the society; the archives contain the records of the Ching dynasty from its inception, in 1644, to its end, in 1911. "The administration of the imperial household was like a city within a city, and its records are voluminous," I was told by John Orton, another Asian-records specialist, who had just returned from China. Orton had also been able to see some of the rest of the country. "There appeared to be more records than we have given the Chinese credit for," he said. "During the Cultural Revolution, in the late sixties, many records were burned, but some people

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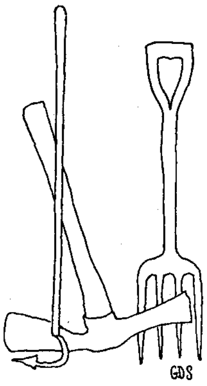
were able to fortify their archives and to stave off the Red Guards. And many of the clan genealogies were saved because multiple wood-block prints of them had been made. I even saw a mud-block print."

In Switzerland, where the society has been filming off and on since 1950, parish registers in twelve cantons have been acquired; the other fourteen cantons have not yet let the cameras in. In South Africa, the Dutch Reformed Church of the Afrikaners has microfilmed its own parish registers, which go back to 1652, and is about to be approached by the society. (The records are already available to individual researchers, even though they show frequent instances of miscegenation.) Haiti and Uruguay have turned the society down. Negotiations with the Coptic Church, in Cairo, are in progress. The society has been proceeding circumspectly in Western Europe, because the Council of Europe is sensitive about the confidentiality of old parish registers and about records' being used for purposes other than those for which they were originally kept. During the nineteen-thirties, the Nazis started collecting civil, parish, and synagogue records in Germany to find out who was of "the pure blood" and who was not. After the extermination of Jews had begun, the same records were used to identify clandestine matrilineal Jews who might otherwise have escaped notice. Jews were defined by the Third Reich as people with at least two practicing Jewish grandparents, and non-Jews who were married to Jews as of September 15, 1935, were considered to be Jewish by association. As country after country fell, its genealogical records were microfilmed and sent to Germany. Understandably, the Council of Europe is now wary about "trans-border data flow." But just before my visit a French Commission on Data Privacy had come and inspected the operation, and its report was favorable.



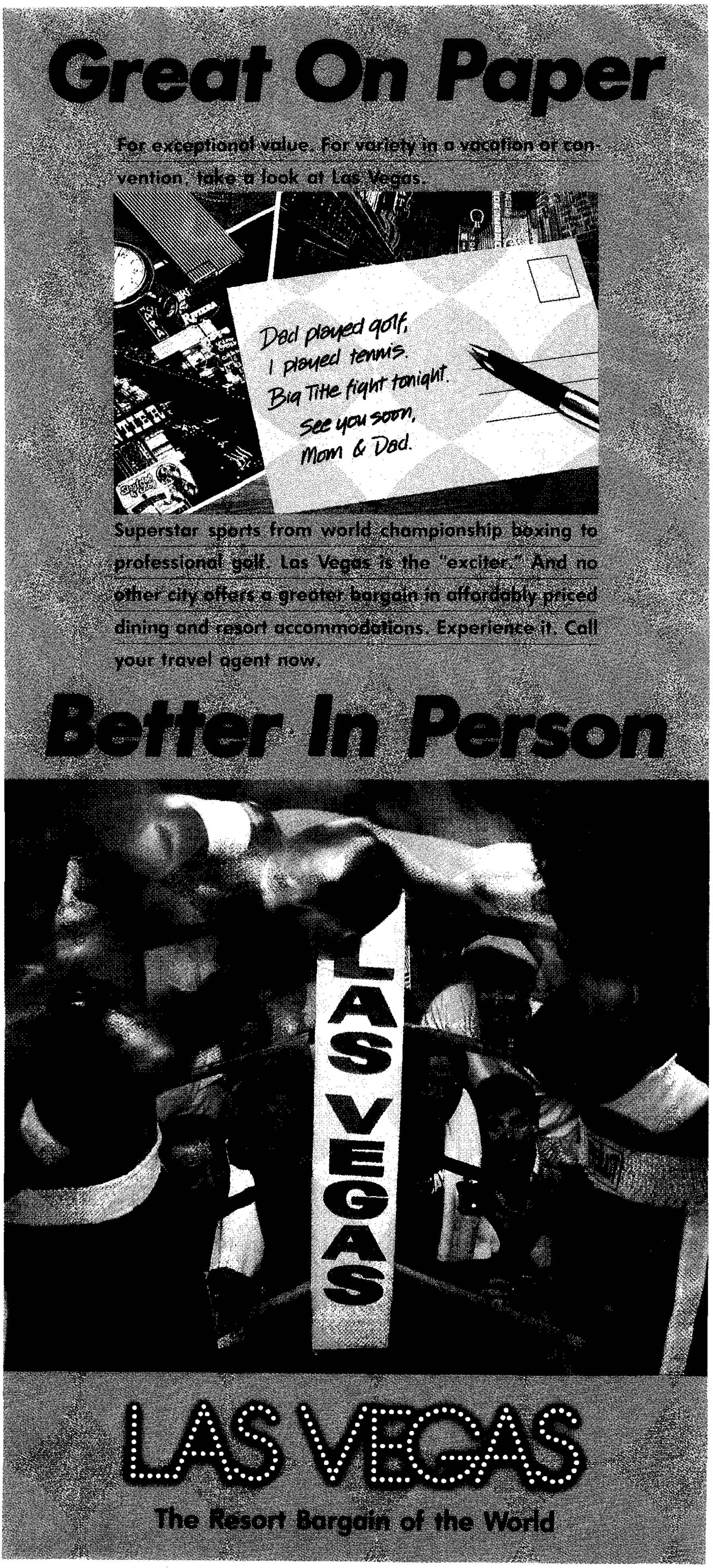
In England, there is a different problem—one of decentralization. Most of the parish registers are still in situ, so the acquisitions manager for Western and Central Europe has to go from parish to parish and negotiate with each one individually. Although the society has been filming in England since the Second World War, the job there is only about two-thirds done. The United States presents yet another problem—one of duplication; each American name is gathered an average of eleven times. Even so, many records are still at large. Because of this country's seventy-two-year statute of limitations on the release of census records, the society has only recently got into the data sheets from the 1910 census; and although in Connecticut, for example, it started work in the forties, it is still filming, in town halls, land and probate records and early naturalization records (for which the federal government did not assume responsibility until 1906). "Once you get out of New England, you don't find vital records earlier than 1900, except for marriage records, which generally began to be kept in the mid-nineteenth century," Wayne Morris, the acquisitions manager for the United States and Canada, told me. "A lot of people—like my ancestors, who were illiterate salt of the earth from the swamps of North Carolina—lived in virtual anonymity."

After permission to film material has been obtained, "listers" go in and itemize each record. The listers are followed by the cameras. (In remote parts of the world, the listing and the filming can overlap.) The camera, unlike industrial microfilm cameras, is portable, and it was specially developed by technicians at the society. The whole apparatus, including floodlights and a collapsible mount with a tray for displaying the material, fits into two suitcases. The film is delivered through regular mail and by the United Parcel Service to the Granite Mountain Records Vault and is developed there. Copies are sent to the donors of the material and to the stakes, for extraction by volunteers, each of whom has been trained to decipher the antique scripts of a particular language.

The most perishable (and anthropologically important) records are, of course, the ones that have never been written down: the genealogical chants of tribal people—Bedouins, Indonesian and South Pacific islanders, Senegambians—whose oral traditions are still alive. One of the deepest oral pedigrees on record—some seventy generations—was chanted for an Asian-records specialist named Lynn Carson by an old man on the island of

Nias, off Sumatra, in 1980. Carson's family was among the original "saints": every branch of it had arrived in the Salt Lake Valley by 1851. Two Carson brothers were killed by Ute Indians in 1856; Lynn Carson wrote a monograph about them which was published by an organization of their descendants. (Family organizations are common among the Mormons.) Carson, a boyish man of forty-two, told me that after years of taping oral genealogies in various parts of the world he has come to feel "very much at home in strange places." Recently, he reminisced about his trip to Nias: "I had been hiking with a guide for hours through muddy jungle. Finally, after dark, we reached a hut on posts, with a high-peaked thatched roof. Inside, seated on a straw mat, was a man in a turtleneck shirt that said 'His' on it in Gothic lettering. He must have been in his late seventies. His teeth were red from chewing betel nuts, and he kept spitting the juice through a gap in one of the plank walls. He invited us to sit with him. I handed him the traditional gift." It was with considerable embarrassment that Carson confessed what the "traditional gift" was—a bottle of some kind of liquor he had picked up locally. "The old man seemed grateful that we were interested in his people, and he began to chant the names of his forefathers on a straight-line basis. Some of his grandsons and great-grandsons were there, and he made them sit through the recital, which went on for over an hour. He was concerned that they learn the pedigree. We taped the whole thing and played it back for him, and he listened intently, nodding and smiling from time to time."

The old man was a chief in a circumscribed society, whose modes of inheritance and succession had been determined perhaps thousands of years earlier and had been strictly adhered to ever since. The oral genealogical traditions of island societies in the South Pacific are equally venerable, but the practice of chanting pedigrees is dying out in many of them. The younger generation has discovered new, more exciting forms of entertainment, and wherever the European system of land tenure has been adopted the need for traditional genealogical title defenses has disappeared. Sadly, the Genealogical Society's oral-genealogy program, which began in 1968 and has since spread into thirty-eight countries, where it has amassed five hundred



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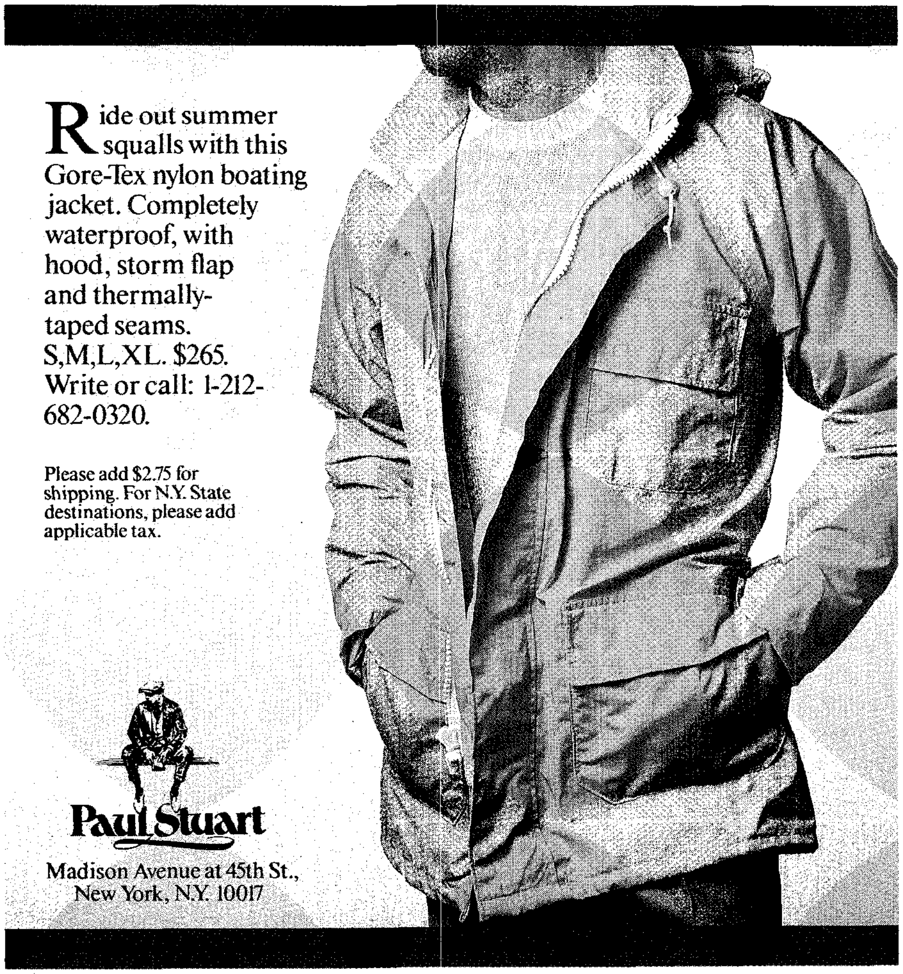

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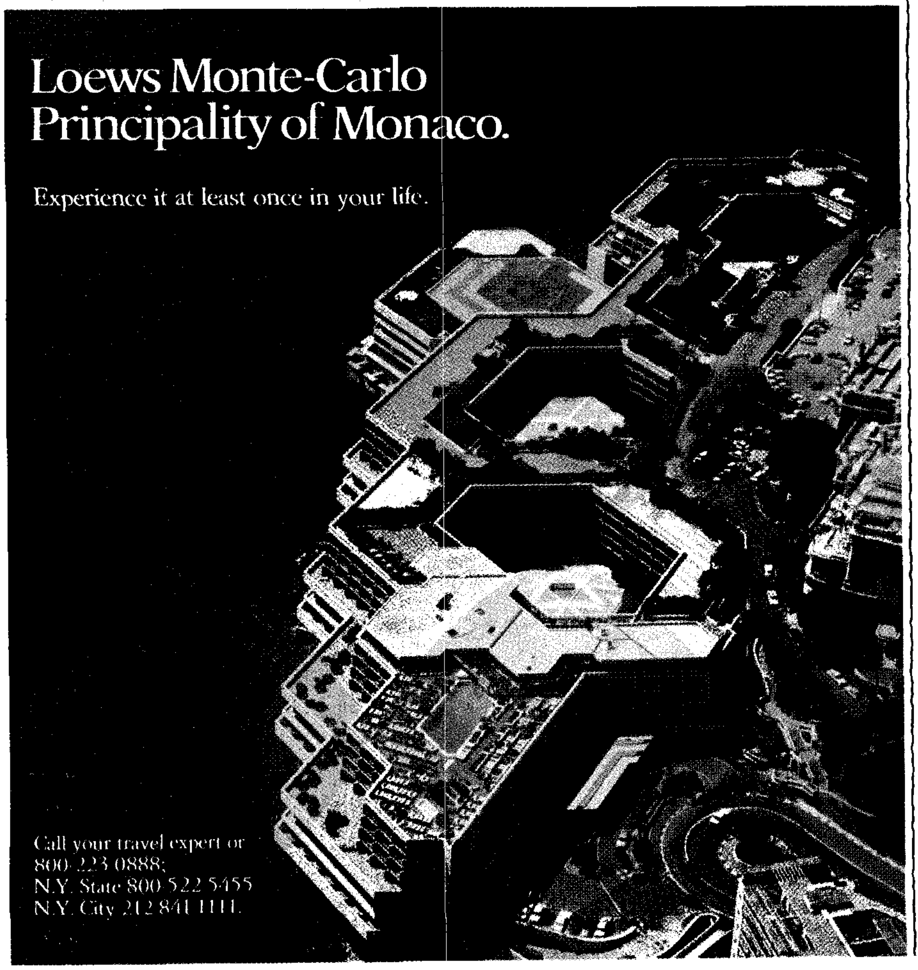

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hours of tape and twelve hundred separate pedigrees, is being phased out. "The time it took to win people's trust and get them to start reciting—a lot of the chants are sacred—wasn't justified by the number of names we were acquiring," George Fudge, the society's director at the time of my visit (he has since retired), explained. Fudge, a rather dour man in his middle sixties, has a faint residual English accent, which contrasts markedly with the Utah twang of most of his associates; he emigrated from northern England as a young man. "Sometimes we had trouble finding people to transcribe the tapes who knew the dialect," he continued. "It's one thing to have somebody mumbling into a tape recorder and another thing to try writing it down. And frequently there was a problem with how accurate the information was in the first place."

One society official who is familiar with the oral-genealogy program told me that it was being dropped because of internal politics. "Management is too English-parish-register-oriented," he said. He added that there had been pressure from what he called the "Maoists" in the society—the more dogmatic, ideologically pure Mormons, who were interested only in saving as many souls as possible. The decision to discontinue the oral-genealogy program means that many of the ancestors of the world's tribal people—whatever the five hundred thousand natives of the Amazon Basin can remember of their ancestry, for instance—will not be recorded. Their dead will be "lost souls" as far as the Mormons are concerned.

ONE afternoon, Tom Daniels took me into a darkened room on the third floor of the Office Building, where a part of the operation known as the extraction audit was being carried out. Half the room was piled high with parcels that had come in from the stakes. The parcels contained hundred-foot rolls of microfilm, each in a round steel can the size of a small tin of pipe tobacco, and yellow "extraction" cards, the size of computer punch cards, on which the names of the dead on the films had been entered. In the other half of the room, thirteen women were sitting at microfilm readers checking the extraction cards against the microfilm. Each name had already passed through three "extractors" at the stakes; now the quality of their work was being checked. Because it was impracticable to review each entry, the women spot-checked names randomly selected by computer from every batch.

The room was completely silent. One woman was going over a christening performed in Córdoba, Argentina, in 1865; another had a Catholic parish register from Westphalia open to the year 1691 on her screen. Another was checking the record of a marriage that had taken place in Rougemont, Switzerland, in 1778. There were people in the room who could read Arabic, Chinese, Japanese, Russian, Greek, and Mexican Indian dialects. A woman named Lynnette Stroud, who was expert in English, Scandinavian, German, French, and American paleography, showed me a chart of all the "hands," or scripts, she had to know to read English parish registers before 1754: bastard hand, secretary hand, printed secretary hand, engrossing secretary hand, Chancery hand, King's hand, remembrancer's hand, pipe-office hand, legal hand—all of which were illegible to me. "After 1754," she said, "it gets normal." Occasionally, mistakes slip through, because an extractor in, say, Barry County, Missouri, is not familiar with the local surnames in Hertfordshire, England, or because an entry is only half legible, so that the surname is misconstrued. This happened to the Bickleys of the parish of St. Leonard, in Shoreditch, a borough of London, who went into the computer as Buckley. Rolls that fail the audit are sent back for reëxtraction.

In a windowless brick building across the street, the church's I.B.M. 3081 stores the names of the cleared dead—along with each name's associated event (birth, christening, marriage, death), the event's place and date, and any names of known relatives—in a system code-named GIANT, for Genealogical Information and Names Tabulation. GIANT catches duplicates. The input for the system is entered on 4-Phase Model 470 and Datamark 1600 minicomputers by employees and volunteers in the society's Data Entry Section. There are also thirty centers around the country where locally audited names, generated by extraction or patron submission, are entered. Reynolds Cahoon, the director of Projects Planning and a member of one of the oldest Mormon families, talked about the clearing process with me one afternoon. "We went to GIANT in 1969," he said. "Before that, the work was done manually. Church members submitted 'family-

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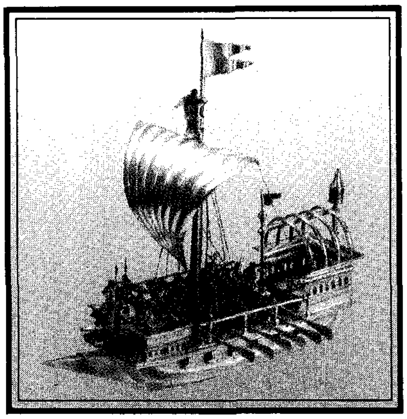

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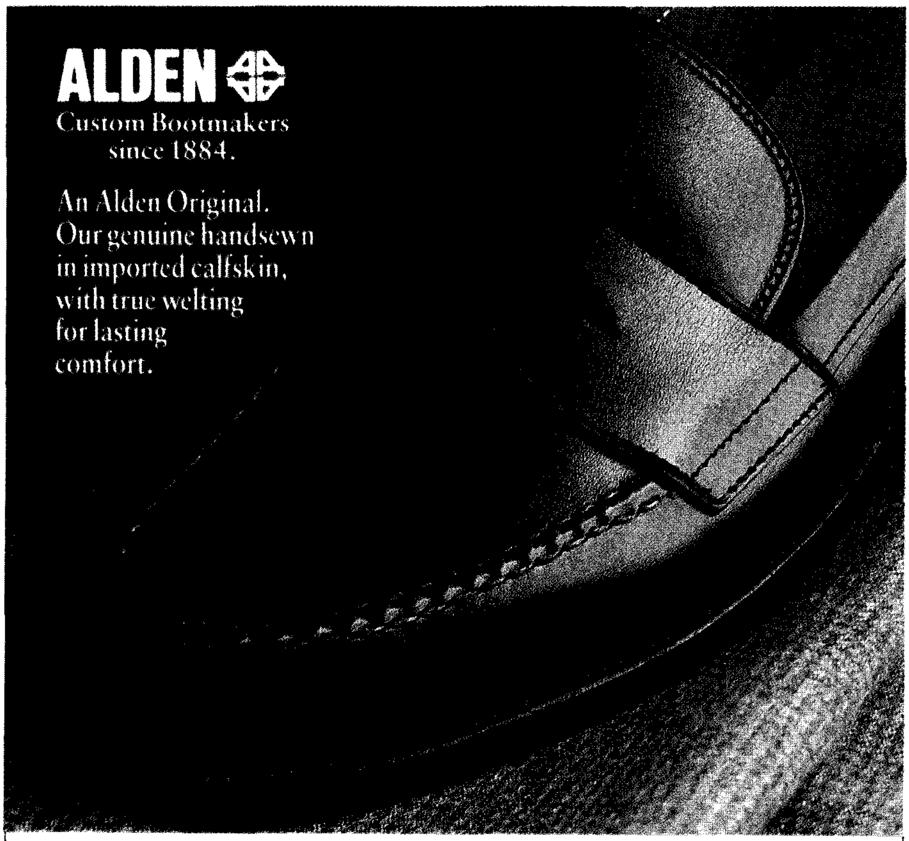

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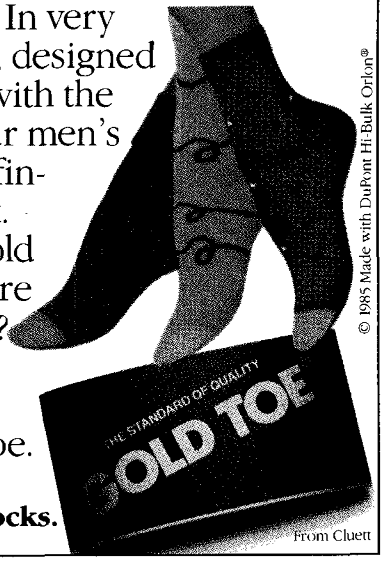
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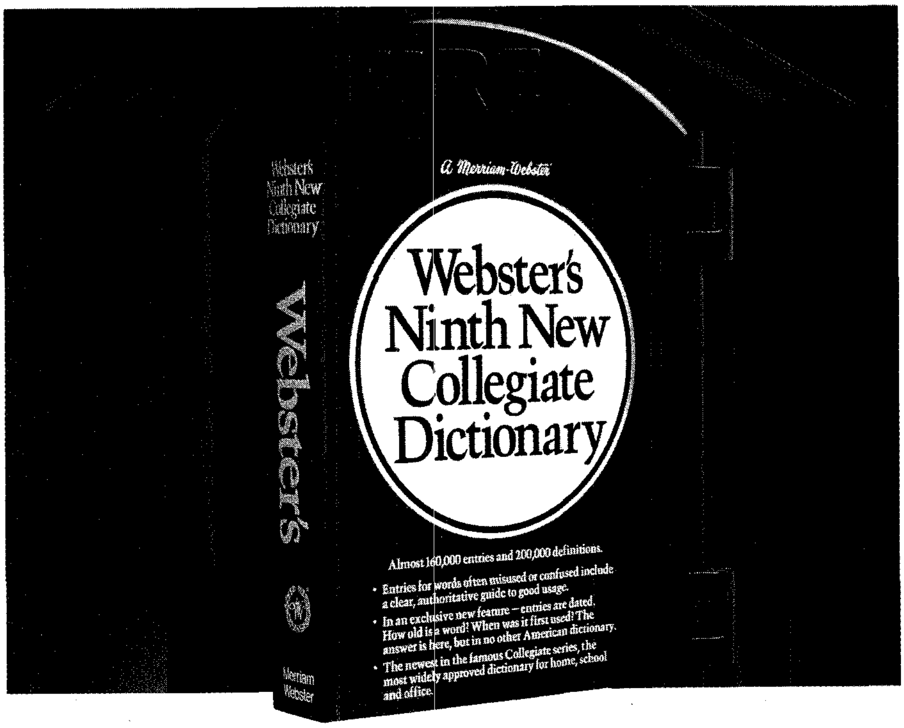
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group sheets’ containing three generations of their ancestors or, less often, of other people whose pedigrees they had traced, and our staff had to do all the cross-checking. By 1970, when we were fully computerized and the file was declared static, we had five million family-group sheets, with about thirty million names.” These names, typed on file cards and alphabetized by surname and by country of birth, are kept in a basement room in the Office Building, which resembles the card catalogue of a large library and is called the Temple Index Bureau. Eventually, Cahoon said, everybody in the Temple Index Bureau would be transferred to a “son of GIANT.”

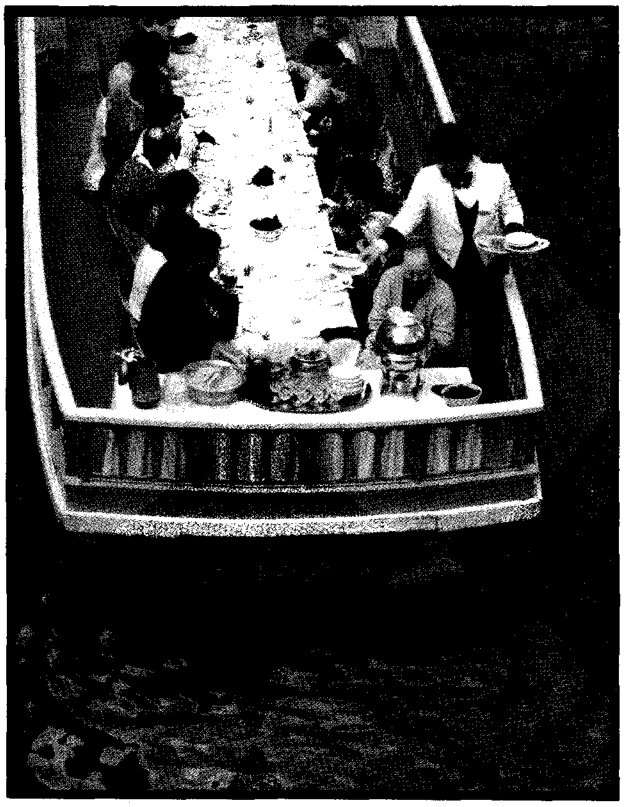
Each newly received dead person's name and its accompanying data are run through hundreds of GIANT's “program modules”—proprietary software designed by the society's own resident programmers—to make sure that he has not already been cleared for temple work in another guise: Ann Brown of New York City, for instance, may have already been processed as Hannah Braun of Nieuw Amsterdam. Names, dates, and places have different “uniqueness factors,” Cahoon told me. “Reynolds Cahoon is a high-uniqueness-factor name; John Smith is not. Each name is assigned a statistical uniqueness factor, which has been determined by studying demographic records and learning the frequency of the name's occurrence. Obviously, if you know the names of a person's parents or children, that is even more uniquely identifying.” Apparently unconcerned with the conceptual difficulties raised by degrees of uniqueness, he continued, “The uniqueness factor of a place depends on its size and population. Dates become increasingly unique the more complete they are, with the year, month, and day being the most unique. The earlier the date, the less unique it is, because the probability increases that somebody else has already found that he was descended from the same person and has submitted the person's records.” Uniqueness decreases with time, in other words, because the probability of being related to any given individual increases, and because the number of records available for genealogical research decreases. “The uniqueness factor of the year 1500, for instance, is .003. The uniqueness factor of 1980 is 2.68.”

Once the uniqueness factors for the dead person's name, event place, and event date have been determined, GI-

ANT computes his over-all uniqueness factor. If this is below a certain threshold, his entry is rejected. If it is high enough, his entry is matched against the other names from his locality who have already made it into GIANT's data bank, which is called the Genealogical Mass File. If the person is from a "high submission" area, a request is generated to check the Temple Index Bureau as well. If the person is found in either place, he "dupes out." If not, he has "cleared." He joins the Genealogical Mass File, and his name is included in a packet that is sent to one of the temples, and it is also entered in the International Genealogical Index, the public part of the File. (There are exceptions to entry in the Index—for instance, those whose next of kin have petitioned to have their name remain confidential.)

Putting refined computer technology in the service of nineteenth-century millennialism might strike some as peculiar, but Tom Daniels has no trouble explaining it. "People don't understand why they invent things," he said. "All things that are conceived are conceived in the preëxistence." The preëxistence is another Mormon doctrine: the mortal body is a "probationary state" between the preëxistence—in which we existed for aeons as God's "unembodied" spiritual children—and eternity. "Maybe this is parochial," he says, "but I see modern technology as coming on primarily for the Kingdom of God and secondarily for secular purposes." Nobody is more forward-looking than Reynolds Cahoon. "This system is too old," he complained of GIANT. "It needs to be replaced. It was written before high-level languages and data-base management systems came on. They have evolved greatly, and our whole theory of names processing is going to change. People aren't like airplane parts. The matches aren't perfect. They don't always have the same name all their lives, for instance. I think we should move toward making human beings more efficient in doing the job."

The society is worried that it is falling hopelessly behind. Each year, about fifty-five million people around the world die, but only between five and six million of the dead have proxy ordinances performed for them in Mormon temples. Each year, many more names are filmed than are extracted, slightly more are extracted than are cleared (ten and a half million to eight million in 1984) and



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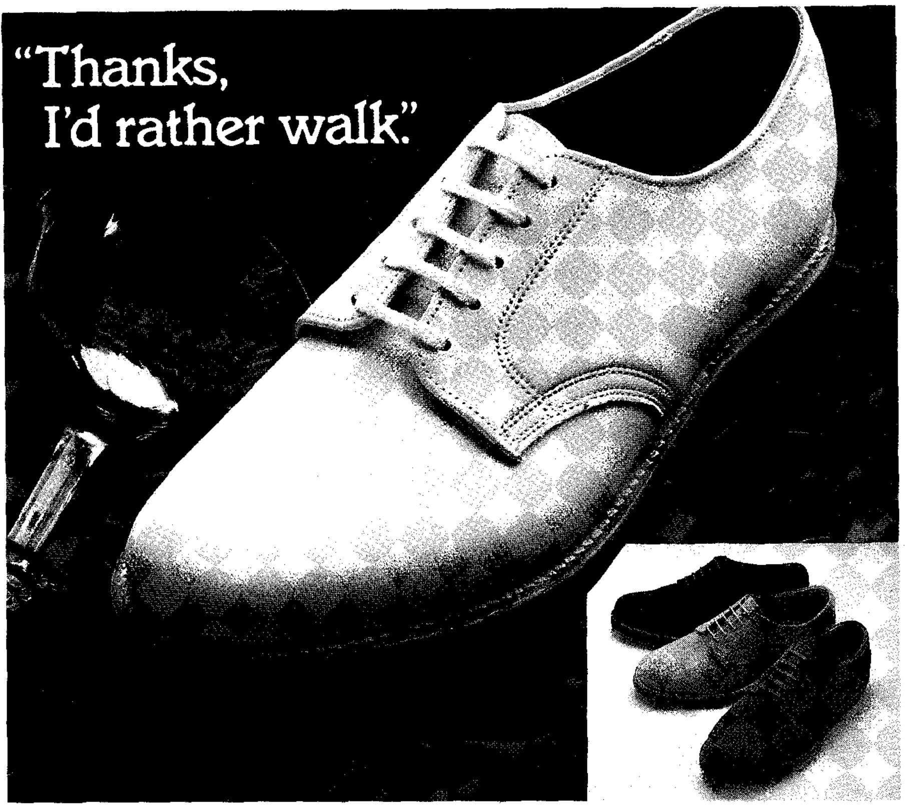
many more are cleared for temple work than have work done for them. Even if the society lost access tomorrow to all the remaining unfilmed records in the world, it would still be busy for perhaps two hundred years. In 1974, while dedicating a new temple in Washington, D.C., President Kimball spoke about the pressing need to catch up: "The day is coming not too far ahead of us when all temples on this earth will be going day and night. There will be shifts and people will be coming in the morning hours and in the night hours and in the day hours . . . because of the great number of people who lie asleep in eternity and who are craving, needing, the blessings we can bring them."

IN 1972, the society created the Royalty Identification Unit and put Robert Gunderson, who has been tracing royal pedigrees since he was a teen-ager, in charge. If a person who is "medieval" (pre-1500) or "royalty" (a category that includes the various hereditary nobilities) is submitted, his case is referred for special handling to the unit. Most of the royal and the more prominent noble pedigrees are well-travelled avenues of descent, and the rates of duplication—and of fabrication, among people endeavoring to make a connection to them—are particularly high. In 1984, Gunderson and his two assistants, Rachel Kirk and Tina Plaizier, personally cleared almost eighteen thousand names for temple work and rejected as duplicates many others. Gunderson is probably one of the world's most productive genealogists, but his work is not widely known; he seldom publishes, and he confesses to being a poor correspondent. "I'd rather spend my time on the charts," he told me when I called on him one morning. I asked why connecting the names of the dead was important for temple work. "The church is responsible for all the dead," he explained, "but the individual church member is primarily responsible for his own ancestry. If he comes upon a line of his progenitors that we have already traced—which happens with most of the cases we deal with—this frees him to start working on another one."

Gunderson was sitting at a long table piled high with pedigree charts, each of which contained five "lineage-linked" generations, together with numbers referring to the previous and the following charts of descent. He estimated that he had four or five thousand charts out on the table and a couple of thousand more filed away. Most of them traced the kings and queens of England and their kin—his specialty. From time to time during our talk, his telephone rang, and Gunderson picked it up and answered, affably, "Royalty."

"I probably would not be in the least bit interested in genealogy if it wasn't for my religious beliefs," he told me. "Mormons believe that to be resurrected and to inherit a degree of glory you have to *do nothing*. You *will* receive immortality, and we know that it will be a marvellous inheritance, because the Bible says that 'a day with the Lord is as a thousand years with man.' Even on the bottom rung—the Telestial—you will be an angel. Joseph Smith said that if a man could just glance into the Telestial he would commit suicide to get there. But angels can't have posterity increase, whereas if you enter the upper third—the Celestial Kingdom—you can create spiritual children, besides those born to you in life. Man is that he might have joy, and joy is expanding and having children, providing for others, and helping them to reach their capabilities. The joy of parenthood is teaching your children to cope with life. The joy of temple work is enabling people to go to the Celestial Kingdom, and helping them go prepared. Without receiving through endowment the gift of knowledge, which is an essential part of the progression, and without entering into the everlasting category of marriage, you wouldn't be happy there; you'd be like a drunk in a swank place, or somebody who was out of his social element. If I didn't have these beliefs, I probably wouldn't be in the least interested in genealogy. I'd probably be out making money.

"I landed my first job here in 1964, as a researcher, and as soon as the Royalty Identification Unit came into existence I started collecting the descendants of Edward IV. This in itself was an impossible task—after four or five generations, there are more than you can count—so I took a bigger bite and went four generations farther back, to Edward III. All Americans with British ancestry are probably descended from Edward III, although many of the connections we've looked at haven't held up. At the same time, I started working backward, from Prince Charles. A lot of his maternal ancestry is lost, because the wives weren't named, but after twelve years



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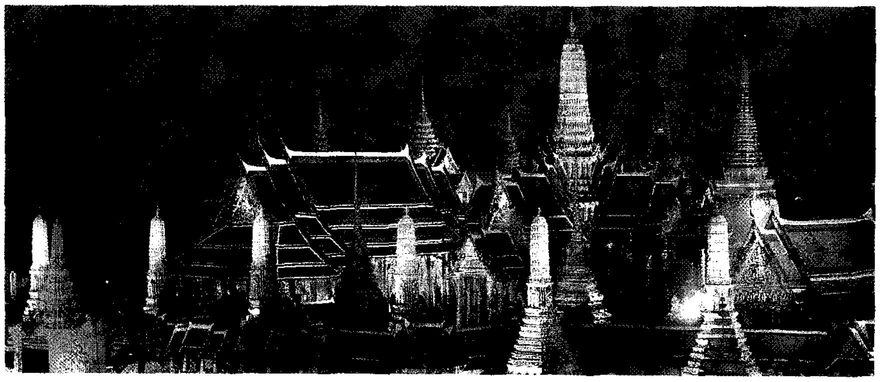

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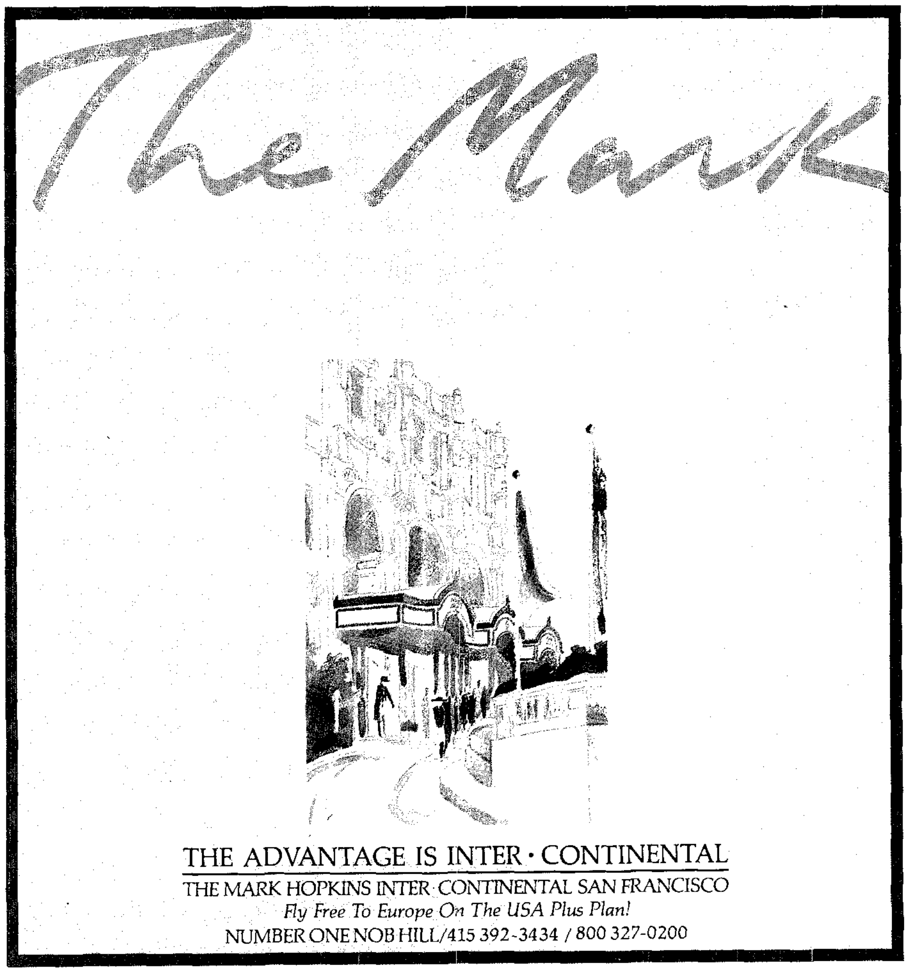

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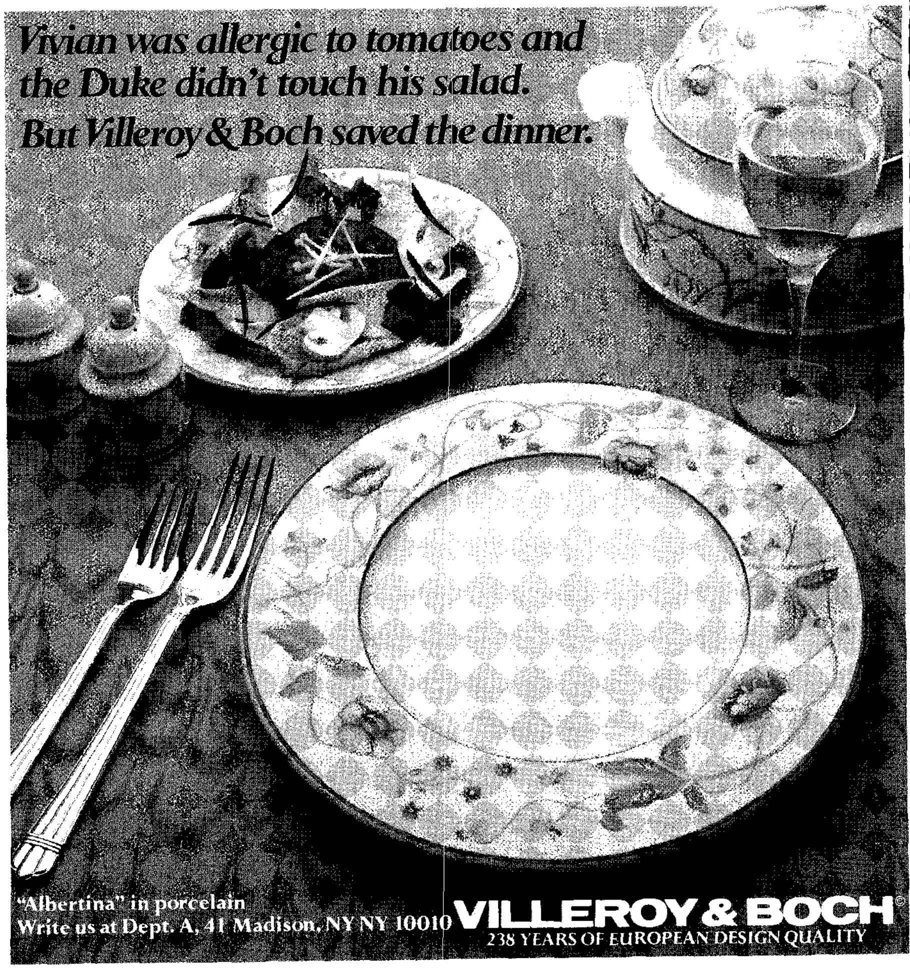
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I've got him descended from Edward III almost two thousand different ways. If you just kept plugging away at these two pedigrees, you would eventually run into everybody in history. Imagine what it would be like if there was a structure—a computerized ancestral file—that everybody could tie into. That's the day we're all working toward."

I asked if anything was being done about early historical figures, like Moses, Socrates, and Cleopatra.

"At this point, we aren't involved with Biblical people, or with historical people before 200 A.D.," Gunderson said. "We consider that Moses and the prophets have done all their own work, and other Biblical figures will be done in the millennium, under the direction of the Lord."

I was hoping that Gunderson could confirm a story from my father's side of the family. Among the few possessions that my paternal grandparents took with them when they left Russia, in 1917, was a copy of a miniature by the portraitist Peter Sokoloff, who painted many of the notables during the reign of Nicholas I. The miniature, in a red velvet frame, shows an ethereally beautiful young woman—a blue-eyed brunette whose hair is in an enormous chignon interwoven with strands of pearls, and whose bare shoulders are draped with a filmy stole. The woman's name is Sophie Philipeus. My paternal grandfather was her grandson, and the miniature had been in his parents' house in Moscow. According to family legend, Sophie was a granddaughter of a Frenchwoman named Joséphine Émilie-Louise de La Valette, who—as every French schoolchild knows—saved her husband's life by changing clothes with him in prison. Her husband, Comte Antoine-Marie de La Valette, had been Napoleon's Postmaster General, and in the Bourbon Restoration he was sentenced to the guillotine. The ruse enabled him to escape to Luxembourg. Mme. de La Valette went mad in prison, and after the Bourbon government released her she spent the rest of her life in a sanitarium. The story of her self-sacrifice was recounted widely, and may have given Charles Dickens a good part of the inspiration for "A Tale of Two Cities." Having heard this much of the story, Miss Kirk excused herself, and after twenty minutes she returned with Volume C of a British publication entitled *The Gentleman's Magazine & Historical Chronicle* for January to June, 1830. In it she had found the following obituary: "Feb. 15. At Paris, M. de Lavalette, formerly Director-General of the Post-Office, who was condemned to death in 1815, but was saved by the heroic conduct of his lady."

Mme. de La Valette's maiden name was Beauharnais. She was a niece of Vicomte Alexandre de Beauharnais, the first husband of Empress Joséphine, and served as lady-in-waiting in charge of the Empress's wardrobe. Around that time, she became involved with Napoleon's younger brother, Louis Bonaparte. Napoleon was not in favor of the match, and he forced her to marry de La Valette, a man seventeen years her senior. After their marriage, de La Valette went off on the Egyptian campaign, and she stayed with an uncle at Fontainebleau, where she contracted smallpox. (This may explain why her husband had so many mistresses after he came back from Egypt.) At the time that she sprang her husband from prison, Mme. de La Valette was four months pregnant with a child who, if the family story is correct, would marry a man named Phillipeus. My grandmother had told me that Phillipeus was Swedish and was a "governor of Warsaw;" she had no idea what his first name was. Sophie, she said, was their daughter.

Gunderson went into his files, and in less than a minute he had come up with thirteen pedigree charts linking Joséphine Émilie-Louise de Beauharnais in an unbroken patrilineage to Guillaume de Beauharnais, born in Orléans in about 1365. Unfortunately, there were no charts going in the other direction. There was nothing about Joséphine Émilie-Louise's children—nothing that would have enabled me to claim her as anything more than a putative ancestor. Gunderson and I looked through the *Annuaire de la Noblesse de France* and the *Répertoire de Généalogies Françaises Imprimées* and discovered all sorts of de La Valettes; twenty-seven other families had used the name, which is a nobiliary epithet rather than a surname. One family, the Parisot de La Valettes, produced a grand master of Malta, for whom the capital, Valletta, is named. According to some versions of our family history, which I got from other relatives, the wife of the "governor of Warsaw" was Julie or Marie Parisot de La Valette. That would mean, of course, that she was not a daughter

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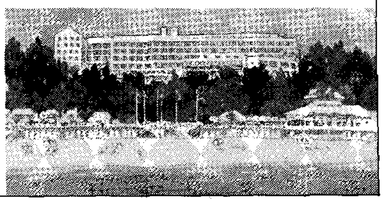

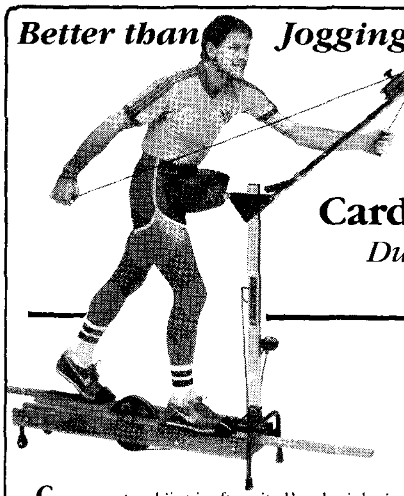

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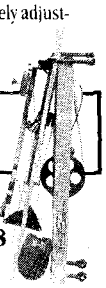

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of Joséphine Émilie-Louise at all. Gunderson apologized for not being able to settle the matter. "We're barely scratching the surface," he explained. "A great deal of the European nobility isn't getting into the machine. We don't even know how much material is available. In Poland, for instance, where I suggest you try for Phillipeus next, there are castle archives we haven't got to at all. And a lot more people are involved than have been recorded. Many records give only the male lines, or only the lines of first sons."

All the Beauharnais family members in Joséphine Émilie-Louise's line, I noticed on their pedigree charts, had been baptized, endowed, and sealed between 1937 and 1949 by a woman named Amy Hagman Young. "She was an ardent genealogist who married one of Brigham Young's grandsons," Gunderson said, "and she discovered an illegitimate descent through a Swedish prince on her father's side which would have made her the second great-great-grandniece of Joséphine."

"Does that mean I could be related to Brigham Young?" I asked.

"Well, you could be—but I doubt if you are through Amy Hagman Young," Gunderson replied. "I'm pretty sure the Hagman-Beauharnais connection is spurious. There are four basic types of illegitimacy: recognized, circumstantial, traditional, and fraudulent. This seems to be a case of the last. I've looked into it, and I've found out that the Swedish prince who was supposed to have fathered Amy Hagman Young's ancestor was clear at the other end of the country when the mother conceived. A lot of these family traditions are romancy. There are two very common myths in American families. One has a woman being made pregnant by a duke or a prince and then migrating to America—a royal father makes the illegitimacy more acceptable. The other myth has three brothers coming to America together. One settles in New England, the other in the Middle Atlantic states, the third in the South. I've heard that for a hundred families. It might be true for one of them."

THAT afternoon, in the society's Genealogical Library, I tried Poland. Nothing on Phillipeus turned up in the Polish Encyclopedia or in the other basic references—which was puzzling, considering that he had been the governor of Warsaw. Rather than spend weeks going through the society's Polish microfilms with no guarantee of success, I decided to try the Swedish angle. I went to the Scandinavian reference section and explained the situation to one of its reference consultants. She concluded from the Latin ending on my third great-grandfather's name that he was probably Lutheran. Lutheran priests Latinized their surnames; Linnaeus and Sibelius, for instance, came from Lutheran priestly families. In a genealogy of the Swedish nobility, she picked up a marriage in 1782 between a woman named Maria Caroli Strahlman and a councillor in the Finnish city of Sortavala named Carl Phillipeus. Sortavala was in Viipuri County, which was annexed by the Soviet Union in 1940 and is now known as Karelia. She pulled the microfiche for Viipuri from the International Genealogical Index and found dozens of Phillipeuses, spelled five different ways—a whole Finnish line of my family which none of us had known about.

I have since learned a little more about Phillipeus. As I had begun to suspect when nothing about him turned up in the Polish records, he was not a governor of Warsaw; rather, he was a high-ranking officer in the Russian administration of Poland that began in 1815. His first name, depending on the nationality of the document in hand, was Friedrich or Fyodor. The mysterious de La Valette woman gave him four children. One of them, named Alexander, was a merchant in the Far East and had an estate in Karelia called Kamchatka, after the peninsula between the Sea of Okhotsk and the Bering Sea, where he did a lot of his trading. (From a great-aunt who had summered at the estate I later inherited three photographs of some marvellous-looking people seated on a porch drinking tea from a samovar.) Alexander's brother, Constantin, was an intellectual, who translated "Boris Godunov" into German verse. Their maiden sister, Natalia, became headmistress of a school for girls in Warsaw. The fourth child, Sophie, married a man named Constantin von Wullfert and was my great-great-grandmother. Sometime before 1840, Friedrich, or Fyodor, Phillipeus and the de La Valette woman were divorced. She married a banker in Warsaw named Halpert. He married a Karelian woman named Natalia Lindstrom, who gave him two more daughters, and on November 13,

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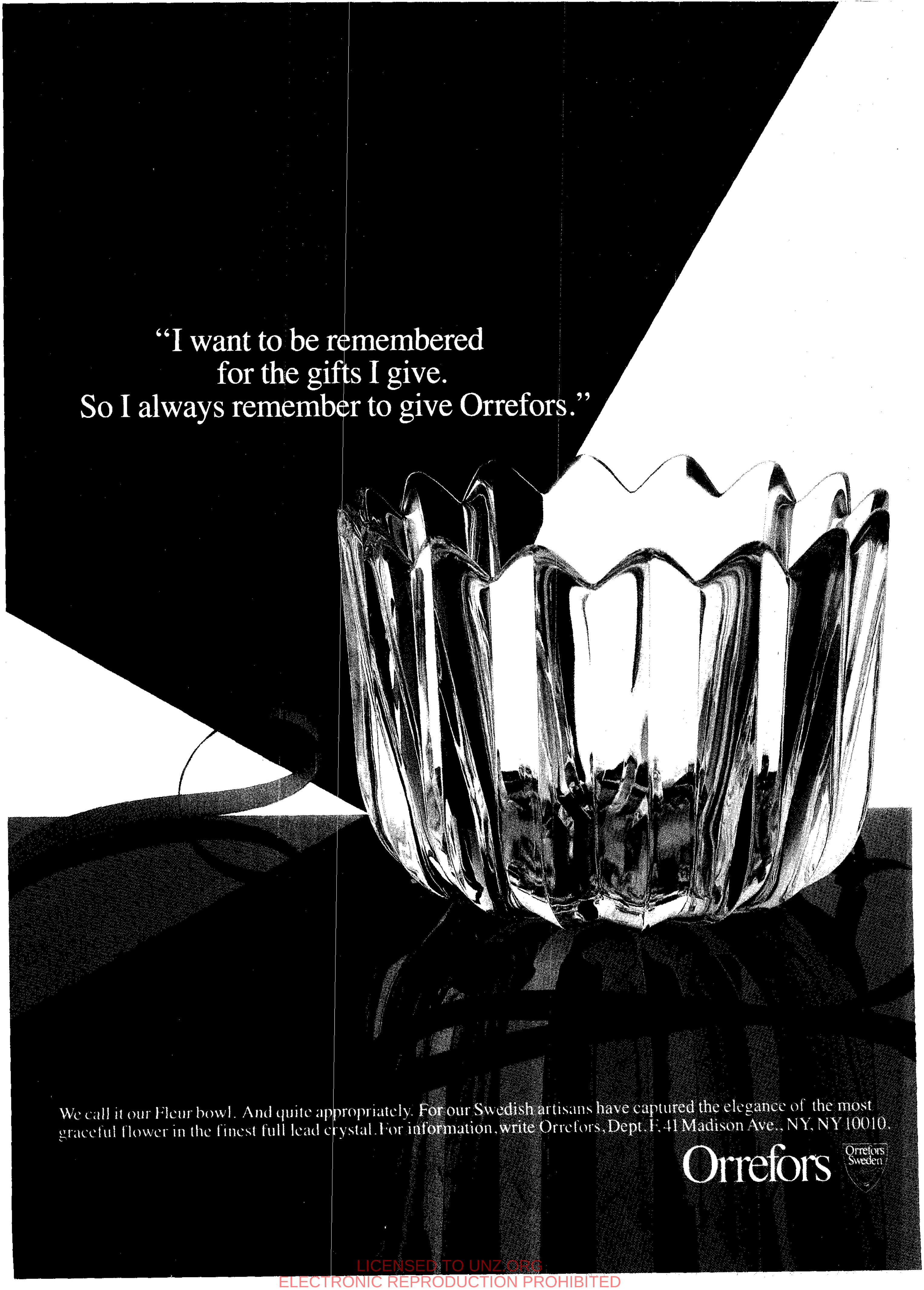

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1871, he died. I have since looked for his first wife in various archives in New York and Paris. Perhaps some day the mystery of which of the de La Valettes she was will be cleared up, but at the moment the woman is still a phantom.

While I was tracing Mme. Phillipeus in the Genealogical Library, hundreds of other people were engaged in similar quests. Occasionally, the silence that filled the library's public stacks and reading rooms would be broken by a muffled gasp from somebody who had made a breakthrough, but I witnessed no greater outbursts, although shortly before my arrival a woman hot on the trail of her antecedents had reportedly kicked the shin of a reference consultant who wouldn't surrender a restricted record she needed. In an aisle of the French section, I struck up a conversation with a man named Raymond Lapointe, who worked as a medical technician for the California Department of Corrections in Vacaville, and who was trying to trace his ancestry from Quebec back to France. Three families named Audet had immigrated to Quebec in the seventeenth century, he told me, and their three homesteads had formed a triangle. His ancestors had lived at the apex of the triangle, and to distinguish them from the others they had become known as the Audets de la Pointe; in 1670, the name Audet had been dropped by his branch of the family.

A little later, I sat down at a reading table next to another Californian, who was ecstatic. In one day, he, his wife, and their two children, working as a team, had gone back a hundred and forty years. He had emigrated from Hungary eight years earlier and was still struggling with English. "We have come from Santa Monica," he told me. "We heard that there is a big library in Utah where you can find everything about Hungary. We would like to find our old family—where from and what kind of class." He was pressing to his breast a military book titled "Magyarország Tiszti Cim és Névtára," in which he had discovered that one of his grandfathers had attained the rank of general. "In Hungary," he said, "we never can touch this kind of book, because of *cenzura*." The way he was hugging the book reminded me of something the Indian historian B. N. Goswamy had written: "There is a peculiar tug at the heart when you come face to face with the record of your family, signatures and names of well-loved persons no longer alive . . . the records remain intensely human, possessed of a warmth which is denied to many sources of history."

Besides the gratification and the sense of continuity to be derived from making contact with long-forgotten ancestors, genealogy has two practical uses. Lawyers working on inheritance cases and professional genealogists retained by lawyers and probate courts use the society's library regularly. This type of research is known as forensic genealogy. When a person dies intestate, his estate passes to his next of kin. In the standard Western inheritance pattern, the first in line is the spouse, who usually gets half the estate. Next are the descendants: children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren. Then come the ascendants: parents, grandparents, and so on. Then come siblings, and their descendants; then aunts and uncles, and their descendants, who are first cousins to the decedent, first cousins once removed, and so on; then on up to great-aunts and great-uncles, if they are still living; then out to the next parentela, or line of blood relations—the second cousins, who share a set of great-grandparents with the decedent; and so it goes. Except in the case of the spouse, who unless he or she is a consanguine of the decedent shares no genes with the decedent, the order of heirship is similar to the coëfficient of kinship.

The second practical use of genealogy is to further the understanding of hereditary disease, and no group has been more valuable for this than the Utah Mormons, for a variety of reasons besides the excellence of their records. The size of the population—about a million descendants of about twenty thousand pioneers now live in Utah—is ideal for genetic research, since it is "large enough . . . to insure that genes of interest are represented with samples large enough to give significant results," as the population geneticist Mark Skolnick writes in a 1980 paper published by the Cold Spring Harbor Laboratory. "Most of the gene pool comes from an initial population of New England and Midwestern origin, augmented by three waves of migration from the British Isles, Scandinavia, and Germany," he

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explains. Because the pioneers who founded the population were largely unrelated and their collective coefficient of kinship was very low, dominant and recessive modes of inheritance are easier to distinguish among their descendants than they are in highly inbred religious isolates, like the Amish. The historical desire of Mormons to have large families is also a major asset in a study of their genetics, because large numbers of offspring make for greater statistical power. For much of the last century, the Mormons produced more than eight children per couple, and their present fertility rate (28.6 live births per thousand people in 1980) is very close to double the national rate. Before 1890, when the church's president, Wilford Woodruff, under heavy pressure from the federal government, published a manifesto advising church members to abstain from plural marriage, polygamy was practiced by probably between five and ten per cent of the Mormon men, some of whom had dozens of children by multiple wives. The presence of plural marriage in many Mormon pedigrees gives the geneticist who is seeking to identify male or female input an unusual control: when children of the same father but of different mothers exhibit the same trait, it is obvious which parent contributed the gene or genes; one variable is ruled out.

Still another advantage that the Utah Mormon population offers geneticists is that it has not had a great deal of new genetic input since 1880, when the last wave of European migration arrived. "In-migration is the bugbear of demographic studies," a demographer at Brigham Young University told me. Most of the descendants of the pioneers are still in Utah. In their comparative immobility and clannishness, they resemble another valuable population for medical-genetic research—the French Canadians, whose population has doubled nine times with limited admixture since it arrived in North America, around 1700. On the other hand, there is enough social and environmental heterogeneity within the Utah Mormon population—some of its members live in urban centers along the Wasatch front, others in rural communities in the mountains or the desert—to enable geneticists to "study the variability of gene expression against the natural background which occurs," Skolnick writes. "The variety of occupation, social status, and

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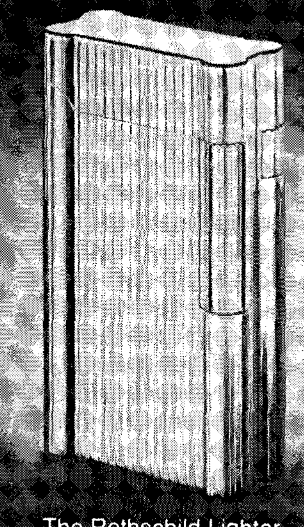

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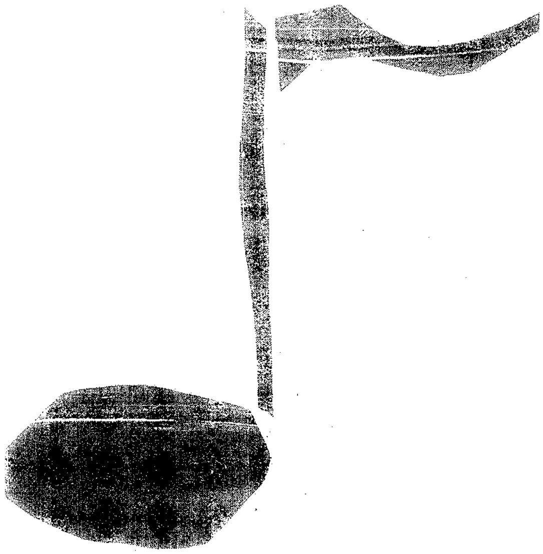
variable adherence to proscriptions against coffee, tobacco, and alcohol insure that many potential gene-environment interactions are represented," he adds.

In 1974, the Genealogical Society allowed Skolnick to photocopy about a hundred and seventy thousand of its family-group sheets. He chose only those in which at least one individual was listed as having been born or having died in Utah or along the "pioneer trail"—the path followed by the nineteenth-century immigrants. The data were fed into a computer, which lineage-linked about a million and a quarter individuals on overlapping pedigrees with an average depth of six or seven generations. Certain medical patterns, such as an excess of early deaths clustering in a particular family, were apparent from the genealogical information; other patterns emerged when supplementary medical information was obtained from a variety of sources, such as records of the Utah Cancer Registry, and death certificates and other vital records going back to 1900. Skolnick and some colleagues also interviewed and collected blood samples from members of many of the families. "At one visit to an isolated town we drew blood on 118 members of one pedigree in a single day," he reports. The families were, on the whole, very coöperative, out of respect for research and out of a sense of obligation to their kin; some of them volunteered medical information that had not been picked up by the other sources. When the medical information was fed into the computer and linked with the genealogical data, the scientists were able to construct a medical-genetic profile of a large population which was more detailed than any that had ever been assembled before. The study has led to further understanding of the heritability of several disorders—particularly breast cancer, early heart disease, and hemochromatosis, a rare, recessive metabolic disorder in which the body retains too much of the iron it absorbs from food.

CONSIDERING that the Mormon Church doesn't accept the theory of evolution, I thought it magnanimous of the Genealogical Society to have released its family-group sheets to a geneticist. Some Mormons, however, a church member told me, are "kind of torn" about the church's strict adherence to creationism. With all the Precambrian rock that is ex-



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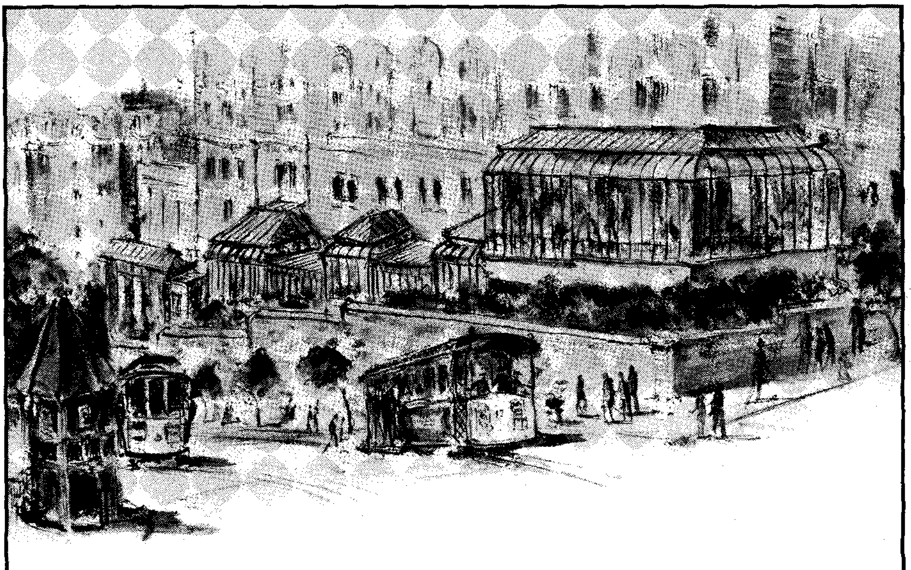

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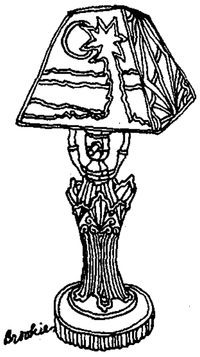
posed in Utah, and all the dinosaur bones that have been found there, it requires a special fervor to believe that the earth is only six thousand years old and not the consequence of a succession of ancient and protracted geological and biological processes. The creationist argument is based partly on a rejection of carbon dating as a valid method of determining the age of organic material. "Carbon dating . . . is theoretically correct only if the atmospheric bombardment has been constant over the ages; also, if radioactivity of the elements is constant," Thomas Milton Tinney, a Mormon who has traced his ancestry over a hundred and fifty-two generations, right back to Adam, explains in his privately printed genealogy, a copy of which I came across at the New York Public Library. "Prior to Eve and Adam partaking of the forbidden fruit in the Garden of Eden, there was no death, or radioactive decay. The atmosphere at the time of the pre-flood patriarchs was different from what it is today. There was no rainbow prior to the world-wide flood; also, the process of decay and degeneration was slower as can be noted by the age or longevity of the early patriarchs," Tinney writes. Tom Daniels suggested to me that the Biblical creation of the world in six days may mean six stages of considerably longer duration than six twenty-four-hour time periods. He repeated the same scriptural verse that Gunderson had cited as an indication of the delightfulness of the Telestial Kingdom: "A day with the Lord is as a thousand years with man."

"Darwin and all that stuff, we don't buy it," he said to me one afternoon as we drove south from Salt Lake City toward the Granite Mountain Records Vault. "It's a godless theory." He also had misgivings about genetic engineering—about the day when a defective sequence of DNA could be replaced by a remodelled sequence that would instruct a cell to function correctly. Perhaps, I suggested, the time might come when people could identify and delete specific ancestral contributions—breaking away from their families at least in a purely physical sense—and those who wanted to be free-floating individualists could ad-lib themselves into the sort of people they had always wanted to be. "I don't think the Lord will let them get that far," Daniels said.

As we drove below the western flank of Traverse Mountain, Daniels pointed out a shelf that marked the shoreline of Lake Bonneville. The present Great Salt Lake is a remnant of Bonneville, which flooded Salt Lake Valley under a thousand feet of water at its high point, eighteen thousand years ago, during the last Ice Age. I wasn't eager to get into a discussion about the theological implications of its age with Daniels. He was, after all, taking me to the vault, which very few Mormons and hardly anybody outside the faith have been allowed to visit in recent years. Until 1967, there were tours of the vault, but then the society became worried about vandalism and about breath damage to the microfilm, and, like the Lascaux cave, it was closed to the public. A special meeting of the society's management had reviewed my request to make a visit, and Daniels had evidently spoken in my favor.



After we had been driving for about half an hour, we turned east, up Little Cottonwood Canyon, which is one of seven sheer-walled cavities cut through the Wasatch front by torrents that rush down into Salt Lake Valley. As we climbed the steeply rising floor of the canyon, the walls of rock narrowed. Vegetation reached up from wherever it had found a footing: fir, spruce, and lodgepole pine had colonized the angled strata of the shadier right-hand wall, and scrub oak, box elder, and sagebrush filled the cracks in the left-hand one, which was bathed in strong light. After about a mile, we turned north on an unobtrusive dirt road that led to the foot of a seven-hundred-foot cliff. This was Granite Mountain, part of a blister of hot fluid that had seeped up through the eight-hundred-million-year-old slate, quartzite, and sandstone of the lower canyon during the uplift of the Wasatch, and had cooled, crystallized, and been stripped by erosion and exposed. Much later, the cliff had been scraped by a succession of glaciers, so that it overhung in places. The rock was quartz monzonite, a variety of granite—white and very hard, sprinkled with black slivers of hornblende and sheets of biotite mica. At the base of the cliff were four large portals that looked somewhat like tunnel

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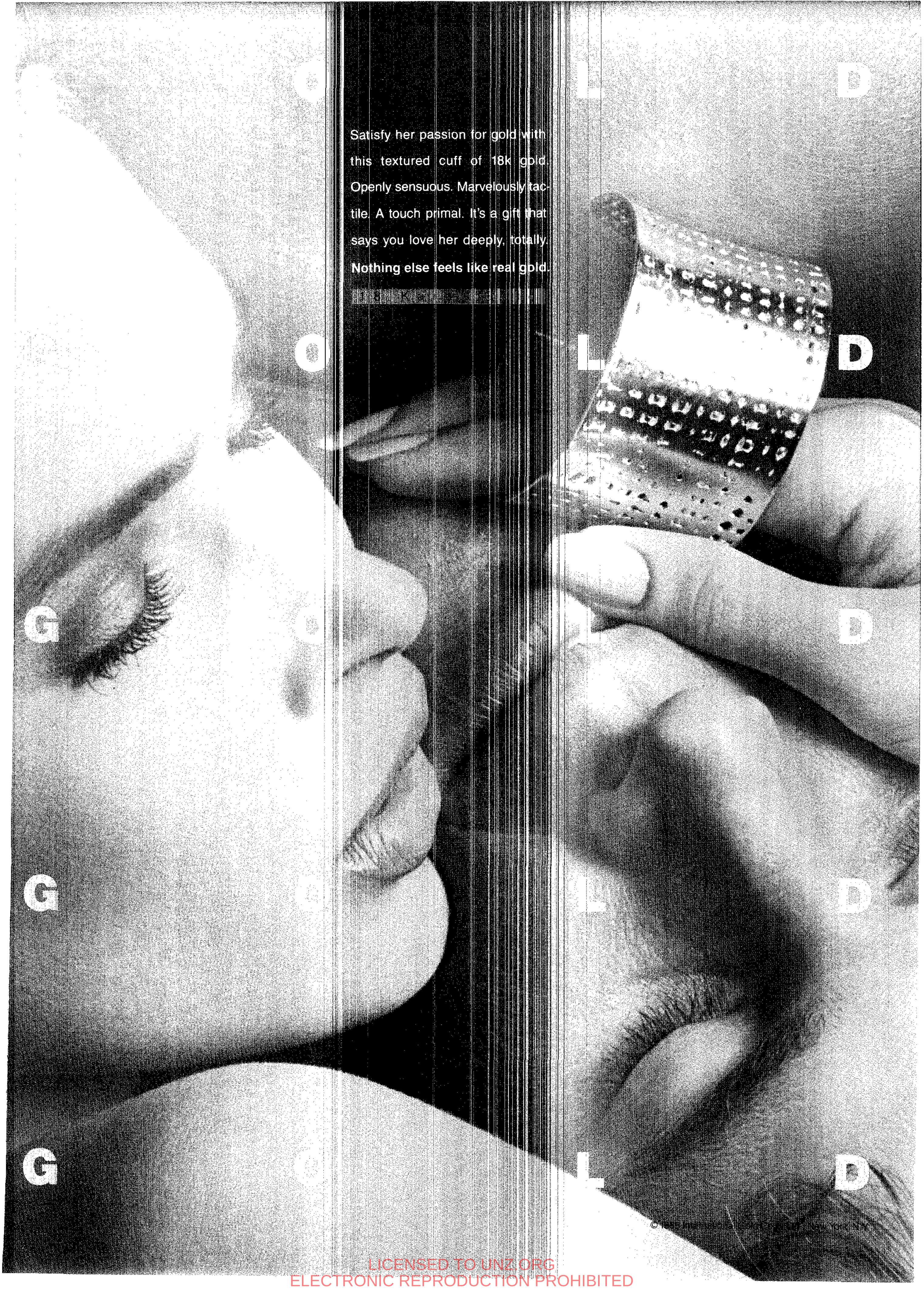
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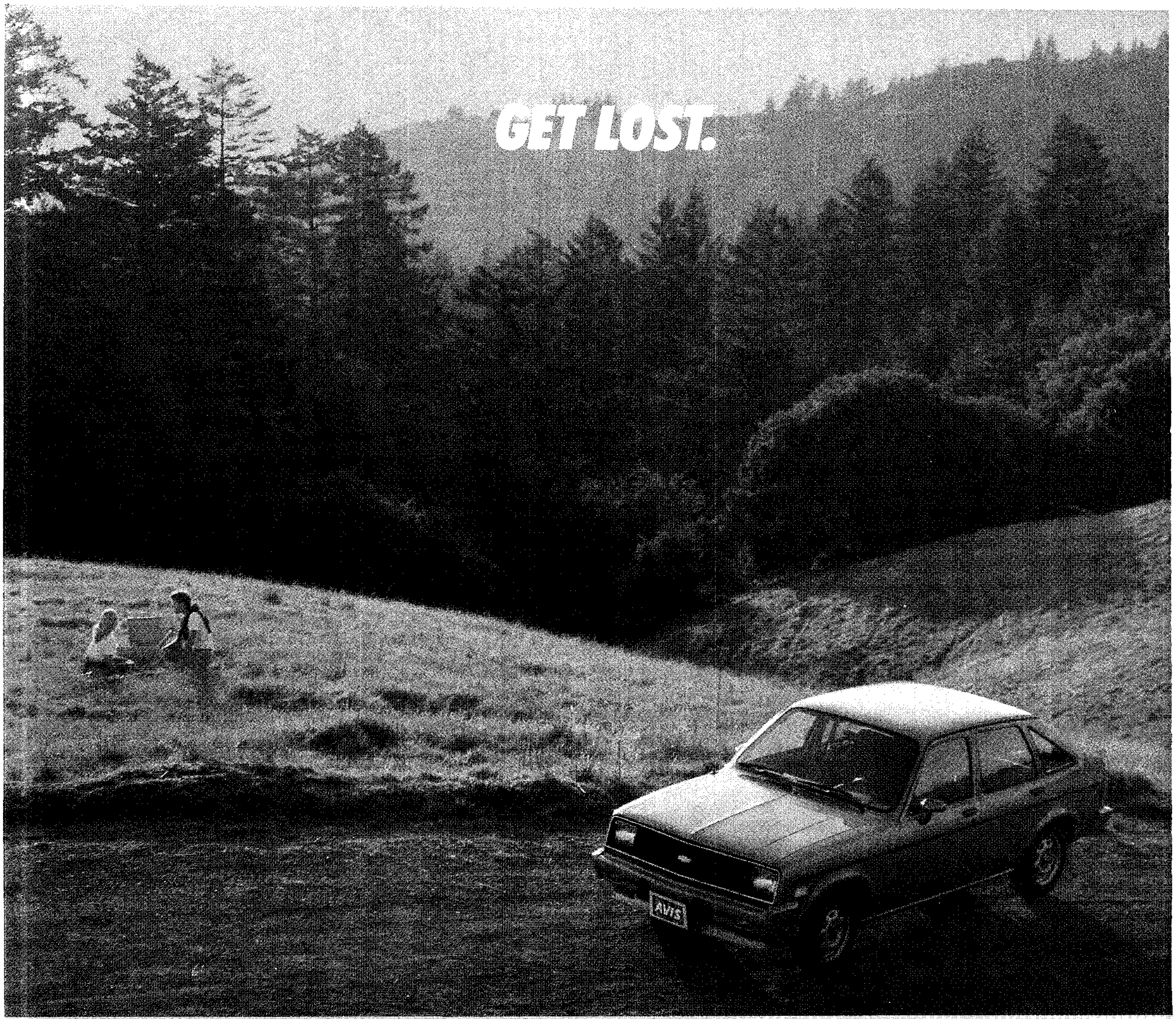

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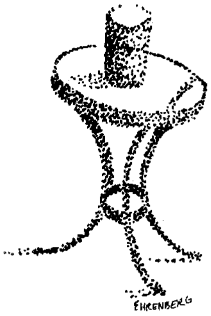
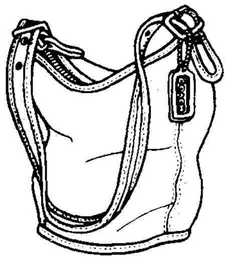
entrances and were protected by plate glass and steel grilles. Daniels told me that a few years earlier a young mountain climber had fallen to his death from the face of the cliff; that mountain goats were sometimes spotted on the ledges across the canyon; and that one morning somebody who was driving up to the vault had come upon a cougar in the parking lot. The only creature in evidence now was an orange butterfly arrayed with silver-green spots and black chevrons which was taking nectar from a nearby flowering sagebrush. It was some sort of fritillary—very possibly *Speyeria mormonia*, the so-called Mormon fritillary.

We parked, got out, walked over to a bunkerlike building to the right of the cliff—the personnel entrance to the vault—and went through a door. The air inside was a cool sixty degrees. Daniels faced a closed-circuit television camera and said, "Tom Daniels and party." A voice from a suspended loudspeaker answered, "O.K., sir, you're expected," and we were buzzed through a second door. We turned left, down a corridor lined with corrugated sheets of heavy-gauge steel which led into the mountain. At the end of the corridor, a man in a booth gave us identification tags, asked us to sign a register, and buzzed us through a third door, into a room where two women in orange smocks were opening cartons full of steel cans.



A large man who looked to be in his early thirties entered the room and greeted us warmly; this was Herbert White II, the manager of the vault. He told us that the vault was built between 1958 and 1963, at a cost of two million dollars; that it was high enough above the canyon floor—the altitude at the portals was six thousand feet—to be out of danger from spring floods; that it was probably nuclear-bomb-proof, although he hoped that that would never have to be demonstrated; and that it might even survive the tribulations at the start of the millennium, which the Mormons believe is not only imminent but overdue. "The Book of Revelation says that the earth will be levelled, valleys will be raised, and there will be a followup of the Flood, except that fire will be the main agent of destruction," White said. "We don't know what the Lord has in mind. Maybe He won't even need these records—He must know who has lived and when—but the purpose of this facility is to give the records the best protection we can for as long as we have control of them. That is the commitment we make to our donors. Think of what has already been lost—the Dutch records when the dikes burst in the fifties, for instance; the Nicaraguan records when Managua was hit by that earthquake a few years ago; the Buddhist necrologies that are destroyed whenever Japan is struck by a typhoon; all the European records that went up in smoke or were blown to smithereens in the Second World War."

We were in the shipping-and-receiving section, White said. The microfilm that was being unpacked had just been received from Frankfurt, Germany. The first thing the women in the orange smocks did after opening the cartons was to "marry" the number on each can to its computer punchcard, which had already been sent over from headquarters; the status of each roll is monitored by computer throughout the processing. Then the cans are taken to a laboratory, where technicians open them, in darkness, remove the film, and wind it on an Allen M-70 processor, which looks something like a miniature car wash and can develop ninety feet of film per minute. The developed film goes to the "negative-evaluation area," where visual checks are made on randomly selected frames to determine whether their density and their resolution are within certain standards. If the image is light or blurry, if there is poor contrast, or if a certain number of lines per millimetre are not registered by the evaluators' microscope, second- or third-generation prints of the film won't "read." Some cosmetic problems can be corrected by settings on the duplicators, but if the frames are not within the standards there is no alternative but to send the cameraman back to film the records again. If the film passes muster, working prints of it are made. A copy, as has been noted, goes to the donor; another, if the records are considered to be in the "heavily used" category, is put in circulation at the Genealogical Library; another eventually goes to one of the stakes for extraction. On an average day at the vault, sixty-five thousand rolls of microfilm are moving through the system—being developed, copied, put in storage, or



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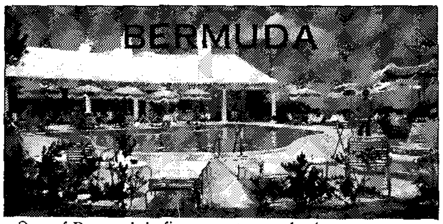

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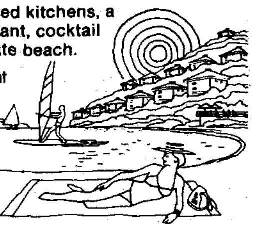

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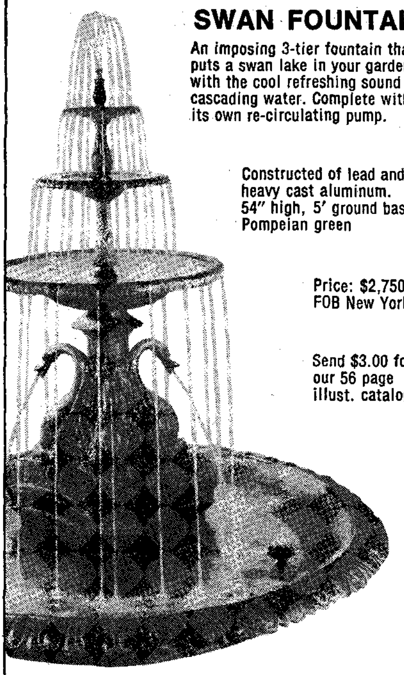
White led us through a lobby, past a piano with a Mormon hymnal open on its music stand, past a row of framed likenesses of the church's presidents—twelve, from Joseph Smith to Spencer Kimball—to show us the air-intake portal, where large particles in the incoming air are trapped in filter bags and smaller dust particles are extracted by carbon filters. On most days, automatic atmospheric adjustments are made by a Kathabar humidifier; the humidity in the canyon that day, for instance, was only nine per cent, and at least thirty-per-cent humidity has to be maintained for optimal microfilm storage. Elsewhere in the facility, ion-detection and smoke-detection alarms were ready to sound at the outbreak of fire. From a hallway parallel to the lobby, three corridors, each three hundred and fifty feet long, run straight into the mountain. They give access to six storage chambers, each two hundred feet by twenty-five. The entrance to each corridor is protected by a steel door made by the Mosler Safe Company. The left-hand and right-hand doors weigh nine tons each, and the center door weighs fourteen. The two side corridors generally remain closed. The door to the central corridor is opened at eight in the morning and shut at twenty minutes to five in the afternoon. Two combination locks must be dialled to open it. White wouldn't tell me how many people knew the combinations. Above each of the doors is an air vent, whose cover, mounted on spring-loaded blast locks, will automatically seal shut if there is an explosion outside. White reckoned that once the doors and the vents were shut—in the event of, say, a nuclear holocaust—the master films, which are kept in two of the chambers and are sealed off by other doors, would last "almost for eternity." The storage chambers themselves, which are lined with corrugated steel, are under five hundred feet of solid rock, with scarcely a fracture in it. The natural temperature in them hovers between fifty-nine and sixty-two degrees, and their relative humidity stays at around thirty per cent—perfect for indefinite storage. He opened the door to one of the two chambers that held the film (three others were stacked with processing equipment and computer tapes, and one was still empty). We peered down a narrow aisle, flanked by gray walls of metal cabinets, toward the vanishing point. Each wall was



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eighteen drawers high and eighty-eight cabinets long, and there was another aisle of cabinets on either side. Each drawer held seventy-five rolls of microfilm. Each roll was a hundred feet long and contained from thirteen hundred to two thousand pages of records—the equivalent of between three and six large volumes. A hundred years of the London *Times* would have taken up less than two drawers. Each chamber has room for eight hundred and eighty-five thousand four hundred rolls of film, and at that moment there were (according to a bulletin board in the chamber) a million two hundred and sixty-seven thousand five hundred and eighteen rolls in storage, some of them dating back to 1939, when the filming had begun, and containing in all about a billion and a half names of the dead—a figure that White warned was a sheer estimate, because most of the rolls had not yet been extracted.

Although the view down the storage chamber's aisle was unremarkable in itself, I began to realize that I was in the presence of a modern Wonder of the World. When I imagined myself as an extraterrestrial, or as one of the next species to inherit the earth, coming upon this room after the human race had destroyed itself, the view was breathtaking. I sensed that Daniels, too, was moved, although he must have seen the walls of drawers many times before. He said quietly, with a straightforwardness that I had come to admire, "In this mountain are the names of a billion and a half people who have walked the earth since the beginning of the sixteenth century." A few minutes later, we were outside again, in the bright land of the living.

—ALEX SHOUMATOFF

•

Goaltender Rick Kosti went over the 1,000-save mark for the second time in as many years during the weekend. Kosti, who has played in 77 of the 80 Bulldog games since he became illegible last fall, owns a superb 3.08 career goals against average, by far the best in school history.—*Press release from the University of Minnesota at Duluth.*

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There was an error in the Friday March 8 and Saturday March 9 Paradise Theatre ad showing Pinocchio Rated R. Pinocchio is rated G.—*Notice in the Long Beach (Calif.) Press-Telegram.*

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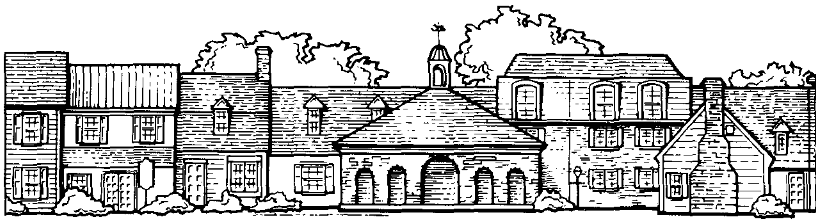

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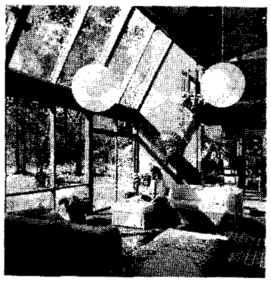

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Bill Rigney (former infielder, New York Giants; former manager, Giants, Angels, Twins): "Sometimes you should remind yourself that of all the things we have in this game—hits and runs and stolen bases and home runs—the thing we have the most of is outs. So it's important to be able to catch the ball out there and then to know what to do with it. You can't give a major-league team four outs in an inning and expect to win."

Frank White (second baseman, Kansas City Royals): "I don't notice that anybody thinks about defense a lot—not the fans, not all the managers, not even the front office. If they find some infielder who can hit, they're more likely to go with that kind of player than stay with one who can field and not hit much. The theory is that you can always shake another defensive infielder out of the trees when you want one. I don't believe it. Baseball is offense-minded because the fans like that. Defense isn't discussed unless your club is going good and it's close to World Series time."

Clete Boyer (coach, Oakland A's; former third baseman, Athletics, Yankees, Braves): "First basemen have a lot more to think about than third basemen. The shortstop—I don't know what's the hardest play for him. They're *all* hard, I guess. There's not much of a problem for him on the double play, because the whole situation's right in front of him, but the second baseman—he knows he's got to turn that thing, and the guy's breathing down his neck. You can get your legs torn up. More often than not, you see the second baseman turn it when he didn't have a chance, really. The judgment of infielders is something."

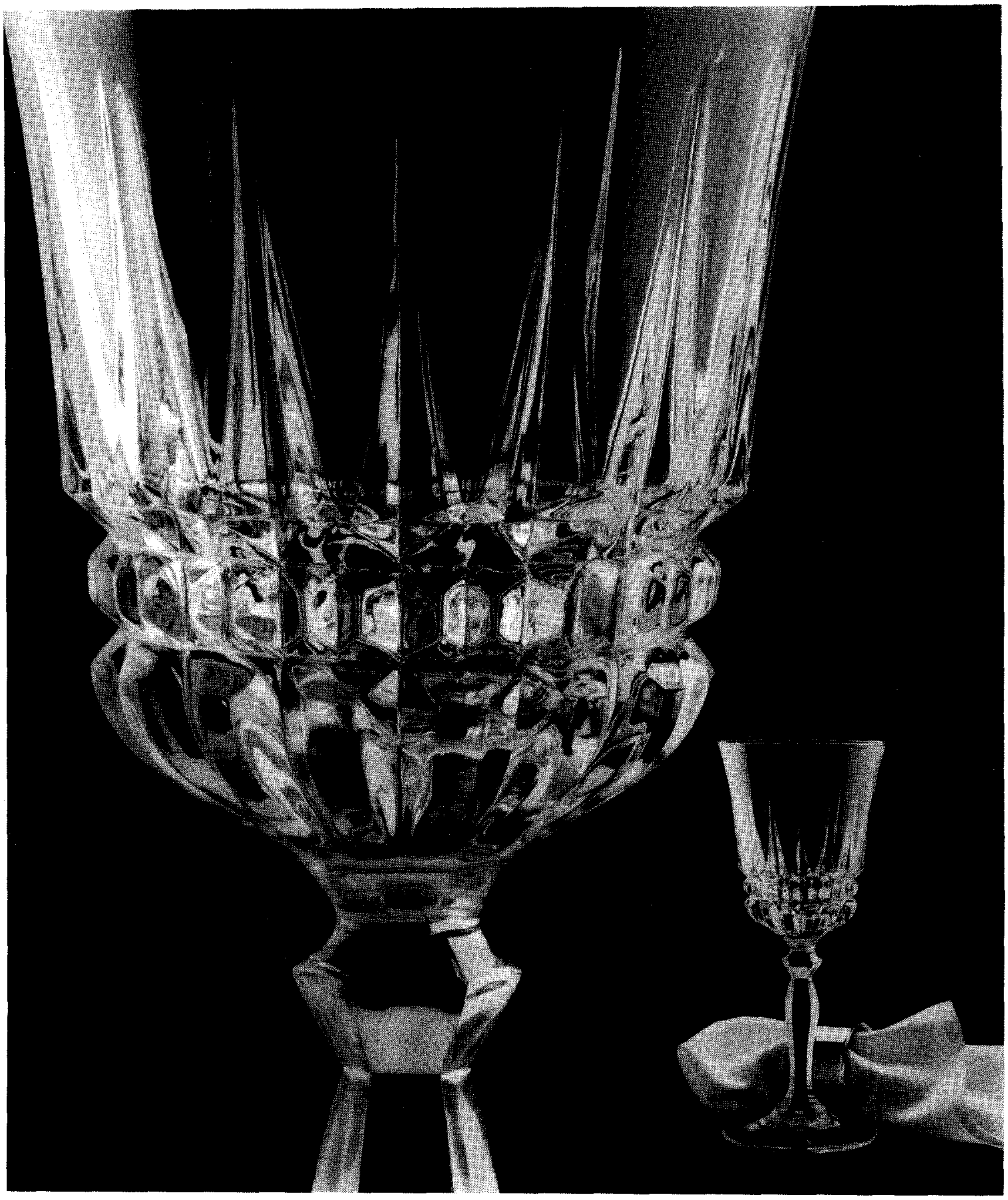
Keith Hernandez (first baseman, New York Mets): "There's a small percentage of left-handed batters today who are real pull hitters. There's an even smaller number of right-handed hitters who can hit the ball away and up the line. I play away from the bag, and that lets our second baseman play more up the middle than what's done on most clubs. I've got enough range so that I can be very aggressive about going for anything in the hole."

Dave Concepcion (shortstop, Cincinnati Reds): "I think being able to play the infield, especially playing shortstop, is something you're born with. You can't learn it—you have to have that ability from the beginning."

No, we fans will never quite learn this game, but there are rewards in trying. We can't step up to bat or take infield or get to play, ever, but we can look and listen and, most of all, try to make ourselves notice what we've been watching all along. Spring is the best time for this, before we get involved in scores and standings, or are distracted by hope. Players and coaches and managers are more willing to reflect on their profession when you approach them in the pre-season: bring a notebook and a good No. 10 sunscreen—mornings and afternoons were a white blaze in Florida and Arizona this year—and, with luck, you can improve yourself in the happiest fashion, which is to learn something you thought you already knew. This March, as the names of the deponents above suggest, I tried to sharpen up my infielding, and within days I felt more alert to all the different ways the ball is picked up and got rid of in the quicker instants of the pastime. Once again, I discovered how much more difficult baseball is than I had imagined. Although these seminars seemed less exacting than those I encountered in a recent survey course in catching, I soon understood that this was because infielding is a fine art, not a science—an aesthetic to be thrillingly glimpsed but, as Dave Concepcion suggested, never quite understood. The conventional wisdom about spring training is that it doesn't mean anything (it is never mentioned in the sporting press after the bell rings), but its languid, noncombative pace suits me very well, I find, not only for the pursuit of some special baseball discipline but because it provides me and the other early fans with a procession of trifling moments and glimpses and connections that feed our intuition about players and teams, and so keep us in the game. The season of 1985, in any case, will be the longest in history, thanks to the owners' impetuous recent decision to extend the league-championship playoffs to a best-of-seven-games format (it has been best-of-five), which may keep the World Se-

cde
A CooKie, Perhaps?
Sauers

"I like it."



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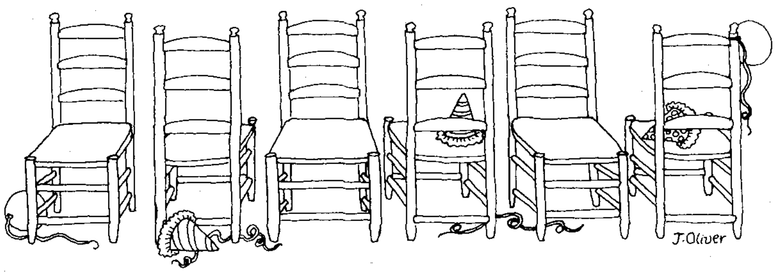
ries going until the last Sunday in October, and I, for one, am in no hurry to join the marathon.

In Winter Haven, I kept an eye on the Red Sox' twenty-one-year-old left-handed first-base phenom Sam Horn while different Bosox coaches and front-office people murmured in my ear about his power and potential: "Wait until he hits one. . . . Wait until you see him connect—just *wait* until you see him get those arms extended on a pitch. . . . Watch, now—you've never *seen* a ball hit so far." Horn is six feet five and goes a good two hundred and twenty pounds, so it wasn't hard to spot him in the batting cage or up at bat in a game, but I noticed that the chorus grew quieter when he was afield. Veteran scribes have mentioned Horn's resemblance to Orlando Cepeda around the bag, but what I saw was that his first response to a ground ball was always to raise his enormous arms and shoulders in an upward flapping motion, like a heron departing from a swamp: the feet came later. On one of my mornings in Winter Haven, the Mizuno Corporation, a Japanese sporting-goods concern, was displaying its wares from a van parked out beside the home clubhouse, and some Bosox prankster borrowed a gigantic, three-foot-wide Mizuno first baseman's mitt—a Bunyanesque commercial showpiece, a joke—and hung it on Horn's locker with a note: "For you." His fielding is the main question, then (he made twenty-nine errors at Winston-Salem last year), and he will work on it every day with the New Britain Red Sox this summer. I had a later look at Horn in St. Petersburg, ten days farther along in my tour, when he struck out three times against the Mets. I never did see him make good contact at the plate, but in the bottom of the seventh inning that day he startled me with a quickish move to his right, out beyond first, as he snaffled a well-struck ground ball hit by Wally Backman, staggered to keep his balance, and then whirled and threw to his pitcher, covering, in time for the out. I entered the 3-1 notation in my scorecard, and then circled it and added "Maybe!"

That game began in vivid fashion, when Dwight Gooden, the Mets' cover boy, fanned the side—Steve Lyons, Dwight Evans, Jim Rice—in the first inning, throwing so many off-speed pitches in the process that I wondered if there might be something wrong with his arm. Not to worry. He fanned Tony Armas, the first batter in the next stanza, with a first-class Gooden heater—ninety-something m.p.h. and *gone*—and then he struck out Horn, looking, on another breaking ball, for his fifth straight K. He worked five scoreless innings, with nine strikeouts in all. Somewhere during that delightful hour or so, I noticed that the first-row fans directly in front of me and my son, John Henry, were Gooden people—an older half brother, James; a small, ice-cream-covered nephew, Derek; a sister, Mercedes; and his parents, Ella Mae and Dan Gooden. They enjoyed those strikeouts, too, I need not add, but when Dwight came up to bat in the fourth against Mike Brown and stroked a little grounder up the middle that looked for one instant as if it might go through, they all screeched—and then winced in unison when the shortstop threw him out. In pitchers' families, base hits are what you yell about.

Gary Carter, the $1,700,000 catcher who came over to the Mets from the Montreal Expos during the winter in a trade for Hubie Brooks, Mike Fitzgerald, and two strong rookie prospects, didn't appear in this particular game, and, of course, it is unlikely that he would have done anything, good or bad, that would have added an atom's worth to our eventual judgment about the famous deal. Earlier, at Winter Haven, however, I did see the principal figure in the other gigantic off-season Gotham baseball trade disport himself in telling and amazing fashion in a Sunday game between the Yankees and the Red Sox. This was Rickey Henderson, the twenty-six-year-old, $1,500,000 outfielder who was acquired from the Oakland A's in return for a prime right-handed relief pitcher, Jay Howell; three excellent minor-league Yankee pitching prospects, José Rijo, Eric Plunk, and Tim Birtsas; and a young future outfielder, Stan Javier. Henderson, who will take over center field for the Yankees this year, is the holder of the single-season major-league record of one hundred and thirty stolen bases, and may already be the best base runner the game has ever seen; he is also an outstanding defensive fielder, a dangerous and sometimes devastating hitter, and an unconstant competitor, who had worn out his welcome with some of his Oakland teammates for his moody, sometimes mopey, ways. I have heard tales of Henderson's unwillingness to play (or play hard) in an afternoon game scheduled after a night game, and I recall a ridiculous spell of sulks a couple of years back, when he complained endlessly about the fit and feel of a new style of Oakland uniform. Henderson, in short, has the possibility of setting the Bronx or himself—or maybe both—on fire in the next few months while the world and George Steinbrenner look on. The last word about the great trade will not be written until the young ex-Yankees come of age out by the Bay, but in the meantime Rickey will give us no end of evidence about himself. On the day in question, the visiting, gray-clad Yankees climbed down from their bus and soon undertook a series of conditioning exercises on the left-field lawns (slow stretching has succeeded aerobics as the conditioner at the spring camps), and I noticed that Henderson, for reasons unclear to me, was a late participant, joining his teammates for perhaps the final three minutes of the workout. In the game, he popped a double to left field on Bruce Kison's very first delivery; he seemed to think the blow would be a home run and did not begin to run until the ball bounced against the fence. In the bottom of the inning, he unfurled a very fine throw after a catch in deep center field, thus holding a Boston base runner from further advance. In the second, in the middle of a six-run Yankee inning, he smoked a grounder about a yard to the right of the Boston shortstop, Jackie Gutierrez, and beat his throw to first on pure speed. He singled again in the fourth, for his third hit in three appearances. The next batter singled to right, and Henderson, perhaps forgetting that the Boston right fielder, Evans, has a famous arm, sailed a bit languidly around second, then speeded up at the last moment as he saw the



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third baseman preparing to take the throw; uncertain whether to slide or not, Henderson made an awkward little half-slide and pulled up lame on the bag. He left the game under his own steam, but the sprained (it turned out) ankle eventually had to be placed in a cast, and the injury ruined his spring and continued to keep him out of the Yankee lineup through the first two weeks of the regular season.

ANTIQUES
d. ehrenberg

No team evaluations or predicted standings will be offered in this late-spring reminiscence, by the way. I saw eighteen teams in action this spring, a bit more than my usual quota, but that also means that I did not see the eight other contenders at all. In any case, it would be unenlightening to present intuitions about a team that are based on three- or four-inning appearances by four or five regulars and five or four rookies and backup players who call themselves the Reds or the Padres or the Yankees on any given March afternoon. I don't mind passing along what players or managers *say*, however. Here, for instance, is Chet Lemon, center fielder on the World Champion Tigers: "Most of us Tigers are on long-term contracts, so we don't have to worry about that stuff. We have a nucleus of young veterans—we're mostly in our late twenties, and we've already had at least eight years in the majors. You don't run into that very often. We can reach down and find a little more—work on the little things that win ballgames. If you pay attention to how we play defense, you'll see how often the other team ends up with base runners on first and second instead of on first and third. We *enjoy* that. Keep watching and you'll see."

I'll be watching.

OLD fans and senior scribes want the spring camps to remain exactly the same; they should be like our vacation cottages at the lake or the shore—a fusty and familiar vicinity in which we discover, every year, the sparkle and renewing freshness of another summer. The wish is doomed, of course. Each succeeding March, the small ballparks are visibly more crowded and the audiences younger and more upscale, with affluent, Hertz-borne suburban families on the kids' spring break lately beginning to outnumber the cushion-carrying retirees in the stands. Authors and television crews people the sidelines at the morning workouts, and by game time the venders at the souvenir stands look like Bloomingdale's salesgirls during Christmas week. Spring training is "in," worse luck, and even the most remote baseball bivouacs are incipient Nantuckets. Out in Mesa, Arizona, descending hordes of Cubs fans absolutely swamped little HoHoKam Park every game day, lining up at breakfast time to buy up the twenty-three hundred unreserved seats that went on sale at ten o'clock; the park put in new bleacher seats over the winter, enlarging its capacity to eight thousand, but this was insufficient to handle the numbers of the new faithful, drawn west by the Cubs' first-place finish in the National League East last year and by the reach and spread of the Cubs' cable network, WGN. Every one of the box seats for every one of the sixteen home games was sold out before the brief season began, and the total spring attendance of 102,950 broke the old all-time spring record of 85,498, set by the Yankees at Fort Lauderdale in 1983. A friend of mine—a retired Chicago baseball writer who lives in Arizona now—told me that he drove over to the Cubs training complex on the very first day of spring training, when only the pitchers and catchers had reported, and counted license plates from twenty-six states in the parking lot. "There were maybe a thousand fans at the workout," he said. "A thousand, easy, just watching the pitchers doing sit-ups."

Chain O' Lakes Park, the Red Sox training site in Winter Haven, was less frantic, but it had changed, too. It was an inning or two into my first game there before I saw the difference: the old, fragrant orange grove out beyond the right-field and center-field fences was gone, replaced by a cluster of low, not quite finished white buildings, with a drooping banner out front that said "Lakefront Condominiums." I gestured miserably at this phenomenon, and my seatmate, a Boston writer, said, "Yes, I know. Remember when we used to write '. . . and Yaz hit it into the orchard'? Now what do we say?"

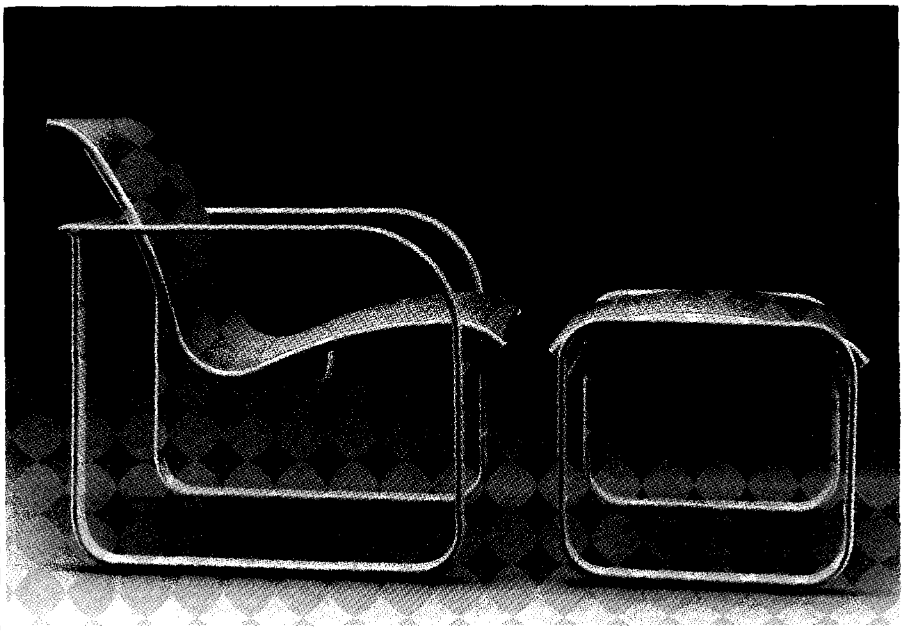
Trying to perk me up, he pointed out that the two nesting ospreys I had seen here on prior spring trips were still in residence in their big, slovenly nest on top of the light pole in short right-field foul ground; just the day before, he said, a batter with the visiting Reds had skied a foul ball that had landed in the nest—landed and stayed there, that is—but the birds did not seem discomposed. I kept an eye out, and over the next few innings I saw one or perhaps both of them depart and return to their perch, coming in with a last flutter of their great wings and then settling down on whatever they were keeping there above the field. Someday soon, I decided, we would hear about the first confirmed sighting of a young red-stitched osprey (*Pandion ueberrothiensis*) here, hard by the banks of Lake Lulu. I cheered up. A little later in that game, we had a brief shower—the first rain in weeks, I was told—and some of the older fans got up from their unprotected seats along the left- and right-field lines and came and stood in the aisles of the roofed grandstand, out of the wet. The game went on, with the sitting and standing fans quietly taking it in, and I had a sudden, oddly familiar impression (this has happened before, in this park at this time of year) that I had found my way into a large henhouse somewhere and was surrounded by elderly farmyard fowls. We perched there together, smelling the aroma of mixed dust and rain, and waited for the sun to come out again.

I BEGAN my infield tutorials on the very first day of my trip, and I tried to keep at them every day, waylaying practitioners or infield coaches or managers who came my way, and asking them what was hard or easy or unappreciated about their work in the field. I happily took whoever came along—some veterans, some journeymen, a few famous performers, some newcomers. All of them were established professionals. They didn't always agree with one another, of course, and I quickly realized that I lacked the expertise to weigh or evaluate their responses, even if I had wanted to. There is no right way to pick up a one-bounce rocket at third base, or to charge a soft hopper at second and make a whirling flip to the shortstop as he crosses the bag off to your right, and many of the men I talked to said that they themselves weren't always quite clear how they made the hard plays. The personalities of the different infielders—thoughtful, impatient, ironic, exuberant—seemed a very important part of their style of play, as they described it, and the number and variety of the answers I gathered left me with a flickering, videolike impression of the ways infielders do their work, rather than with any freeze-frame rules or certitudes. "How do you do what you do out there?" I kept asking, and the answer was mostly "Any way I can."

Jerry Remy, who has put in ten years at second base with the Angels and the Red Sox, told me that positioning himself in the field before every pitch required him to pick up the catcher's signal to the pitcher about the forthcoming delivery, to which he added his accumulated knowledge and hunches about the abilities and habits of the batter, and of the base runner (if any). Most of all, though, he had to know his pitcher. "With Bob Stanley pitching, I wouldn't play a dead-pull left-handed hitter the way I would if it was Roger Clemens pitching, let's say, because nobody pulls Stanley. Stanley is easy. He doesn't walk anybody, and you get almost all ground balls, because of that sinker. I played behind Nolan Ryan a couple of years, and you could throw all that stuff out the window, because the batters were just trying to make contact. There were high counts and fouls and walks and—well, it wore you out. Then, if you've got a real quick base runner on first—a Rickey Henderson, say—it makes a tremendous difference in the way the whole infield plays. On bunt situations then, I've got to be cheating toward second base all the time. If the runner fakes a steal and you make one little move toward second to cover, you can be dead: the ball's hit by you. If he's on second, you got to be keeping him close, and that means you might miss anything hit off on the first-base side. A runner doesn't even need a whole lot of speed to make that work. A team like the Tigers doesn't have all that much speed, but they think aggressively on the bases, and that changes the way you have to play them."

Remy, who is thirty-two, has a narrow face, a small mustache, and a contained, street-smart way of talking. I was surprised and then touched by his willingness to talk about his work at all, for it had been announced only the day before that he was probably finished as a second baseman. Once a wonderfully quick and spirited infielder, he has played with increasing difficulty over the past six seasons, as a result of an accident in July, 1979, when he caught his spikes while sliding into home plate at Yankee Stadium. Five operations on his left knee

BROWN JORDAN



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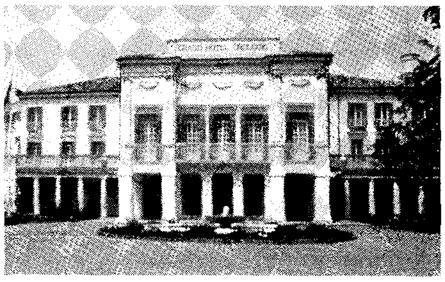

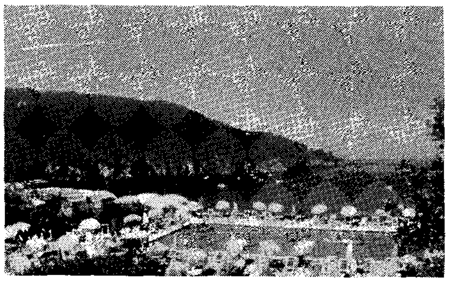

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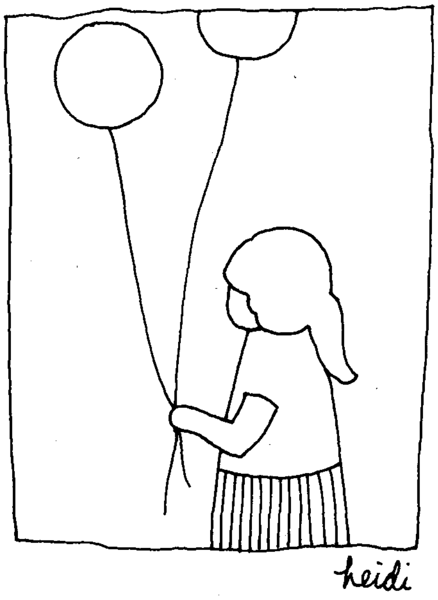
have failed to relieve the intense pain he feels whenever he attempts the twisting pivot at second base in the middle of a double play, and now he was trying to hang on with the club as a pinch-hitter. I suggested to Jerry that he might not want to talk to me just then, in view of the news, but he smiled and made a dismissing gesture. "It doesn't hurt to talk," he said. (Just before the season opened, I must report, the Red Sox, trimming their roster to the obligatory twenty-five players, placed him on the twenty-one-day disabled list—a message that the club had decided that it couldn't afford to keep him on only as a pinch-hitter. He took the news in good part—there were no hard feelings, he told me by telephone—and he and Dr. Arthur Pappas, the Red Sox physician, have just decided that one more arthroscopic procedure, the sixth and final surgical tinkering, might possibly relieve his pain. No major surgery would be attempted. "I want this because it will settle things once and for all," Remy said. "I didn't like the idea of just being a pinch-hitter—not playing the infield at all. This way, I can get better and be a real player again, or else that's it—it's over and I'll know it, and I'll go on to the next thing. So it's all right.")

Remy said that the most difficult play for him at second base had always been the one on a ball hit off to his left, with a base runner on first, which meant that he had to turn completely around, spinning three hundred degrees or so and making the throw back to second with the same motion. We were sitting side by side on a railroad-tie embankment next to the Red Sox batting cages, and as Remy described this he made a little half-turn in illustration, with his arms reaching to his left for the invisible ball; the gesture of his upper body was like a snapshot, and I had a sudden flash of Remy in the field again, making the play.

"If that ball's hit at all soft, you're probably not going to make the play," he went on. "But even if you think you've got a chance, you'll tend to rush your throw, and the ball can fly all over the place. You want to try to take the extra second to make that throw. Turning the double play can be real tough, of course. I always try to hit the bag with my left foot when I'm taking the throw. Then I can either back off or go across or go behind the bag, depending on the situation. The hardest D.P. is probably going to come on the throw over to you from third base, because the runner's going to be a little closer. You end up making all different kinds of pivots and throws, depending on who's giving you the ball. When Carney Lansford played here, his ball from third was always the same, and you could count on getting off your own same throw across to first. A guy like Wade Boggs, now, his throw tends to sink. If the man at third doesn't have such good control, or if it's a tough play of some kind for him, I'll try to straddle the bag, if I can get there in time, so's to be more ready. Then when I do go to first—well, I guess I've made every kind of throw there is."

I asked where such things could be learned and perfected, and Remy said that most of his habits afield had been instilled years ago, when he was a young infielder coming up in the Angels system and had worked with a coach named Bob Clear. "I've used the same moves ever since, I guess," he said. "Things like going over to the bag a little bit bent, so you can handle the ball better and get it off quicker. And if you're there a little early, even staying *behind* the base, so if there's a wild throw you're not stretched out by being up on top of the bag. Adjust to the ball, adjust to the base runner. If you ask me after the game how I made the play, I probably can't tell you. If I've got Don Baylor comin' in on me, I'm sure not thinking about how it's done. But at least in certain situations—say, first and third, with less than two outs—you know they'll be coming after you. A select few will take a crack at you every time. Baylor's probably the best at it—or he was when he could run better. Hal McRae, of course. George Brett. Hrbek does it well. Winfield, because he's so damn big—he can slide five feet out of the baseline and still take you down. Big guys with speed are what you watch for. With all that going on, I don't think there's anybody playing second base who can say he's real technical about it. There's no time for that—you just get it done. You do it in infield practice and then in games, but you don't work on it, if you see what I mean. You take extra batting practice all the time, but in my whole career I never practiced taking extra double plays."



Marty Barrett, who replaced Remy at second for the Red Sox last year (and batted .303 in the process), mentioned most of the same runaway-truck base runners that Remy had listed for me, and threw in Reggie Jackson and Chet Lemon for good measure. "You have to have an idea about these guys and how they come at you," he told me. "But knowing the batters—knowing where to play them all, and being with the pitcher—is the main thing. You pick that up quicker than you'd think. I won't have to make as many tough plays this year, because I'll be positioning myself better. Of course, I was up with the Sox for most of '83, even though I didn't get in a lot of games, and I really paid attention to where Jerry played everybody. Position, and all that—the pitchers, the batters—means everything for me, because I don't have that much range. You look at a Frank White or a Lou Whitaker"—the Gold Glove second baseman with the World Champion Tigers—"and they basically stay within a three- or four-foot spot on the field. I really believe they can play a whole game just from there—they're that quick—while I'll be starting from over in the hole to way up the middle. I'm twenty to thirty feet different, depending on the batter."

Frank White, it turned out, had just about the same ideas as Barrett about positioning. "I think as you learn the players more, over the years, the great plays are going to come easier, because you're in the right place and ready for the ball," he said to me. "When I first came up, I was making these super plays all over the place—*wow! hey!*—because I didn't know where I was supposed to be. When I knew the hitters and knew the pitchers, that kind of slowed down. I'd learned where to play, I'm saying. Maybe I'm playing better now but getting noticed less." He laughed.

White is an engaging fellow—an intelligent, invariably cheerful star player, with a dazzling smile. He is thirty-four and has played second base for the Royals for more than eleven seasons, winning six consecutive Gold Gloves through the 1982 campaign; the honor (it is voted by each team's players, coaches, and manager) went to Whitaker the last two years, but you can still get an argument in clubhouses around the league about which of the two is the better second baseman. White told me that there was less sudden body contact around his base now than when he came up. "The runners aren't so bad now that they make them slide a little sooner," he said. "Before they changed the ruling, everything was a cross-body block. When we played the Yankees in the 1977 playoffs, Hal McRae took out Willie Randolph with a shot way over beyond the bag at second—you remember that [I did indeed]—and it was legal, because at that time base runners didn't have to slide at all. They could just run right over you. The rules were changed after that, so at least they have to slide first now. Most of the times now when a guy gets taken out it's on the first-and-second situation or a bases-loaded situation, where the man on first isn't being held close, so he gets down at you in a hurry on an average-hit ball. I've only been hit bad twice, and it was in a bases-loaded situation both times. Once was by Doug DeCinces, back in '78, and I twisted my knee. And then I got hit by Dwight Evans once and landed on my shoulder and missed a couple of weeks."

Two damaging collisions in fifteen hundred-odd games: I expressed amazement.

"I'm *awake* out there," White said. "By the time I get to the base, I know if I'm going to get one or try for two. I never bail out. You only have to bail out if you haven't made up your mind." He told me that a second baseman's throw to first under these circumstances is often less than picture-perfect. Like all fielders, he tries to take the ball with his fingers across the seams when getting off a throw, because the ensuing spin makes the peg much more accurate. "You try to grab seams, but you don't always have time for it," he said. "In most cases, your hand sort of goes there automatically. But on the D.P. sometimes I'm throwing over with three fingers, or even with the ball in the palm of my hand. The general idea is any way you can,

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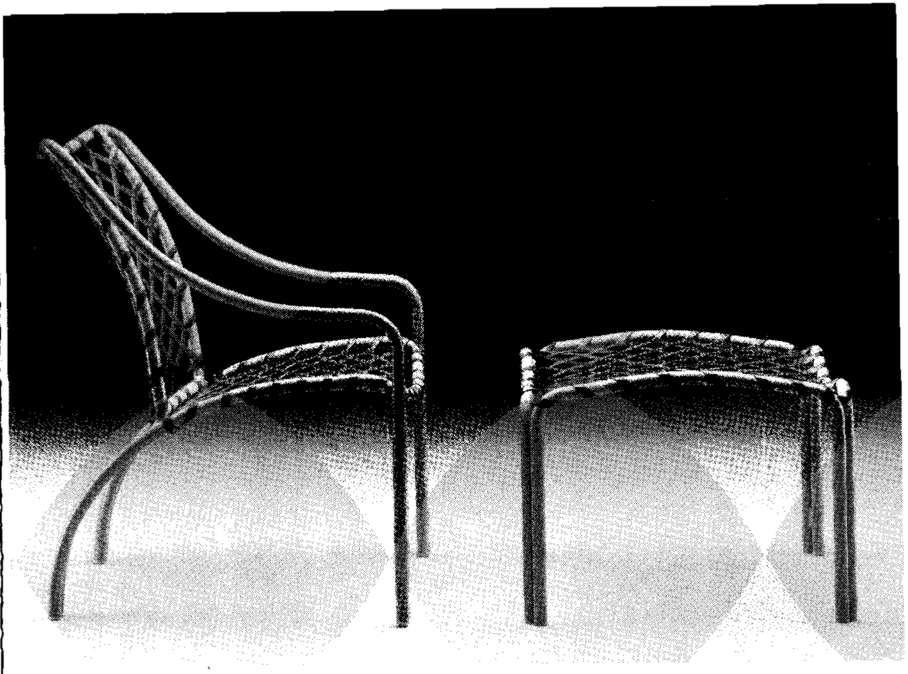

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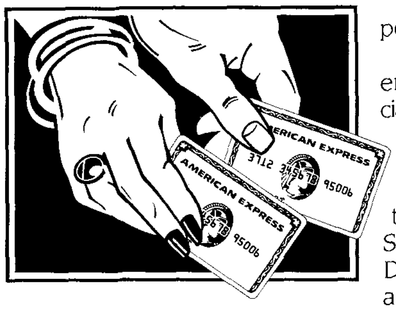

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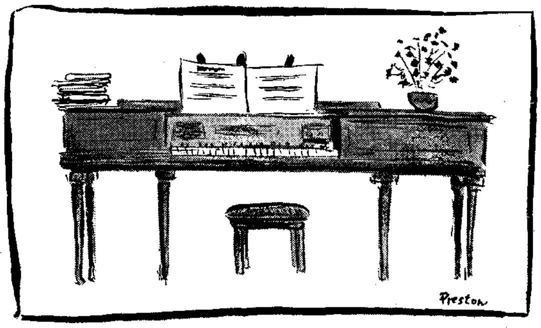
and as quick as you can. That's why you appreciate having a real big first baseman over there to throw to—a guy like Steve Balboni, here. It's a comfort to your mind."

SPRING games show us such a mixture of player talent and experience and degrees of readiness for the coming season—often in the very same inning—that we fans should probably try to remember only the good parts. With a little effort, I can recall a near-perfect outing this March by the Tigers' bellwether, Jack Morris, in which he dismissed (for the most part) the Red Sox with a handful of pitches over five shutout innings, showing us that down-biting split-fingered fastball and his almost visible hunger for outs. There was also a pleasing and most surprising performance by an unknown (to me, at least) Mets rookie left-hander named Bill Latham, working against a second-line White Sox lineup. Latham had a good sinkerball and a lovely way of changing speeds; he looked almost like another Mike Boddicker. I was *not* surprised when he started the season with the big-league team. I also recall some rewarding moments in a Padres-Giants game, out in Scottsdale, when Eric Show was working for the San Diegos and I suddenly realized how intelligently he hides the ball during his oddly stiff right-handed delivery—producing it at the last instant from behind his pitching shoulder, like an archer plucking an arrow from his quiver. Such sunny patches of the game are good for one's character, I suppose, but I must confess that my fan's soul has a darker side, which secretly grins and rubs its hands over the calamities and free-fall disasters of the sport. These are often more prolonged in the spring, because the man out there—especially a pitcher—needs the work. An hour after deplaning in Arizona, I got to a Phoenix Stadium game, already in progress, in time to see the talented Oakland right-hander Mike Warren (he threw a no-hitter in 1983) staggering through a twelve-hit, ten-run, three-inning disaster against the Angels. Pitchers aren't always the only bloodied victims, of course; it isn't easy for a catcher to make four errors in a single game, but a recheck of my scorecard confirms that I saw Doug (Eye Chart) Gwosdz, the backup Giants receiver, pull off this uncoup (no details, please) against the Mariners one afternoon. Back to the pitchers: Shane Rawley, the veteran Phillies southpaw, came all the way down to Fort Myers on the team bus from Clearwater to pitch against the Royals one day, and had precious little fun out of the trip—thirteen hits and eleven runs and two and one-third innings of work. (One of the runs was unearned.) I had heard beforehand that Rawley was a tad slow in rounding into form this spring: in an earlier appearance against the Reds, he surrendered eight runs in the first inning, while retiring only one batter—Mario Soto, the pitcher. To be sure, old pros are aware of, if not entranced by, such March possibilities, and they can also expect to hear from their teammates about them later on. After the game against the Reds, Rawley was approached by another veteran Phillie flinger, Jerry Koosman, who said, "Let's look on the bright side. How did you pitch to Soto?" Rawley's slow turnings on the spit in Fort Myers (Willie Wilson rapped him for a single and two doubles; Steve Balboni had a single, a double, and a home run) found the press-box wits in form ("Shane's working on a thirteen-hitter," one scribe murmured in my ear), but these gibes are never as cruel as they sound. Bad games—laughers—are refreshing, for they release us all from the spare, scoreless stretches of the game and the silencing wonders of extraordinary skill.



In truth, we want things to go well. José Rijo, a nineteen-year-old right-handed pitcher, came over to the Oakland A's during the winter as part of the multi-player swap for Rickey Henderson, and everyone in Arizona was pulling for him, it seemed. He was not on the club roster, but it was understood that a good spring performance might well win him a spot. Just a year ago, he had started the season with the Yankees, after a succession of brilliant spring outings. It was amazing for a teen-ager to be pitching at Yankee Stadium, and the New York press made much of it, especially since there was another very young rookie embarking upon a pitching career just across town: Dwight Gooden. Rijo started some games and was also tried in relief, but nothing went right for him. He was 2–8 with the Yankees, over all, with an earned-run average of 4.76, and didn't fare much better down in Columbus: 3–3 and 4.41. Inevitably, he was given a great deal of advice throughout the dismal season, but none of it helped much. One scout in Arizona said, "The kid had twenty-six coaches, Boss Steinbrenner, and eight New York writers telling him how to pitch. No wonder he was confused." I watched Rijo work some middle innings against the Indians at Phoenix one day, and admired the fluidity of his delivery and his down-thrusting shoulder drive. My companion in the stands just then was Don Sutton, the senior seneschal of the Oakland staff, who was voluble in his admiration for Rijo's stuff. "All he has to do is get his hook over—just throw it for the cup," he said. "And that fastball has some giddyap on it, when it's up. When he throws it lower, he's got less on it—it's aimed a little. But those two pitches should be good enough. Let's just don't let him try to please everybody this year." Rijo seemed to lose confidence as the game went on, though, and he gave up some frightening shots to the visitors in his last half-inning. The next morning, an upper-echelon A's tactician told me that the club was a little baffled about the youngster. "He's got good stuff, but everything is *straight*," he said. "There's no movement on the ball when it's crossing the plate, and the hitters have been having his lunch. I think he's got to begin to grip the ball a little different, to make it ride or run." Four days later, Rijo got the call in the middle of the sixth inning of a game against the Giants, with two outs and the bases loaded: a test, clearly. He got two strikes on Chili Davis and then gave up a two-run single to right. Jeff Leonard singled—a rocket—driving in two more runs, and Joel Youngblood scored him with a double to the left-field wall. Then David Green singled, for another run. "So long, José—see you next year!" a fan called from the stands. Nobody laughed.

You look for compensations. Al Bumbry, let go last fall after twelve years in the Orioles outfield, found no takers in the free-agent market over the winter but got one more chance, with the San

Diego Padres in March, and made it in a breeze. When I saw him in Arizona, he said that he hadn't been able to get used to wearing an anonymous high number on his uniform. "Can't *remember*," he said, smiling. "I keep signing my autographs the same old way—'Al Bumbry, No. 1.' " Tony Perez, for his part, was given no number at all by the Reds this time around; they had released him last fall, at the end of his twenty-first season in the majors, but allowed him to come back to camp one more time, if he wanted. I found him in the lineup against the Blue Jays in Dunedin, Florida, one afternoon, at which point he was batting .563 for the spring. He poled a drive into the left-field corner in the seventh, and got all the way around to second base: a statesmanlike double. He made the club, needless to say. Whenever he and Dave Concepcion and player-manager Pete Rose are in the Reds lineup together this year, the fans in Riverfront Stadium will be looking at better than thirty thousand major-league at-bats out there.

Vida Blue meant the most, somehow. After being given his outright release by the Kansas City club in midsummer of 1983, he served a jail term on a drug charge. He underwent treatment for cocaine and alcohol addiction, and made application to return to the game last year but was rebuffed by the Commissioner's office. Cleared for action this spring, he was invited to camp by the Giants on a trial basis, and reported in splendid condition, after playing winter ball in Puerto Rico. He performed capably in several outings, and then pitched four exemplary innings against the Padres in his final test, showing us that characteristic high knee-crook and still thrilling—to me, at least—over-the-top motion. One of his pitches was clocked at ninety-three m.p.h., I learned after the game, but to my eye he didn't seem to have much of his old heat; after all, he is thirty-five now. In any case, he allowed only one run in his stint, after giving up a triple to Kevin McReynolds. I think he won the job on his very last out, when he got Terry Kennedy on a picture-book change-up curve—*exactly* the kind of pitch that management hopes for from a famous ex-fireballer who is slated for long relief. At a little press conference in Scottsdale Stadium the next morning, the Giants announced that Vida had been signed to a one-year contract, and after it was over Blue shook hands with everyone in the

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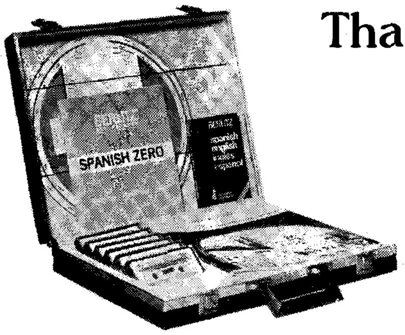

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room. Baseball, like other communities, has not been much at ease about its continuing long-term problems with drug addiction, and I admired General Manager Tom Haller's quiet comment: "What's good for Vida Blue is good for the Giants." I have a favorite baseball lapel button—a gift from the baseball writer and baseball poet Joel Oppenheimer—which I keep stuck on top of a bulletin board at home; it says "Ars Longa, Vida Blue." Now I can look at it and smile again.

Dave Concepcion has been the Cincinnati Reds' shortstop ever since 1970. He played in four World Series and five league-championship playoffs in the nineteen-seventies—the glory days of the Big Red Machine—and he has won five Gold Gloves and has been tapped for nine All-Star Games. Nowadays, other shortstops—Ozzie Smith, Alan Trammell, Cal Ripken, Robin Yount (who has moved to left field this year for the Brewers, because of a shoulder problem), Tony Fernandez—are mentioned before he is in most press-box comparative-lit seminars, but none of them has played as well for as long as he has. (It is the opinion of many front-office people, by the way, that there has rarely been an era in the game when there were as many remarkable athletes on view in the middle-infield positions as there are right now.) Concepcion, in any case, is approaching the end of his career. He had bone chips removed from the elbow of his throwing arm in 1980 and an operation on his left shoulder in 1983. He is thirty-six years old, and looks it—a rangy, narrow infielder (he is six-one), with bony shoulders and a careworn expression. He is a Venezuelan, and speaks with a slight accent. He seemed a bit reticent in talking about his position, but then so was I; perhaps we both felt that playing short is almost too difficult to be put into words.

"For me," he said at one point, "the hard play is always the ball that's hit easy and right at you. You don't know if you should charge it or stay back. You're on your heels, and sometimes you have to stop, so the ball can come to you. The hard ground ball, it comes with the bounces right there, and you can always play the right one—the one you have to. You see what I mean?"

I asked about the play in the hole—the difficult chance that sends the shortstop far to his right to grab the ball and simultaneously plant his right foot for the long, quick throw.

"It's tough, because you got to stretch yourself to get to the ball and right away try to make that good throw. You got no time to get yourself set. Making the throw—that's the main thing. Be quick *and make a good throw.*"

Riverfront Stadium has AstroTurf, and for some years now Concepcion has been making his longer pegs over to first base—especially on plays from the hole—by bouncing the ball on the infield carpet. He does this only on artificial grass, where the bounce is true. The innovation seemed controversial at first, perhaps because it looked so much less pleasing and powerful than the full, airborne throw, but now a few other shortstops have taken it up; some players believe that a bounced throw actually picks up speed as it skips off the carpet. "I use it a lot of the time on AstroTurf now," Concepcion said. "I first saw that when Brooks Robinson did it at Riverfront in the World Series of 1970. He got a ball hit down the line way behind third and got rid of it, *bang!*"—he slapped his hands together—"like only he could do. It bounced, but Boog Powell dug it out, and they got the runner. I couldn't hardly believe it. It was in the second game of that Series, I think. I don't think Brooksie meant it—he had no chance, you know—but I thought about it that winter. I could still see the play. Then I had elbow trouble the next spring, so I began trying it—but on purpose, you know, to protect my arm. Our first baseman—it was Lee May; Perez was later—didn't complain, and I kept on with it. On turf, it's a good play. Brooks Robinson started it, but I registered the patent."

We discussed some other matters—grabbing seams, relaying the catcher's signals to the third baseman, what it was like to play with Joe Morgan at second base all those years (it was great), why you should always get to the bag early if you're making the throw from second on a double play (because you may throw low but you'll never throw wide that way)—and then there was a pause. "Defense, it always meant a lot to me," he said unexpectedly, glancing at me to be sure I understood. "Batting gives you some great moments, but defense, it's— Defense is a joy to me every day. I think fans like defense next best to the home runs. I really think that. A lot of guys can catch the ball and make the great play, but not a lot can throw the ball with control. Decent hands and a steady arm is what you want. You got that, you got it made."

Keith Hernandez is more outspoken and more intense than Concepcion—he exudes confidence and precision in conversation, just as he does on the field—but you hear the same pride in his work when he talks defense. "I can win a game with my glove just as easy as I can with my bat," he said to me. "The most difficult thing when you're a young player and you're trying to establish yourself is to learn to separate that part of it from the rest of your game. You get in a slump and you tend to take it with you out onto the field. Now when I'm going bad up at bat I make it a point to be good at what I'm doing on defense."

Hernandez, of course, is *very* good at what he's doing, at all levels of the game. He batted .311 for the Mets last year, and finished second to the Cubs' second baseman, Ryne Sandberg, in the post-season balloting for the league's Most Valuable Player. I have hesitated to mention defensive statistics here, since there are so many variables (team pitching, grass and artificial playing surfaces, and so on), but the easiest way to convey Hernandez' exceptional range and mobility is to point out that he had one hundred and forty-two assists in 1984, while the nearest National League first baseman had fewer than a hundred. (Eddie Murray, of the Orioles, led the American League with one hundred and forty-three, but his margin over his peers wasn't quite so decisive.) Hernandez committed eight errors last year; Steve Garvey, who plays first for the Padres, did not make an error all year, but he accounted for only eighty-seven assists.

Not quite believing such evidence, I once asked Hernandez' manager, Davey Johnson, how he appraised the man's work. "That's easy," Johnson said. "He's the best I ever saw."

"I'll make more plays than some, because I'm willing to go so far in the hole" is the way Hernandez explained it. "The hard play for me is when I have to throw overhand from the hole back to a pitcher who's breaking for the bag. It's like being a quarterback throwing to an end on a look-in pattern in football. I want to try to get the ball to him before he gets to the bag—about two steps before, if I can—so he can catch it and then look for the bag. The 3-6-3”—this is the rare, pleasing play when the first baseman takes a grounder, wheels to the shortstop to retire a base runner going down to second, and gets back to his base in time to take the return throw to beat the batter—“used to be tough for me, but it's not so bad now. About six years into my career, I suddenly realized—it just came to me—that there was no point in my waiting around to see if I'd made a good throw in that situation. If I've thrown it away, I've thrown it away. Now I throw the ball and then turn my back and run straight to the bag. You want to be there to take that throw back, because it's the hardest thing in the world for the *pitcher* to get all the way over and make that catch.”

I asked if any other first basemen made the 3-6-3 that way.

“Not that I've noticed,” he said.

What I understood in time—it just came to me—is that there is nothing defensive about Keith Hernandez' thinking about defense. “How many right-handed hitters can hit the ball up the line to right?” he asked me at one point, and then answered his question at once. “A few. Sandberg does it very well. Moreland does it. Maybe a couple of others. It's funny, but almost nobody who bats left-handed in my league can really pull the ball down the line. If that's true, there's just no point in playing the line so close. In the late innings, you're supposed to stay up next to the line if you're defending a one-run lead, so you won't let a ball get by you for extra bases. Everybody knows that—it's almost a rule—so you see them all playing three feet from the line. But I'll be six feet or more away from it, depending on the batter and the pitch, and that's fine with Davey Johnson—we agree. If you ask most players and managers about it, they'll say yes, of course, you get beat more on balls hit into the hole—it's nine times out of ten, I think—but they don't play it that way. It's ridiculous.”

PLAYERS take extra batting practice in the spring; managers work on their talking. Each visiting team that buses in for an early Grapefruit

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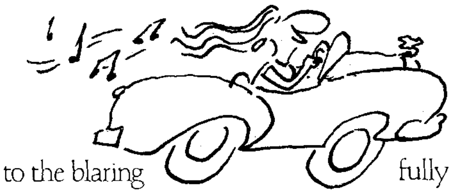

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League or Cactus League game brings baseball writers with it (in their own cars, for the most part), and there are the obligatory ensuing double interviews: the out-of-town writers talking to the tenured resident, and the local scribes interviewing the road skipper. The tone is more optimistic and laid-back than what one hears under similar circumstances in midsummer; these are reunions of professionals who are mostly old friends, and everyone is happy to be back in the sun once again, in on a fresh beginning. In Winter Haven, Sparky Anderson was complaining about the demands made on him over the winter as a result of his Tigers' triumph in the World Series last fall, but his heart wasn't really in it. A year ago, Anderson was obsessed by his wish to win an American League pennant. His Cincinnati teams of the nineteen-seventies won four league championships and were twice World Champions—they won so often, in fact, that Sparky was sometimes called a "push-button manager." He bitterly resented this slur, and would bring it up in conversation at every possible juncture, quickly listing the lineup changes he had made while he put together the Big Red Machine, and then mentioning the team's weak pitching. Now all that is behind him. Anderson lives in California, and he told us writers that he had made nine trips to the East Coast on the banquet circuit. "I went to every dinner there is," he said. "Not a *hundred*, maybe, but it felt like it. I was in Beaumont, in Oklahoma City, El Paso, Dayton, Columbus, Norfolk, Charlotte, Manchester, New Hampshire, and you name it. All those plus the big cities. I'm not going to make any more appearances, ever. I don't think I've ever enjoyed a spring more than this one."

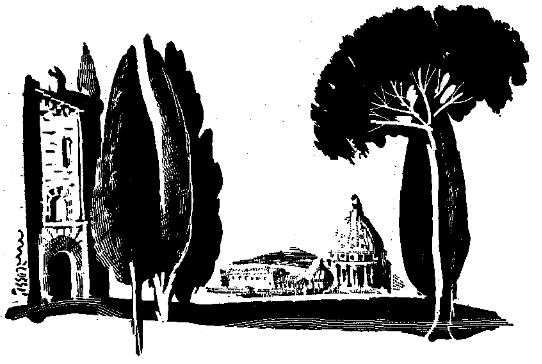
John McNamara, who, after managing the Angels for the last two seasons, succeeded Ralph Houk at the Boston helm over the winter (Houk retired), sat in the sun one morning at Winter Haven and talked with a couple of writers about job security. His cap was tipped low over his beaky, agreeable face, and he spoke, as always, in a whispery, unhurried way. For some reason, he has always reminded me of the proprietor of an old-fashioned downtown gents' restaurant, with overhead fans and a shining dark-wood bar. "There were some other jobs open, but this was the one I wanted," he said. "I was always a Red Sox fan, and Sully"—the boss, Haywood Sullivan—"and I go back and back. This is my fifth stop, if you can believe that. I was fired from Cincinnati and San Diego, and that hurt. I was let go at Oakland, but I'd had it in mind to go anyway, so that was all right, and I left California of my own volition. This is my eighteenth year in a major-league uniform, and if that's being recycled, so be it. It's good to keep working in this business, because once you're out it's hard to get back in."

I went away for a bit to talk to a player, and when I came past McNamara again, about a half hour later, there were some different writers with him, but they were asking the same questions. "Yes, of course, I'm going to like it here," he was saying. "Look—this is the best way I know to make a living. God has blessed me. I was studying accounting when I was in college—I'm still about twenty units short of graduating—and I'm glad every day that I never had to use that. It would *kill* me if I was stuffed in some office somewhere today, looking out at the sunshine and knowing what was going on in Florida and Arizona."

Earl Weaver changed jobs over the winter, too: he was cancelled by ABC television, which had been using him as part of its broadcasting team at the World Series and such. I was relieved when I heard the news, for the ex-Baltimore manager had always seemed subdued and uneasy in a blazer and with styled hair. I didn't see Earl this spring—he may be out of baseball for good; it's hard to be sure—but I read an extraordinary interview with him in the Miami *Herald*, which told me that Earl was back on top of things, as usual. I hope the author of this splendid piece, Peter Richmond, won't mind if I quote a bit from the column, in which Weaver told us why he was perfectly happy to be out of the television business: "One, the interviews. I don't want to ask a question I know the answer to, and I don't want to ask it of someone I already know, who already knows that I know the answer. To me, it just didn't come out right. You know what I mean. . . . Second, after thirty-five years in the game, I don't want to be controversial. I just don't want to. Like we're in St. Louis and Lonnie Smith turns himself in [for using drugs]. I can't get anything from him. I don't *want* to get anything from him. I don't want to ask the right questions, and I don't want to hear the answers."

We writers love to ask the managers about rookies, even though we know (and they know that we know) that they have absolutely no idea how some twenty-two-year-old is really going to perform up North, in the cold weather and the early heat of big-league play. Their answers, under the circs., are sometimes better than one would expect. Davey Johnson, who promoted Bill Latham and another rookie hurler, Roger McDowell, to the Mets' twenty-five-man roster as a result of their spring showings, reminded me at one point that it is much easier for a manager to develop young players in the proper fashion if his club is a non-contender, and is not expected to rise out of the second division. (The 1985 Mets, of course, are contenders—and then some.) "Under those conditions, you can do what's right for the player—hold him back or bring him along, whatever you think best," Johnson said. "If you're a contender, you take the best available—you have no choice. On a club that will contend, it's important to make the right decision, and it's important to have the other players on the club agree about that decision."

The White Sox began the season with two rookies in their lineup—a twenty-two-year-old center fielder, Daryl Boston, and a twenty-one-year-old shortstop, Ozzie Guillen—but the Chicago manager, Tony La Russa, told me in St. Petersburg that he planned to alternate Guillen frequently with an older, more established player, Scott Fletcher. "It's a good idea *not* to rotate your shortstop," he said, "because that day-to-day synchronization with your second baseman makes a difference. And the man who comes back in might be a step slow after sitting on the bench for three days. It could cost you a game. But at the same time you don't want to bury a kid by playing him too much at the beginning. You could set him back



a long way." He shrugged. "We'll see."

Some big-league managers have much more interview experience than the earnest young sports reporters and actorish news-channel sportscasters who surround them behind the batting cage in the spring, and it's a treat to watch them work the crowd. Jim Frey, the Cubfather, sometimes had to make a little clearing gesture with one arm to open the perpetual midmorning media crush around him at Mesa so that he could get rid of some tobacco juice, but I never saw him discomposed or irritable. When I was there, he had not yet made up his mind about *his* starting Chicago shortstop (he eventually picked a very promising rookie, Shawon Dunston, over the fifteen-year veteran Larry Bowa), and he imperturbably fended off endless inquiries about the matter. "All the speculative questions that you've thought up *I've* thought up in advance," he said to one group of Sony-aimers. "You're all smarter than I am, but I came here determined not to let you trip me up. I've heard some writers say they know what I'm thinkin', but if they do they have magical powers, because I don't always know what I'm thinkin' myself."

A little later, when he and I were briefly alone, he reminded me about how different things had been at HoHoKam a year ago, when the hopeless Cubs were in the middle of an eleven-game losing streak, as the team headed toward a March record of 7–20. "You never know—that's what I like about it," he said. "*I* sure don't know, most of the time. Managing is a job where you lose four straight games in August and you lie awake all night tryin' to think what the blank to do and you get up without knowin' the answer. Then you come into the clubhouse smiling and clappin' your hands, and you say, 'All *right!* Everybody relax! We've got 'em now!' "

By this time, we were again encircled by media people, and there was even a microphone boom in front of Frey's face. "You folks get all that?" he said, looking about cheerfully. "Any other questions? Nobody here's asked me about the lights today. Ask me about the lights."

"What about the lights?" somebody said.

"No comment."

The question, of course, was about the Cubs' efforts to overturn a Chicago city ordinance that prohibits the

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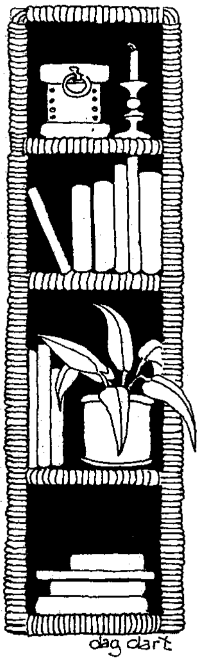
installation of lights at Wrigley Field, the only park in the majors where no night games are played. Spurred on by a letter from Commissioner Ueberroth last December, which made mention of the clubs' contract with the networks for the rights to televise postseason championship play, and also suggested that it might be necessary to move such games away from Wrigley Field altogether if the Cubs should again win their division, the club brought suit to have the law overturned. The case was heard by Cook County Circuit Court Judge Richard L. Curry, who upheld the ordinance and an accompanying state statute. The ruling came late in March, subsequent to my conversations with Jim Frey, but I think I will emulate his example and withhold comment on the matter for the moment, in view of the fact that the Cubs have appealed the finding to a state court, which has slated hearings for later this month. The other depressing news from the North Side is that the Cubs have broken precedent by putting all their bleacher seats up for advance sale this year—a maneuver that will put an end to the long lines of the bleacher faithful who showed up on Waveland Avenue early in the morning (sometimes before dawn) on game days to buy the thirty-two hundred seats that went on sale at ten-thirty. No reason for this occurs to me, except the possibility—perish the thought—that the Cubs are trying to upgrade their audience. An early-summer visit to the Friendly Confines seems advisable. I have read Judge Curry's opinion, by the way—a puckish sixty-four-page document in which he wants to make us understand that he is a regular fellow who enjoys the national pastime in his own way. His merriment, I think, was not shared or much appreciated by the lawyers representing the Cubs (or, more correctly, by the Tribune Company, which owns the team). He headed the final paragraphs of his opinion with successive lines from "Take Me Out to the Ballgame," inexorably descending to "Three Strikes You're Out!" at his summation and finding. Then there is a coda, in which he states that the Cubs' counsel should have noticed that the familiar blindfolded statue of Justice appears to be left-handed ". . . and the Cubs just don't hit lefties!"



PLAYING the infield requires a perpetually honed anticipation, and if you make yourself watch for them you can almost always notice the little quirks and twitches that each player at an infield position uses to bring himself onto his toes at the instant the pitch is delivered, with his body poised in preparation for a ball suddenly smashed in his direction. (Frank White believes that this constantly repeated preliminary little hop, made thousands of times over a season, wears down infielders' knees and quadriceps muscles over the years, and may be even more damaging in the long run than playing on AstroTurf.) What you can't pick up, for the most part, is the accompanying small dialogue of signals that constantly flies about this four-man perimeter a moment or two before that—the language of defense. As I have indicated, both the shortstop and the second baseman peer in at the catcher to pick up his sign to the pitcher about the next pitch—a sign that cannot be seen by the first or third baseman, of course. They—the middle pair, I mean—will lead or edge a bit to one side or the other in response, and if the pitch is to be a breaking ball, one or the other will also relay the message to the infielder at his corner—to the first baseman if there's a left-handed hitter up, or to the third sacker if it's a right-handed hitter. A word will do it: if Leon Durham, a left-handed swinger with the Cubs, is to see a breaking ball from Ron Darling on the next pitch, let's say, Keith Hernandez will hear his second baseman, Wally Backman, say "Keith!" at the instant that Darling is at the top of his windup. It's a trifle—perhaps only a mental knock-on-wood—and probably doesn't help much, but it's there if the first baseman or third baseman wants it. Some *don't* want to know. Jerry Remy said that one of his Boston first sackers, George Scott, never wanted the signal; another, Carl Yastrzemski (he often played first in the latter stages of his career), did want it. There are other messages as well—notably the hand signal or glove flick or special glance between the shortstop and the second baseman with a base runner on first, which determines who is to cover second on the coming play. This, too, is a response to the catcher's sign to the pitcher, for the man who covers will be the one less likely to have the next pitch hit to his side. A common semaphore here is a quick grimace flashed by one man or the other to his partner behind his raised glove—a closed-mouth mime for "Me" or an open mouth for "You." It's nothing much—kids might make up a code like this—but it can be needed thirty or forty times in a game, and it's always done. The keystone pair must also understand which of them is to make the first try at a ball that is chopped over the pitcher's head and short of second—a very hard chance that is usually taken by the shortstop, since his momentum is toward first base. But they must *know*. Frank White said that all this comes as second nature to him by now, but that sometimes the burden of so many repeated and altered fragments of intelligence—letting the shortstop know, letting the first baseman know, and sometimes relaying signals from the bench to the Royals outfielders about which direction to shade in a tough situation—can suddenly be too much. "I get a mental blowout now and then," he said. "I can't handle it, and then I tell my coaches I'm going to beg off from that for a couple of days and let the shortstop be the main man. The mental strain is unbelievable sometimes."

Buddy Bell, the Texas Rangers' third baseman, doesn't want to know the next pitch to the batter. "I gave up looking for signs on breaking balls, because I found I was cheating too much," he told me. "I was counting on it, and I'd begun putting myself out of position. I'd rather just go on the situation and what I know about the batter." Then he added, "Besides, we've had a big turnover of pitchers on this club in the past few years." This took me a minute: Bell was saying that there weren't many Ranger pitchers just now whom he trusted to put the ball where it was meant to go on the next pitch—to throw what the catcher had asked for.

Bill Rigney had already mentioned the same thing. Rig (he is sixty-six years old, but still has the eager gaze and lanky quickness of gesture of the born infielder) said that he had noticed a recent decline in strategic conversations between infielders and pitchers in hard situations—the moment when a shortstop or third baseman might step over to the mound in a jam and murmur, "Where do you want me? How are we going to come at this guy?" Rigney said, "I can remember times on the Giants when there were men on base and all, and I'd go in and ask Sal Maglie or Larry Jansen, and they'd say, 'With this guy, play him in the hole, because the way I pitch him, that's where he's going to hit it.' But I noticed with some other pitchers we had, they'd always say, 'Play him straight away.' That was because they didn't know *what* the batter was going to do, or where the pitch would be. They had no idea."

Buddy Bell is the nonpareil third baseman in his league—perhaps in both leagues. He looks all wrong for an infielder—he's six feet two, with powerful shoulders and a long upper body; with his blond hair and mild blue eyes, he reminds you of a Southern Cal football player. Actually, he grew up in Cincinnati, and is the son of the Reds' (and dawn-Mets') outfielder-slugger Gus Bell. Buddy Bell played third for seven years with the Indians and is now starting his seventh season with the Rangers at the same position. He's thirty-three years old, and last year batted .315 and picked up his sixth consecutive Gold Glove. He has an outstanding arm, he is durable (he plays about a hundred and fifty games, year after year), and his manner is efficient, pleasantly brusque, and (you learn in conversation with him) ironic—essential attributes for a third baseman, it seems, if you stop and think about the position a little: they must deal with those bazooka shots that are lined past them or *at* them, and must also cope with the sneaky, skulking bunt down the line, baseball's shiv in the ribs. When they fail, as they often must, they look terrible—flat on their bellies in the dirt behind the bag, or foolishly grabbing at the bunted ball in the grass . . . and missing it altogether.

"I play a deeper third than most," Bell said to me, "and that kind of takes the do-or-die away from the play on that hard-hit ball down the line. You can cover more ground if you're back a little deeper and can still make the throw. Third basemen need a rock-hard body—I hope we're getting away from the rock-hard hands a little. No, you really need some kind of hands to play the position now. The infields aren't as good as they used to be, and with the artificial turf

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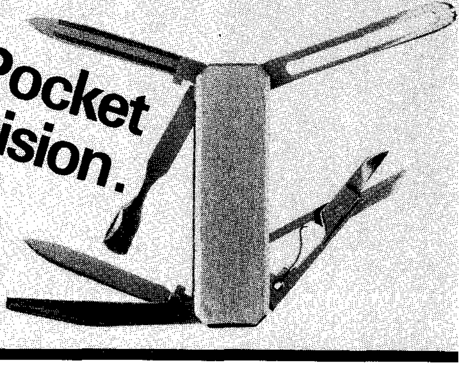

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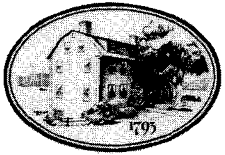

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now . . . " He winced and shook his head. "Defense is the most important part of the game. If you don't believe that when you start out, you learn it pretty soon playing third. You let a ball go through, and it's probably the ballgame. I'd say that ninety-five per cent of the pitchers have serious trouble in a game if there's been an error at third and a ball's gone through that shouldn't have. Most of 'em sort of blow up after that. So you're out there not only protecting yourself and your team but knowing that the pitcher is relying on you to do well. Dimensional ballplayers"—he meant the ones who can play all aspects of the game—"are easy to find, because there aren't all that many of them."

I asked how he tried to defend against the obligatory-bunt situation—the strategic late-inning tangle that begins with base runners on first and second, no outs, and an unthreatening, bottom-of-the-order batter up at the plate.

"On that play—well, first, it depends on who the runner is coming down to third, and who the pitcher is," he said. "Then, if the ball's bunted down toward me I try to draw an imaginary line up the infield between the pitcher's mound and the third-base line, and anything that's hit to the right of it should be mine. Either way, I've got to call it—yell to the pitcher which one of us is going to make the play, or try to. But that's a tough, tough chance. You have to make the decision, and if you don't make it right you may not get the runner you want—you may not get *anybody*. I don't mind the swinging bunt"—the sudden surprise tap, for a base hit—"so much, because it's just a yes-or-no thing: you make the play or you don't. There's no think in it."

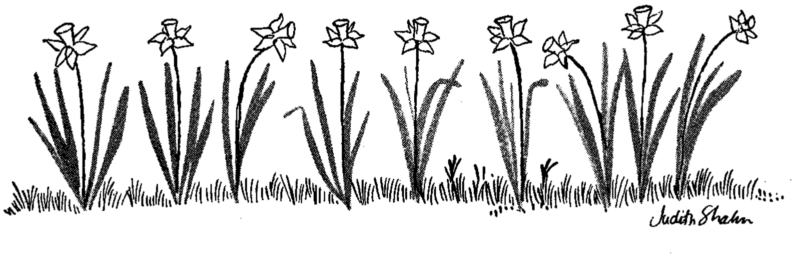
Rigney had said that there was more of an effort being made these days to defend against that late-inning must-bunt situation than there had been in his time, and he cited the Chinese-fire-drill set plays that send the first and third basemen charging in on the squared-around bunter, with the second baseman dashing to cover first and the shortstop whirling over to race the front base runner down to third base.

Clete Boyer agreed. "Baseball is a lot of little things," he said. "You keep learning them and trying them out. There's always something new." Clete is forty-eight now and looks a little heavier than he was when he was playing third base for the Yankees and the Braves, back in the sixties—he put in sixteen years at the hot corner, in all—but it's hard to think of him in anything but a baseball uniform. He and his brothers, Ken and Cloyd, make up one of baseball's first families. (Ken, who died a couple of years ago, also played third base, of course, mostly for the Cardinals, and later managed the Cards, too; Cloyd, a pitcher, is now a coach with the Syracuse Chiefs.) Clete talks baseball almost stolidly, with a little Ozark legato in his husky voice—the family comes from western Missouri—but his face lights up wonderfully once he gets into it a little.

"There are these bunt situations you plan about, and all," he said to me one morning in Phoenix, "but I still think the hardest play at third is when you've got a man on second who can steal a base and a left-handed batter up at the plate who can bunt. You've got to play up front on the grass and you know what they're thinkin'. My great example for that kind of trouble is Aparicio and Nellie Fox"—Luis Aparicio, the Hall of Fame shortstop with the White Sox and the Orioles in the nineteen-fifties and sixties, and his stellar Chicago second-base teammate, Nelson Fox. "They could work that just perfect. If there's none out or one out, I've got to guess on each pitch if Luis is going to steal or if Nellie's up there to bunt. If I think Luis is stealing and he breaks, I got to get back and cover third, and then if Fox bunts the ball it's a base hit. If I break in two steps instead of one toward the plate, I can't get back—it's all over. Fans look at you playing back on the grass and grabbing that big line drive, but that play's routine, really. The other part is where the game is played."

We went back to the must-bunt a bit, and after a while I suddenly realized that Clete had changed sides in the midst of the conversation. He was like a chess Grand Master expounding upon the Nimzowitsch Defense who had shifted over to the white pieces. "You can't always protect against that bunt in the same way, you know," he said. "You can't always charge, or stuff like that, because I can kill you once I see that. I think you might have your third baseman charge that bunt two or three times in a season, but not more, and that would depend on who you had running at second base. We"—he meant the Oakland A's—"beat Cleveland three times in the last two years because they always charged their third baseman and first baseman. When that happens, I tell the batter either to take the pitch or else hit away. Forget the bunt, and if you swing don't give me a little half-assed effort up there. Don't fall into their trap. Mike Heath hit a ball that went three inches past Toby Harrah's head one day, and we win the game. Last year, Tony Phillips hit a little plinker up the middle for us, but their second baseman was goin' over to first to cover, and the shortstop is way down here by third, and nobody can get near the ball. We got five runs in the inning."

TEAMS in Arizona and Florida play with identical rules and before the same sort of audiences, but the two spring flavors are quite different. I don't understand it. Florida ball seems more citified, hurried, and temporary; no matter how rustic the setting, I always have the sense that the regular season impends, and that these humid, sunny afternoons are just postcards, to be glanced at later on and then thrown away. Arizona baseball is slower, sweeter, and somehow better fixed in memory. For one thing, there seem to be more young children in attendance at the Western parks; the stands are stuffed with babies and toddlers—or else I just notice them more. In Phoenix one afternoon, a small barefoot creature came slowly and gravely up the aisle behind the home dugout wearing nothing but a Pamper. Six- or seven-year-old home-team batboys are already veterans of two or three Arizona seasons. In one game at Scottsdale this year, matters were suspended briefly when a very young rookie batperson in pigtails went out on the field after a base on balls, picked up the bat (they were both the same length: the thirty-three-inch model), and paused, staring slowly back and forth, until she remembered which dugout she had come from, and then returned there, smiling



in triumph. The home-plate umpire, I noticed, made a good call, holding up one hand and watching over his shoulder until we were ready for baseball once again. It wouldn't have happened in Florida. And then—no doubt about this part—there is no Pink Pony in Florida. The Pony is the best baseball restaurant in the land—not a difficult honor to bestow, since no second-place candidate ever comes to mind. Its comforts are plain (in both senses), its grand season brief, its clientele non-élite, gregarious, and single-minded. The Pony (as in "See you at the Pony?" "Well, I've got to write tonight." "Oh, O.K.—see you at the Pony *later*") attracts baseball writers in great numbers, but also baseball executives and front-office people, baseball managers, baseball coaches, baseball players (a few, at least), baseball wives, baseball lady friends, baseball in-laws and parents, and a mixed, hungry panoply of tourists, drop-ins, and year-round regulars, who together may be safely identified as fans. The place is in Scottsdale, a booming desert condoland with adobe laundromats and other leftover traces of its cowtown past, but the restaurant itself is without sawdust, palm fronds, or other affectation: a low, large eatery, with a major-league bar at one side, a smoky and penumbrous middle distance pierced by dim overhead spotlights, and a great many tables, all cheerfully and completely occupied. There is room for maybe two hundred seated diners, plus fifty or a hundred sittees and standees along the bar, but both locations are amazingly expandable, like dugouts in March. Who is here for dinner—at nine o'clock on a midweek mid-March evening, let's say? I can think of no way to respond except to slip, very briefly, into a simulacrum of the social column of a small-town county weekly:

Seen in the ever-popular dining area of Our Town's well-known bistro-'n'-chuck-wagon—yes, The Pink Pony (est. 1947)—on a recent eve were Mr. Bill Rigney, the affable Oakland Athletics bigwig, along with his charming wife, Paula, and their visiting daughter, Mrs. Lynn Rigney Schott, of Kettle Falls, Wash., who is a beekeeper and poet. At a nearby corner were genial Charles S. (Chub) Feeney, the President of the National League (or "President of *all* the National Leagues," as a seated nearby wit called out to us), along with his missus, Margaret Ann Feeney; their son, Charles (Stoney) Feeney, Jr., and his lissome wife, Ann; another son, John Feeney, and his wife, Gina, and *their* son, Thaddeus Feeney, three, who had finished his dinner and was asleep in his

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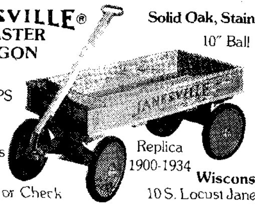

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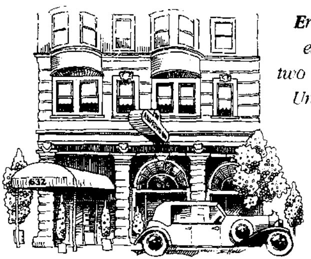

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father's lap. Seated in the desirable first booth at the barside row of banquettes we found David (Dave) Bush, the widely read sports scribe of the San Francisco *Chronicle;* his friend, the delightful Ms. Lesly Sacripanti, here from the Bay area for a few days' vacation; and a bald, distinguished-looking magazine writer from New York and his wife and son, whose names, alas, we did not catch. All the circular booths at the Pony were occupied, of course, and at the fourth table we saw and waved to Mr. Billy Martin, long a familiar figure hereabouts, whose party was besieged, as usual, by friendly folks wanting to meet and be seen with the feisty erstwhile multiple-manager and present star of many a rollicking beer commercial. At the bar, we found the jolly party of Mr. Ron Fimrite, the admired baseball savant and literary stylist of *Sports Illustrated* magazine, who was accompanied by lovely Linda Sesnon, the decorator, who is Mrs. Fimrite; his father, Lester Fimrite; his son, Peter Fimrite, 25, who is a rising newshawk with Station KRON Channel 4, in San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. Fimrite's downstairs neighbor in San Francisco, Ms. Ellen Edmondson (who laughingly averred that she had come to town for the sun, not the baseball); the dashing Ivan Maisel, a colleague of Mr. Fimrite's from the New York office of *Sports Illustrated;* and Mr. Jack Unruh, a lanky visiting artist from Dallas, who confided to us that he was there to make sketches in preparation for a *Sports Illustrated* article next spring about (imagine!) the Pink Pony.

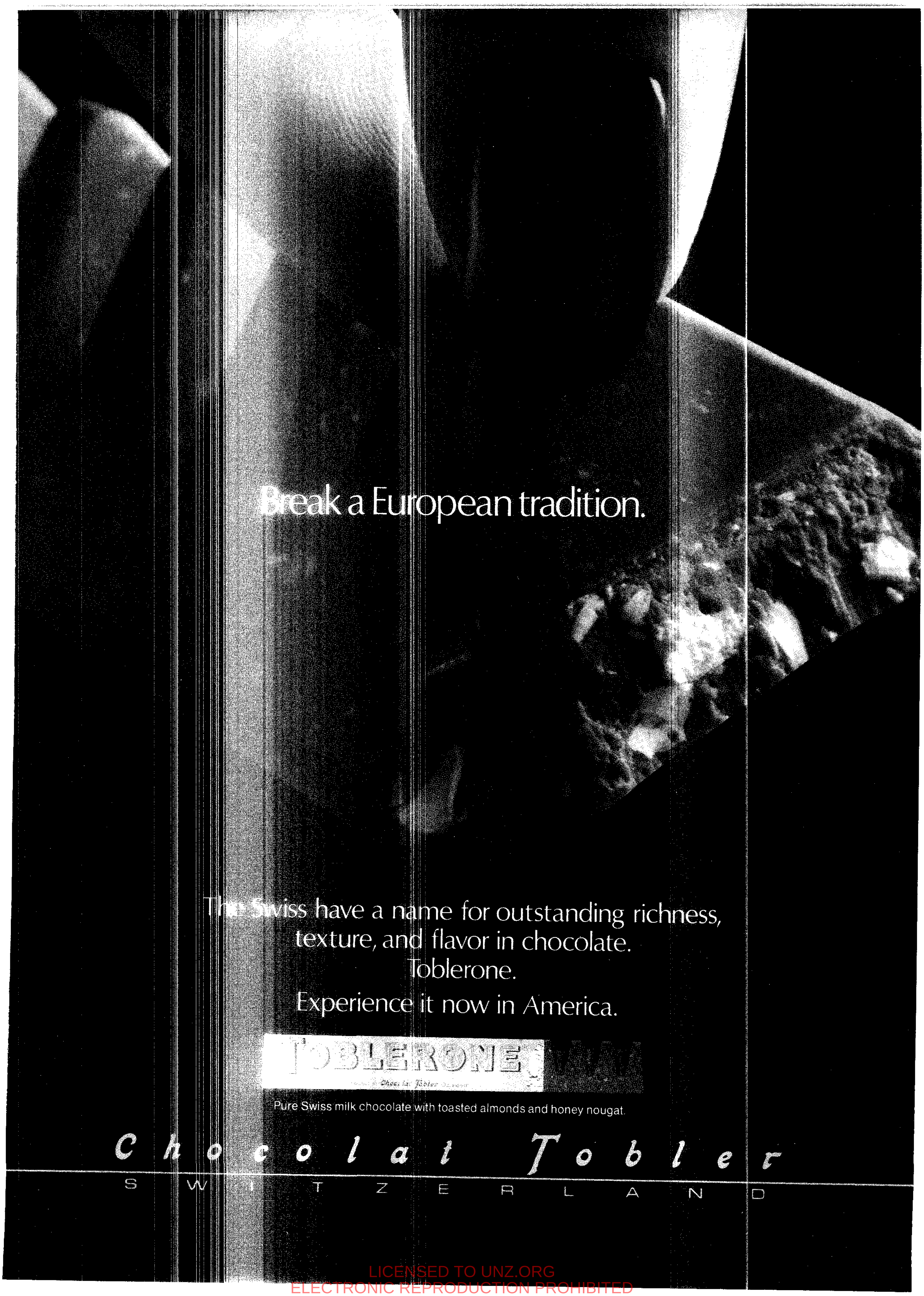
Elsewhere among the chatting and smiling diners at our No. 1 *Sportzkeller,* we found Jim Davenport, the capable new manager of the San Francisco Giants; Mr. Joe L. Brown, the retired general manager of the Pittsburgh Pirates, and Mrs. Brown; the enigmatic but kindly Ray Shore, a "super-scout" with the Philadelphia Phillies, and Mrs. Shore; Ms. Stephanie Salter, a star distaff fourth-estater with the San Francisco *Examiner;* the suave and oh-so-handsome pitching wizard Mr. Don Sutton; Glenn Schwarz, the canny *Examiner* columnist; good guy Phil Collier, of the San Diego *Union;* the popular Oakland television gamecaster, Bill King—he of the buccaneer beard and mustachios; and the equally admired though beardless "Voice of the Giants," Hank Greenwald. Mr. Charlie Briley, the beloved owner and mein host of the Pink Pony, who next week will celebrate his seventieth birthday at a "surprise" party in his own place, told us that it was a fair crowd, given the time of night and time of year.

The Pink Pony's furnishings and ambience are exactly what a set decorator would try for, once he'd read the script: a rack of souvenir bats hanging behind the bar; a worn, much-thumbed copy of "The Baseball Encyclopedia" next to the cash register; a pink plaster thematic bas-relief of a running pony (nobody knows who named the joint, or why) on the back wall; and, above that, a row of boldly amateurish framed cartoon likenesses of the Pony's celebs and regulars—Sardi's West. Lately, the sketches are being done by Charlie Briley's wife, Gwen. Charlie is a fan, of course, but he avoids declaring a favorite among the three spring teams (the Cubs, the A's, and, currently, the Giants) who have all trained at the board-front Scottsdale Stadium at one point or another. However, the central decoration on the opposite wall of the Pony is a framed, neatly pressed Cubs shirt, with a number, 31, that identifies it instantly as the uniform of Ferguson Jenkins, the immortal and lately retired Cubbie right-hander, and *that* probably tells us something. The Pony menu is also rewarding and without surprise. The big favorite is the Pony Special: a char-broiled midsize top sirloin, which comes with onion rings, eggplant fritter, choice of potato (try the cottage fries), salad, dessert, and coffee—$9.50. This is recommended without hesitation, although I know devotees of the prime ribs, or the broiled chicken, or even the fried chicken—the last of which produces a basket of homemade baking-powder biscuits and an accompanying pitcher of honey. Sometimes while I've been in mid-repast at the Pony, it has occurred to me that Bill Guilfoile, a busy director of the Baseball Hall of Fame in Cooperstown, should make a field trip to the Pony. Guilfoile always turns up at the World Series and other major events on the game's calendar, forehandedly bringing along a narrow, oblong cardboard box into which he can slip a baseball bat that has just done something worthy of enshrinement—Alan Trammell's bat, for instance, after it had bopped a pair of home runs in the fourth Tigers-Padres Series game last October—and take it home with him to Cooperstown. You can't carry a naked bat with you onto an airliner ("FUNGO-WIELDING SKYJACKER MENACES HOME-BOUND FANS"), but on this trip Guilfoile would need only a doggie bag, for he would be collecting one Pony Special, to go. At Cooperstown, set in amber or redone in cunning facsimile, the dinner could be mounted alongside the Hall's landmark bats and balls, mitts, programs, and faded scraps of uniform, where it would remain as a cheerful talisman or relic of the home place of baseball in the springtime.

120
R.Davidson

THE school term is over, but I think we should call back our distinguished infield faculty for a few more pointers. I did not talk to these players and coaches in a group, of course, but the same subjects kept coming up, and in time what I heard became something like a delayed conversation back and forth among these veterans and experts: a two-week conference call. There was a great deal of talk about infield surfaces, for instance—grass versus artificial turf. (Six parks in the National League now have the chemical carpet, while six have grass; in the American League, there are four synthetic-turf diamonds and ten natural.) "If you got a turf field, you have to have middle infielders who can *move*—people who can cover a degree of ground very quickly," Frank White said. "I've played on turf all my career. It's a cleaner game—no bad hops, no dust blowin' in your face, or stuff like that. Turf shows all your natural ability—your quickness, your leg strength, your range. Most of all, it tests your durability, because it does wear you down. You also find out that when you're planting your foot to make the throw over to first you almost have to take an extra little jab-step on turf. It grabs your leg so quick you'll lose your balance without that, and *that's* hard on your legs, too. My biggest complaint about turf is the pounding you take."

Jerry Remy likes the better bounce on the carpet, too, but almost nothing else. Ground balls hit right at him are less of a strain on turf, he said (*everyone* said this), but the ball seems to pick up speed after the bounce. "I hold my glove a little looser playing on turf, because the ball can spin right out," he said. "I play back, of course—sometimes I'm so deep I wonder if I can ever get the ball over to first in time. But even then somebody will hit



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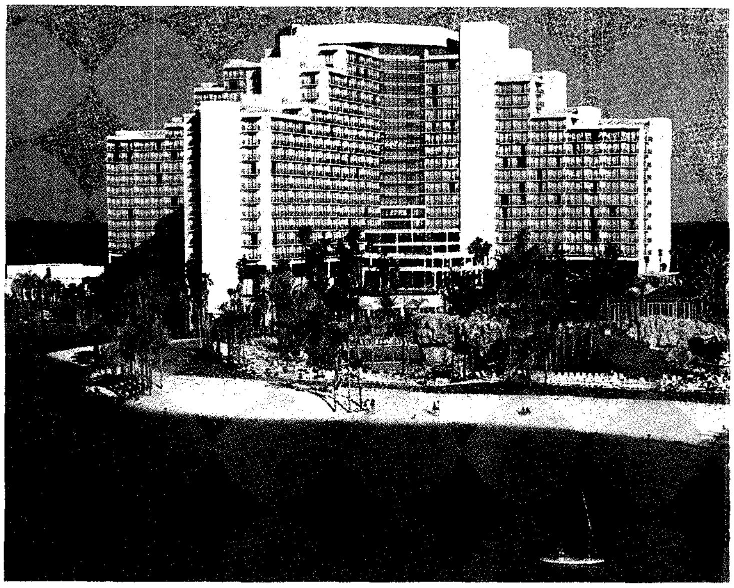

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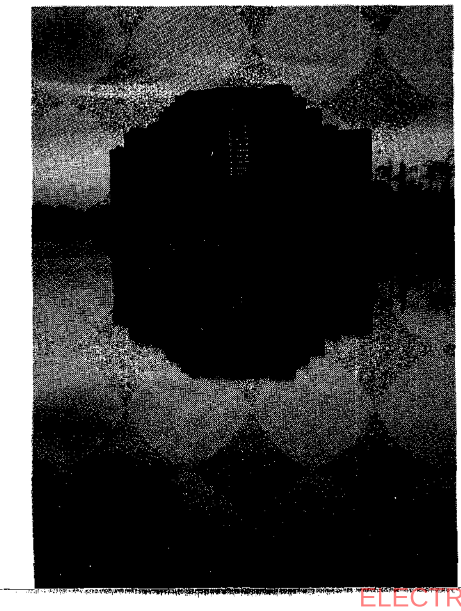

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a little bouncer up the middle that goes right by you, and you think, My God, how did *that* go through? I like to hit on artificial grass, but I don't like to field on it."

Bill Rigney told me that, as a group, the athletes playing the middle infield now were undoubtedly better than the ones who had played in his time, and that this was due in great part to the demands of artificial turf. "A few years back, a lot of clubs were just making do at short and second, but that's impossible nowadays," he said. "If you think about it, you begin to notice that the teams who get to play in the Rose Bowl every year"—this is Rigneyese for playing in the World Series—"are the ones who can put an Ozzie Smith or a Cal Ripken out there. Yount and Frank White and Trammell and Sandberg and that little Whitaker—there's a whole gang of them. I admire them—even though Mr. Ozzie has made so many kids coming up try to play one-handed, the way he does. But, you know, there's been a price. That pretty play by a shortstop or a second baseman on a ball hit over second is just about gone. That was one of the nicest things in the game—you enjoyed it—but now almost anything that's through the box is gone. It's a base hit."

Steve Garvey, whom I saw for a few minutes before a Padres-Giants game in Arizona, told me that it was the shifting back and forth from one surface to another that took it out of your legs in time. "I'm fortunate that I've always played on grass at home, but you go out on the road and onto AstroTurf, and your legs suddenly get that pounding," he said. "Then you come back to grass again and your legs stretch out more, and on the second day you'll have a lot of soreness, no matter how good condition you're in. It's like running on pavements and then on the beach." Wet AstroTurf is more slippery than grass, he added—or, rather, is slippery in a special way. Relays from the outfield that strike wet turf become hockey pucks that can shoot right past the cutoff man.

White said that it seemed to take him three or four days of playing on a different surface, either grass or fake grass, before he was quite comfortable again. "What I hate," he said, "is being at home for a couple of weeks and then arriving at a grass-field park on the road, and there's been rain there, or else there's a ceremony before the game or something, so you don't get any infield practice. I just wonder what I'm going to be able to do out there. It shakes you up."

Infields have a barbered look, and infielders compare notes about the "cut" of the various parks—the dimensions of the circular pattern of infield dirt, that is. Municipal Stadium, in Cleveland, recently enlarged its cut; before that, Remy said, it was ridiculously small—almost like a Little League field. "Nobody wants to be back on the grass, so that cut really limited your play," he said. "Anaheim has a big cut, which gives you much better range. I like that, but it's kind of strange there, because everybody looks farther apart. It's like you're playing a different game."

Artificial infields used to be all the same—hard and quick—but now there are variations. The surface at the Metrodome, in Minneapolis, is called SuperTurf, which is softer and spongier than AstroTurf, and thus more forgiving to the infielders' legs, but the bounce is ridiculously high; an infield chop can sail ten feet over the first baseman's head on the first ricochet. For all that, Remy said, he found the bounce there a trifle more consistent than it is on the AstroTurf at Toronto, for instance. Frank White told me he was looking forward to the brand-new turf at Royals Stadium, which has just been refinished with a softer, quick-drying carpet—AstroTurf-8 Drainthru—which is said to offer the closest resemblance to real grass that has yet emerged from the laboratories.

Yankee Stadium has real grass, of course, but Remy dislikes the humpbacked infield there. "The whole thing slopes away toward the outfield," he said. "It's worst of all from the pitcher's mound on down to the second baseman. Sometimes I get the feeling there that the batter is standing *above* me. You've got to stay real low on a ground ball, or else it can shoot under your glove. You even see that happen to Willie Randolph sometimes." Remy paused and then smiled a little. "Look," he went on, "don't get me wrong about Yankee Stadium. I'd rather play there than anywhere, because of all it means. I *love* to play there."

Infields, whether grass or turf, are as interestingly various as the men

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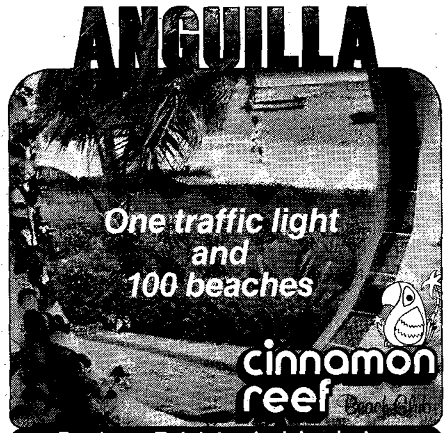

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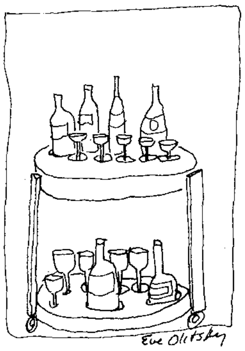
who play on them. The grass infield at Jack Murphy Stadium, in San Diego, for instance, is famously unreliable, possibly because its groundskeepers are employees of the city's Parks Department. Garvey told me that it played differently during each Padre home stand last year. "They never could seem to find the right composition," he said. "One time, you'd come home and find that the dirt was so firm that your cleats could hardly dig into it. The next time it would be low tide at the shore. They say it will be better this year, but we've heard that before."

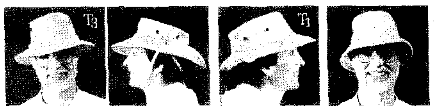


Jerry Remy likes the Fenway Park infield, where the grass is thick and well watered; the bounce there is low but consistent. The dirt at Tiger Stadium is a little quicker than at his home field, he told me, but the grass is slow and kept high—an advantage from a defensive point of view but not much fun to hit on. American League players have complained for years about the infield at Arlington Stadium, the Rangers' home park, where the midsummer Texas sun bakes the dirt to a brick-hard finish, but Remy said it didn't bother him much. "You just expect it to be fast, and it is," he said. "It's like spring training—*all* spring training infields are hard. I think Oakland gives me more trouble than any of the other parks. The dark infield dirt there is O.K. for the first couple of innings, but for some reason it gets chopped up during the game—by the base runners and all—and by the sixth or seventh inning it's like a plowed field. I always figured I was lucky if I finished a series there with nothing against me."

Interdependence was another persistent topic on my "Meet the Infield" show—a recognition that a brilliant pitching staff or an outstanding defensive infielder would in time add to the reputation of adjoining players on the team. "I've always thought it was that super Baltimore pitching staff that's made Dauer such a good defensive second baseman over the years," Clete Boyer said. "He knows where to play, and with those pitchers—Flanagan and Palmer and McGregor and the rest—he's playing right, because of their location. It's always the same. Whitey Ford made me a great third baseman. Mel Stottlemyre made me a great third baseman."

Rig mentioned the Baltimore pitchers, too, but added that Dauer's partners at shortstop for Baltimore—the extraordinary Mark Belanger and his successor, Ripken—hadn't exactly handicapped the man. All my consultants brought up Belanger sooner or later, and almost everyone added, as an afterthought, that Belanger would probably have had a much harder time making it in the major leagues today, because of his inferior batting. Belanger, who won gasps and laurels for his range and sureness at shortstop over an eighteen-year career that ended in 1982, was a lifetime .228 hitter. Infielders nowadays are expected to contribute more offense, and Ripken and Ryne Sandberg are shining role models for the eighties: two years ago, Ripken batted .318 for the Orioles, with twenty-seven home runs and a hundred and two runs batted in; last summer, Sandberg hit .314 with the Cubs, with nineteen homers and nineteen triples. Each won a Most Valuable Player award for his efforts. "In my eleven years, I never saw anybody play shortstop better than Mark Belanger, but he'll never make the Hall of Fame," White said. "At least, I don't *think* he will. Nobody is called a great ballplayer now unless he can hit. But home-run hitters who can't really play in the field at all are called great all the time—you notice that."

Ripken and Ozzie Smith, Whitaker and Trammell and Sandberg—the same names and Gold Gloves popped up again and again in my interviews, while the older men often went back to Belanger and Aparicio, and also to Brooks Robinson, and to Bill Mazeroski, the splendid Pirates second baseman of the nineteen-fifties and sixties, and to Marty Marion, the tall, elegant Cardinal shortstop of the era just previous. There was no surprise in this, of course, but what I noticed was that my consultants, almost as a group, would then quickly make mention of less celebrated practitioners in their trade and go out of their way to say warm things about them. They almost *preferred* them, it seemed, because their skills were on a more mortal level. (I had observed this same phenomenon a couple of years ago when I was talking to catchers; many of them made an initial respectful reference to Johnny Bench but then spoke much



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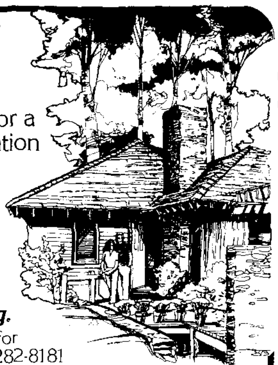

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more warmly and happily about other, and perhaps lesser, men in that hard trade.) Rigney, for his part, brought up Manny Trillo ("Such an *easy* player, with those great hands and that good instinct for the game—one look and he always knew where the play was"), and Clete Boyer mentioned Larry Bowa and Bucky Dent. "Bowa can catch the ball hit to him and throw the man out," he said, in his plain, positive fashion. "Bucky could make all the plays. Doesn't have a great arm, doesn't have great speed, but he gets the ball hit to him, and he knows the hitters. That's what you need to get those twenty-seven outs. The fan appreciates the great play, but the coaches and managers sitting in the dugout appreciate the everyday play."

Marty Barrett spoke admiringly about White and Whitaker, but then about the Yankees' Willie Randolph and the Brewers' Jim Gantner and the Braves' Glenn Hubbard—second basemen all. Jerry Remy raved about the competitive fires of Rick Burleson, his onetime partner at shortstop with the Red Sox, but had even more to say about Burleson's steadiness. He, too, brought up Bucky Dent. "I think I prefer the guys who can do everything just average," he said at last. "Somebody you can count on. I always liked Randolph. Gantner—I *love* the way he plays second. He just makes the plays, with no baloney. I guess I like the man who has a little more trouble making the play but gets it done."

Fair enough. Baseball skills at the major-league level are astronomically beyond the abilities of us in the stands, as I have said, and it is somehow good news that we can never really or wholly *understand* how the great plays are done, either, no matter how hard we try. If we knew it all, the game would seem less, rather than more. But steadiness, day-to-day accomplishment at the skill positions, is something we can grasp, and now, perhaps, look upon with deeper respect. I should add, too, that I haven't taken up anything like the full range of infield skills and maneuvers in this brief field trip. Rundowns, relays and cutoffs, pickoffs, and the pure mechanics of gloving the ball and then getting rid of it must await some later lessons. If I learned anything from my talks this spring, it was to try to pay closer attention to the game, even to its quickest and yet most familiar moments. Frank White took some time in the Royals clubhouse one day to show

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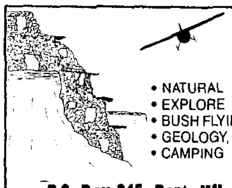

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me how he makes the tag play at second against a stealing base runner. He wants the base between his feet, he said, and the catcher's throw should be taken in the center line of his own body, and the glove and ball should then be swept straight down—you don't reach out for the incoming ball and pull it back and down, because that takes longer. If the man stealing is a slovenly, spikes-up slider, White may try the play with the base just outside his left foot as he faces the base runner, and then, taking the ball down from a bit more to his left now, make the tag higher up, on the man's thigh, to stay out of trouble. Yes, of course; I understood. A day or two later, I saw Dave Concepcion make that play against Tony Fernandez in a Reds–Blue Jays game in Dunedin. Concepcion took the peg from his catcher, Brad Gulden, a foot or so above the bag and let his mitt droop down toward Fernandez' incoming foot, but at the same instant he leaned his right leg and the entire right side of his body away from the play, toward left field, as he began to depart the scene even while arriving there. Fernandez, sliding, tagged himself out and never made contact with the shortstop at all. He simply wasn't there. It's magic.

NEAR the end, I found comfort in Florida, too—at Terry Park, in Fort Myers, where the Royals get their spring work done. Fort Myers is seventy-five miles down U.S. 41 from the next-nearest Gulf Coast diamond (at Sarasota), and this distance seems to have preserved some of the sweetness that I missed elsewhere. Dowager nineteen-twenties palms line the narrow downtown avenues of Fort Myers, and some of the old folks coming into the stadium at game time tote little plastic bags of seashells that they have plucked from the beach that morning. In the park, there is AstroTurf within the bases and green grass beyond—possibly a metaphor representing the 1985 Royals, who have very young pitching and a comfortably mature defense. One afternoon in the press box (an upright, boxy shack that perches on top of the grandstand roof like a diner on a siding), I was startled by a stentorian squawking—"*Whooh!*" . . . "*Whooh!*" . . . "*Whoo-ooh!*"—that progressed by slow degrees around the stands below me, from right field to left. I made inquiry, and was told that this was the Screecher, an ancient local species of fan, who had not missed a Terry Park game for many years. He was Mr. Bruce McAllister, who brought his unique avian rooting here more than twenty years earlier, back when the Pirates were the spring incumbents; before that, I learned, he had screeched at old Forbes Field, in Pittsburgh. Leaning forward, I spotted him at last as he moved stolidly along the aisle below—a stumpy gent with white hair, who accompanied each "*Whooh!*" with a batonlike pumping gesture of his right arm. The next day, there was a local Shriners' ceremony on the field before game time (some of the retiree potentates had dressed up in filmy houri costumes), and later on, while the Screecher was on his midgame concert tour, I saw that he was wearing a fez.

Earlier that day, I had a rewarding conversation with Joe Cunniff, a Chicago teacher who takes the winter semester off every year in order to be near baseball. He is a spring assistant to the Royals' P.R. people, watching over things in the press box, keeping statistics, and the like. The rest of the year, he teaches music and art at De Paul University and the City Colleges of Chicago—adult-education courses, for the most part. He told me that his baseball vacation at Fort Myers was a cultural counterpart of his fellow-pedagogues' summer trips to Greece and Italy. Cunniff is in his upper thirties—an engaging, thick-set baseball zealot with a black mustache and a shy, polite way of talking.

"I love that sound of bats cracking in the morning air," he said at one point. (We were sitting in the cool, shady Royals dugout during batting practice.) "Every year, you see a new player in the games here who sticks out in your mind. Last year, Jack Morris came down here with the Tigers and struck out six of our batters in three or four innings, and I called my brother in Chicago that night and told him that Morris would be unbeatable during the season. Sure enough, Morris came to Comiskey Park in the first week of the season and threw a no-hitter against the White Sox. My brother was *impressed*."

Cunniff said that he'd started out as a White Sox fan as a boy in Chicago, but that in recent years he had become entranced by the pleasures of the bleachers at Wrigley Field and had just about made the great moral switchover to the Cubs. "I suspect that if most people in Chicago really told

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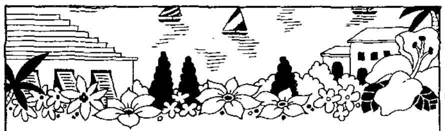

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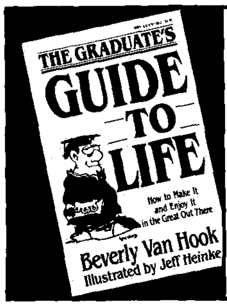
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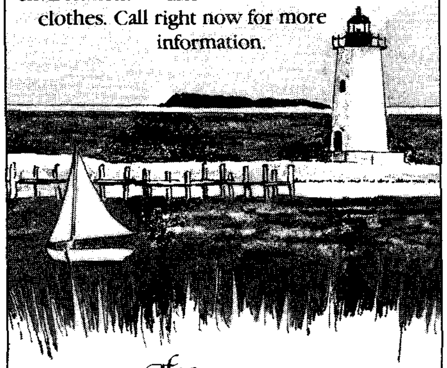

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the truth they'd admit that they're perfectly happy when either team does well, and that they secretly shift over and begin to root for that team and claim it as their own," he said. "Baseball's really about fun, you know, and I don't think we have to have these deep antagonisms. But now the suburbs have discovered the Cubs, and I think it's going to be different from here on. I almost preferred it when they were in last place, and we regulars would be out there in center field, cheering them on. It's the best life you can imagine. Down here, I care about the Royals—they're a great team and a great organization. I go see them and root for them when they come to Chicago, and that way I get to see the writers I know and my other friends in the press box."

One of those friends, Tracy Ringolsby, of the Kansas City *Star-Times*, told me about his favorite moment of spring training at Terry Park last year. An hour or more after the final game of the 1984 spring season, he and a *Star-Times* colleague, Mike Fish, were alone in the press box, clicking out their final pre-season wrapups, when they noticed a lone figure out on the diamond. The stands were empty, the players and the groundskeepers had long since left the field, the bases were up, and an angling sun illuminated the field below. The man out there was not in uniform, and he had no glove, but he had stationed himself at shortstop and was taking infield practice—the last workout of the year. It was Joe Cunniff. Unnoticed in their perch, Ringolsby and Fish watched, mesmerized ("It was beautiful," Ringolsby told me. "It took your breath away"), as Cunniff charged an invisible slow hopper and flipped sidearm over to second. Then he grabbed a bullet line drive down by his heels and whipped the ball over to first quickly, trying to double off a runner. Then he flew into the hole, far to his right, pulled down the hard grounder, planted his foot, and made the long peg over to first, waiting an instant for the ump's call over there, and then slapping his fist into his phantom glove in triumph: *out!* He had made the hardest play at the hardest position in the game.

—ROGER ANGELL

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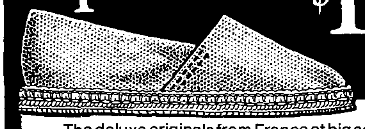

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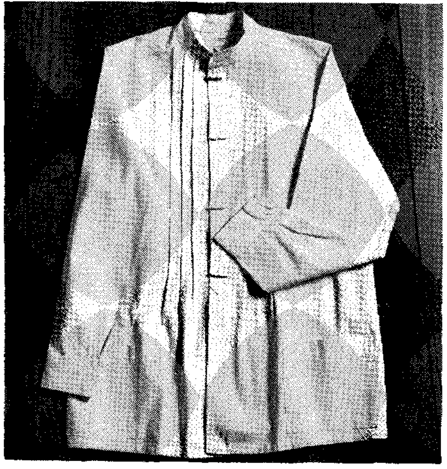

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THE THEATRE

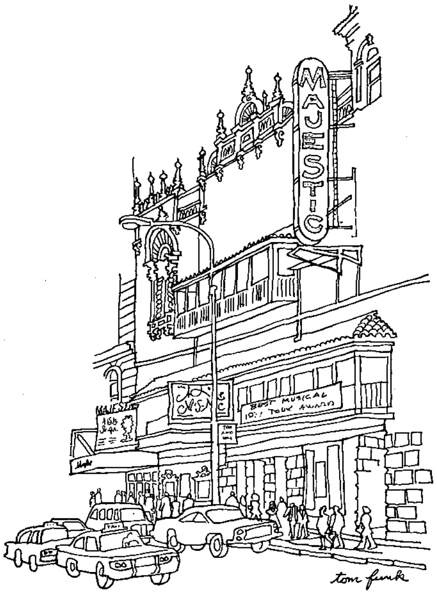
Out of the Past

AMONG the notable events of 1923 were the Tokyo earthquake, the Teapot Dome scandals, Hitler's failed beer-hall putsch in Munich, the deaths of Pancho Villa, Warren G. Harding, and Sarah Bernhardt, the publication of P. G. Wodehouse's "The Inimitable Jeeves," Edna St. Vincent Millay's winning of the Pulitzer Prize for poetry, and William Butler Yeats' winning of the Nobel Prize in Literature. It was the year that Felix Salten wrote "Bambi," that *Time* began publication, and that the American public sang incessantly the mindless ditties "Yes! We Have No Bananas" and "Barney Google." It was also the year that "Aren't We All?," a comedy by Frederick Lonsdale, opened in London and became a hit. In the nineteen-twenties, drawing-room comedies were all the rage, and Lonsdale, following in the footsteps of Pinero, Maugham, and the like, gave the British theatregoing public exactly what it wished: glimpses of the mildly amorous carryings on of the upper classes, members of which could be counted on, whatever their morals, to wear attractive clothes, occupy attractive drawing rooms in Mayfair and attractive country houses in Wiltshire, and speak lines that had the ring of racy near-epigrams.

One might have supposed that this particular form of drama was as dead as a dodo, but far from it: "Aren't We All?" was revived in London last June and became a hit all over again. It's true that its success was thanks in large part to a beguiling cast, headed by Claudette Colbert and Rex Harrison, but the play itself proved satisfactory, in its old-fashioned, well-made way. Now Miss Colbert and Mr. Harrison have brought it to Broadway (to the Brooks Atkinson), and while for most Americans it is surely more remote from our contemporary tastes than even (I assume) "Barney Google" it is also oddly, endearingly welcome, and we are quick to forgive what have become, over the years, its literary gaucheries—the telegraphing of turns of plot and the archness of its flirtatious passages. Miss Colbert and Mr. Harrison rejoice in playing characters decades younger than most actors of their age would dare to do (Miss Colbert happens to have made her stage début here in the same year that Lonsdale wrote "Aren't We All?"), and how slyly they outwit, by their grace and charm, the toils of time! At every point, they are admirably supported by a cast that includes Lynn Redgrave, Brenda Forbes, Jeremy Brett, Leslie O'Hara, and George Rose, who plays a pompously pious vicar chiefly by means of stage business, Lonsdale having neglected to supply him with words worthy of his hollow self-importance.

The superlatively appropriate sets, into which I would be happy to move tomorrow, are by Finlay James, the handsome costumes are by Judith Bland, and the lighting is by Natasha Katz. The direction is by Clifford Williams.

"BIG RIVER" (at the Eugene O'Neill) is a musical version of Mark Twain's "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," with music and lyrics by Roger Miller and a book by William Hauptman. In accordance with Shaw's maxim to the effect that the least ugly daughter is the family beauty, in a season almost empty of musicals one is inclined to embrace "Big River" with something like abandon; it is ambitious, intelligent, well designed (by Heidi Landesman), well costumed (by Patricia McGourty), well lighted (by Richard Riddell), and well directed (by Des McAnuff), and one is in the presence of several excellent performers, including Daniel H. Jenkins, as Huck; Ron Richardson, as Jim; John Short, as Tom Sawyer; John Goodman, as Huck's father; Rene Auberjonois, as the Duke; and Bob Gunton, as the King. It is nevertheless the case that Mr. Miller's music and lyrics are serviceable but uninspired, and that little of the dark, cranky authority that fills Twain's glance backward to his lost and ever-longed-for past has survived its evocation onstage. Twain labored for many years over the accumulation of fantasized incident that became, to his relief, a novel greater than he had believed himself capable of writing. He worked on every sentence with the same disciplined anguish as Flaubert, Elmira and Croisset having more in common than either author is likely to have supposed, and the authors themselves having in common an ineradicable contempt for the human race. Bleakly and blackly they take up their pens to make us laugh, and at the same time to make us doubt whether life deserves even that degree of their and our attention. One can scarcely blame "Big River" for failing to encompass this subterranean aspect of Twain's genius; still, it is a felt lack throughout the evening. Many people have called "Big River" the best musical of the season, and so it is.



WILLIAM M. HOFFMAN'S "As Is," which my colleague Edith Oliver praised in these pages some weeks ago, has moved from Off Broadway to Broadway, at the Lyceum, where I hope it will enjoy a long run.

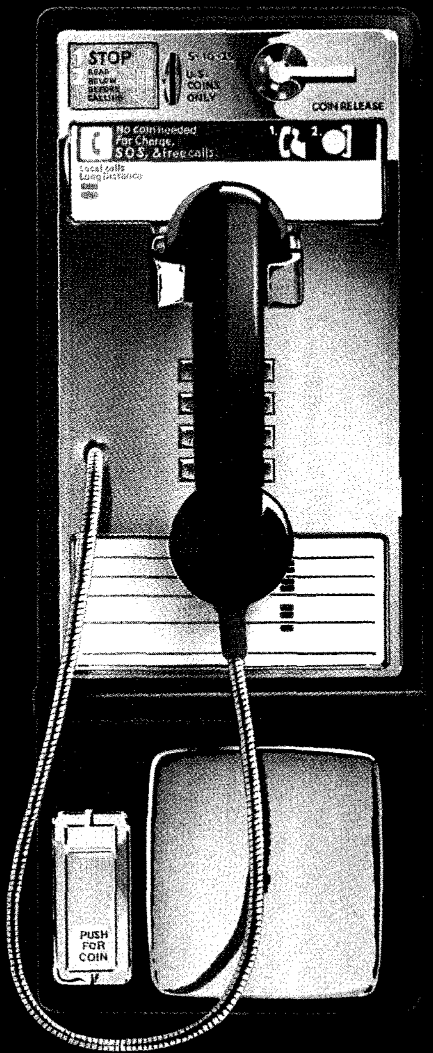
—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Rite of Spring

THE setting for Mark St. Germain's "Out of Gas on Lovers Leap," at WPA (Off Off), is a large car, its doors open, that is parked at the edge of a cliff. At the beginning, a girl and boy, aged seventeen or eighteen, rush in; they are Myst and Grouper, and they are dressed in pale-blue gowns and hold mortarboards, for they have just graduated from school, and they are high and wildly elated. Both are well-to-do children of celebrities—her mother was a rock star in the sixties and still performs; his father is a self-important, ambitious United States senator—and they are lost souls, right from the start. Grouper is a virgin, and he loves Myst and nobody

Trouble s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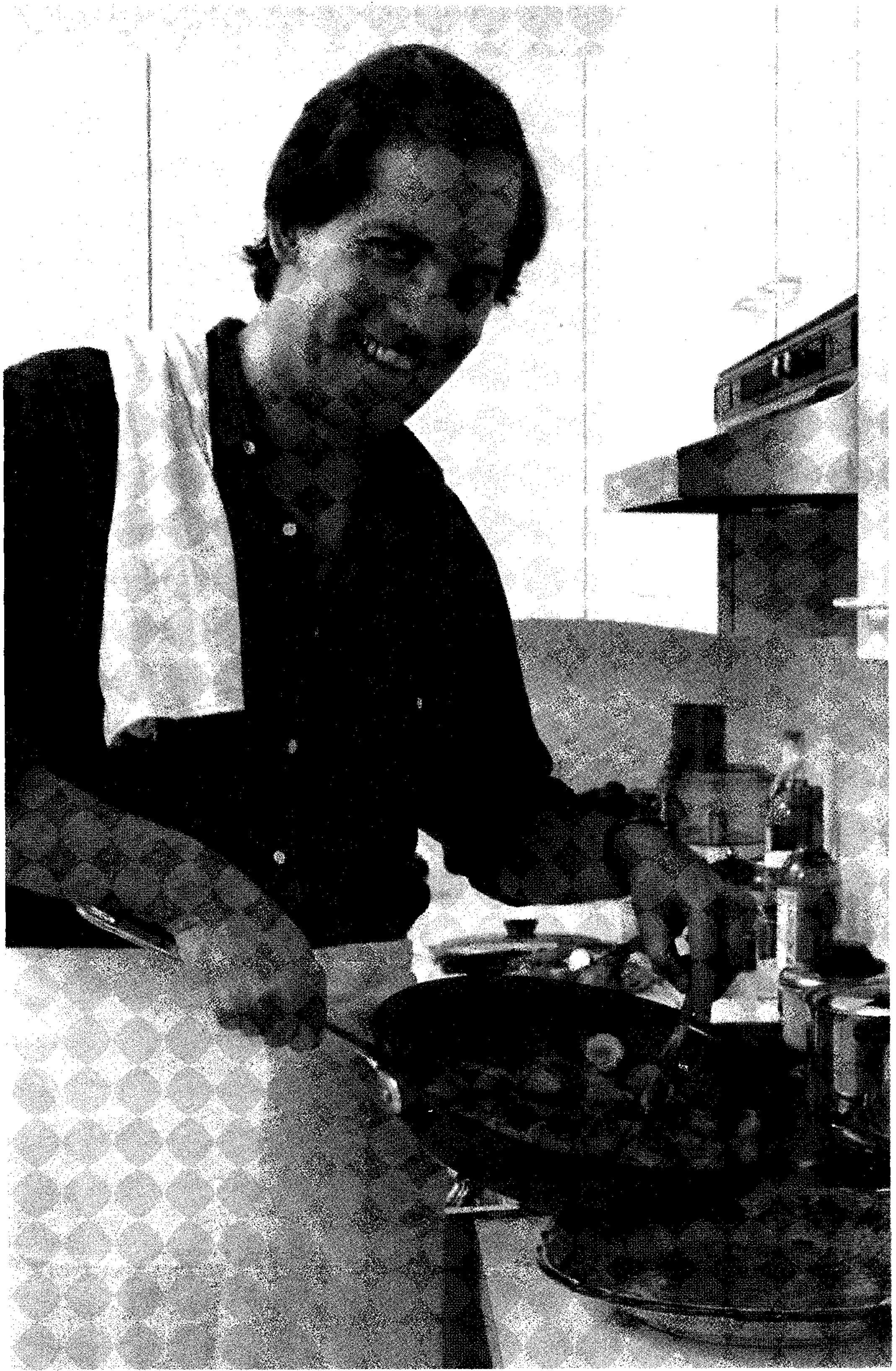

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else on earth except his retarded brother. She is determined that he give her sex as a graduation present, but he wants them to get married first, that night, right away, and then move to a beach in New Jersey. Ridiculous, says she, but they smoke some pot and drink some beer and snort some cocaine, and she prevails. They make love, with some triumph on his part, and then melancholy sets in; the past encroaches on the present and ultimately overwhelms it. We learn more about Myst's trampy mother and her own absent-hearted sexuality, and about Grouper's cold, dreadful father and his own attempt at suicide. They turn mean and try to hurt each other, and succeed, and then they make up and re-declare their love, but the evil, mortally wounding parental spell lingers, and they realize that there is no shaking it off.

This story, synopsized, sounds like another social worker's case history of miserable teen-agers. The characters seldom seem to break free of the dramatist, and at the arbitrary ending they and the audience are at his mercy. Nevertheless, the evening is redeemed time after time by his theatrical imagination and flights of humor, the funniest scene being Grouper's flash impersonation of Myst's awful mother, followed by her impersonation of his awful father. More than that, it is redeemed by the wholly credible and impressive performances of young Melissa Leo and young Fisher Stevens, under Elinor Renfield's direction. "Out of Gas" may be more finger exercise than play, but, with Miss Renfield at the helm, it holds firm. The setting, by Edward T. Gianfrancesco, lighted by Craig Evans on WPA's tiny stage, is very good. Don Newcomb designed the appropriate costumes.

THE Manhattan Punch Line (Off Off), which is dedicated to comedy—what worthier cause!—is, unfortunately, presenting a not very amusing comedy, "Almost in Vegas," by Janet Neipris, about the end of an affair between a Hollywood executive and a thirty-six-year-old woman who works in his office. He is comfortably married and the father of two children; she is alone. They have come to Las Vegas to see Frank Sinatra, who is booked to sing at their hotel. Their delight in each other quickly dims when he tells her that he must leave on an early flight on Sunday to take his son to a hockey game, and then darkens completely when she asks him to give her a child. He is appalled. The plot, such as it is, is complicated by the presence of a pesky former school chum of hers, newly arrived from Tokyo, who clings to our heroine and never stops chattering. The school chum's presence during brief embraces of the lovers is meant to be funny but isn't. Bum Sinatra jokes abound. The fourth character is a puckish bartender who tends to dispense free drinks to the school chum and to lip-sync the Sinatra songs on the jukebox. By the end of the play, our heroine has broken off the affair, and she and school chum have reached some decision about men, but by that time I had switched off, and cannot tell you what it was. David Little gives a plausible performance as the lover, a bewildered, rather decent fellow, who had my sympathy whenever he was around. The other characters, as written and played, simply don't exist. There is plenty of hokum throughout but no real humor.

"CALIFORNIA DOG FIGHT," itself a dog, is about an illegal dogfight in a parched pear orchard in California. Written by Mark Lee and presented by the Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, it is, for all its strenuous activity and boiling emotion, as empty as a drum. It is worth mentioning only because of the good work of a number of the actors (within the limitations of the script), among them Jimmie Ray Weeks, Darren McGavin, Mariel Hemingway, and Bruce MacVittie. The show marks the début here of Bill Bryden, an English director of high reputation, whose misstep will surely be forgotten immediately after May 19th, when the show closes. The setting was designed by Santo Loquasto and lighted by Andy Phillips; costumes by Rita Ryack.

—EDITH OLIVER

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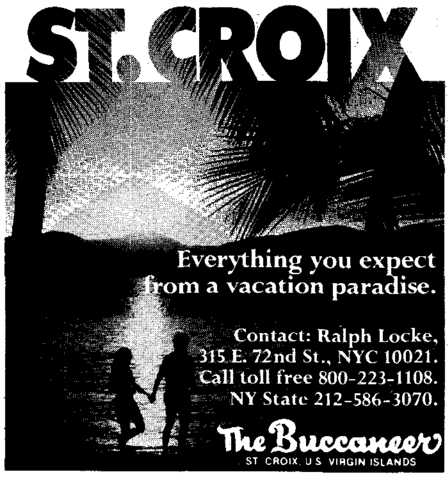

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DANCING

“Romeo” Revived

READING Lynn Seymour’s autobiography, “Lynn,” is probably not the best way of getting in the mood to see the Kenneth MacMillan ballets that American Ballet Theatre is now presenting at the Met. The roles of Juliet and Anastasia, which MacMillan created for Seymour, are being performed by dancers of another company tradition and another generation; the impulse that motivated Seymour and MacMillan in the sixties is missing. And the self-scandalized, confessional style of the autobiography, published last year in England, is different from the way dancers tend to write about themselves here. Merrill Ashley in “Dancing for Balanchine” writes about roles and steps; “Lynn” is more like a celebrity memoir. Seymour doesn’t tell us as much about the creative process she shared with MacMillan as about the vicissitudes of her friendship with him, and the strain that developed between them doesn’t quite explain how, after a string of successes with Seymour, MacMillan could have gone ahead and created the ultimate Seymour role—that of Isadora Duncan in his ballet “Isadora”—without her. Seymour doesn’t seem to have any idea of the part she and MacMillan played, separately and together, in the artistic fortunes of the Royal Ballet; to her (or her amanuensis, Paul Gardner) it’s all personal history, and no item is too intimate to be left out.

When Seymour gets to the “Romeo and Juliet” chapter, we expect some account of the impact on the London ballet world of the Bolshoi production, starring Ulanova. The Royal tried as late as 1963 to acquire this very production before commissioning a new version from a house choreographer. One imagines how all the prestige garnered by the Russians must have weighed upon MacMillan as he started work. In sheer physical terms, too, the Bolshoi version was of a tonnage to daunt the most experienced choreographer. MacMillan, at thirty-five, was creating his first full-evening ballet. But there’s no mention in the Seymour book of the Bolshoi. In her account, the main impression on MacMillan was made by John Cranko’s post-Bolshoi production in Stuttgart, where Seymour had been invited to dance Juliet, and by Franco Zeffirelli’s staging of Shakespeare’s play for the Old Vic. Zeffirelli’s (in film form) is probably still the best-known version of the play. The Cranko and MacMillan versions of the ballet have been trouped around the globe, rival classics that have withstood every attempt—and there have been numerous notable ones—to dislodge them from the repertory. What this means is that every year more people see “Romeo and Juliet” as a ballet or as a film than as a play. This wouldn’t matter so much if the ballets really were classics and if the movie really was Shakespeare, but the movie is almost as much a ballet—or an opera—as the dance productions are; Zeffirelli cuts the text and substitutes camera action. And in the ballets the text isn’t Shakespeare—it’s Prokofiev.

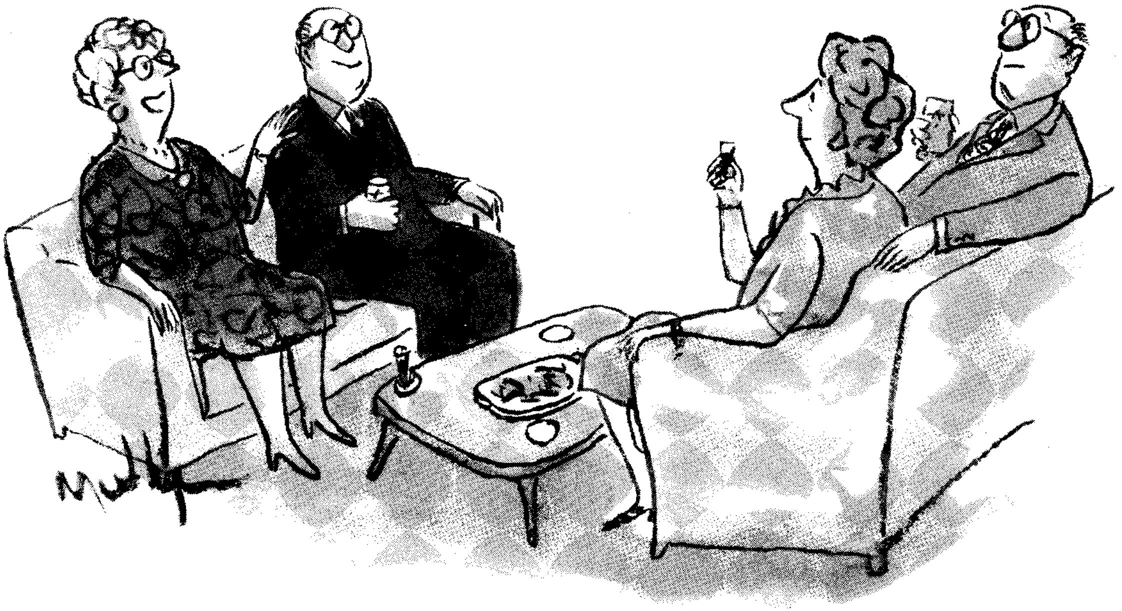
The Russians had paid their respects to Shakespeare by pantomiming their way through the music; they tried to hold on to the meaning of the language by dancing as little as possible. Cranko saw the necessity of substituting dance for mime in the obvious places; he modernized the pas de deux, picked up the pace of the other scenes, and produced a faster, lighter, and younger “Romeo” than the Bolshoi’s. But he also vulgarized the material and miscalculated most of the dramatic suspense in the score. His third act, encompassing the potion scene, the funeral, and the lovers’ suicide, is a crude sketch compared with MacMillan’s—crude and, in the final moments, incomprehensible. Juliet discovers Paris’s body *after* she discovers Romeo’s. Cranko has arranged the anticlimax so that she can stab herself with Paris’s dagger, Romeo having used his to stab himself. (Romeo’s not taking poison, as he does in the play, is Cranko trying to cover for the lack of a scene showing where the poison came from.) The comparative accuracy and simplicity of MacMillan’s treatment are, like all the rest of his comparatively accurate, comparatively simple production, the result of a finer musical sense. His staging tells the eye what Prokofiev’s music tells the ear, not only in point of incident but in point of tone. Cranko’s version suffers from Cranko’s inveterate unmusicality. Although he converts mime passages into dancing, it’s an athletic, unlyrical kind of dancing. The poetic seriousness of the music is not of a consistently high order, but that doesn’t excuse Cranko’s Broadway zip. He was, in this work and throughout his career, the master of pop ballet. It’s fitting that in this year of “Romeo” revivals his version should have been chosen by the Joffrey Ballet—the company committed since its beginnings to a pop image.

As many other choreographers have shown, it is no use trying to do the ballet without the scenario that Prokofiev followed. But this scenario, conceived by the Shakespearean director Sergei Radlov and prepared twice over with the assistance of two different choreographers, is a dramaturgical nightmare. Nothing is condensed or converted into ballet terms; every turn of plot is faithfully retained until we get to Romeo’s exile, whereupon the plot is simply thrown out. Though MacMillan’s ballet has the dignity of weight and scale appropriate to the score, it isn’t drastically dissimilar to Cranko’s, and its finesse runs thin over the same cracks in the plot that troubled Cranko. Friar Laurence is a noncharacter who emerges from his chapel like a clockwork toy to administer marriage vows and potions. Besides the two leads, only Mercutio makes a plausible dance character. His duel with Tybalt (implacably a mime role) has the high contrast of Errol Flynn’s movie duels with Basil Rathbone. The duets, the duels, and a background of marketplace hubbub are about all a choreographer can hope to sustain. Both Cranko and MacMillan bring on Rosaline as a character (although only MacMillan gets anything out of the lute music that Prokofiev wrote for Romeo’s serenades to her). The ballet needs her. But does it need Lady Capulet’s violent demonstrations of grief over Tybalt’s corpse, which strongly imply that the two have been having an affair? Here is one plot element the ballet *adds*, and it commands our attention at the wrong moment—just as Romeo realizes that he is banished. It’s his tragedy, after all.

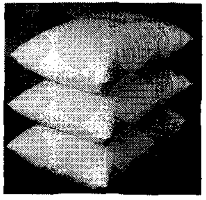
Cranko retained such hallmarks of the Bolshoi production as the Pillow Dance at the ball and Ulanova’s breathless run along the front of the stage to the apothecary and back. MacMillan has the Pillow Dance without the pillows, and he minimizes the run in favor of a now equally famous scene in which Juliet sits motionless on her bed, gazing out at the audience, while the orchestra conveys the turbulence of her emotions. MacMillan's tendency to underplay moments like this matches neither the Italian verismo of the Zeffirelli production nor the operatic mime of the Bolshoi. He uses stillness again at the start of the balcony pas de deux, when the lovers, separated by the whole distance of the stage, simply stand and stare at each other. The histrionics are all in the dancing. In the marketplace scenes, he cuts down on the opera-house filler by introducing a village wedding—a device that Zeffirelli had also used to parallel Romeo's newfound happiness as Juliet's husband. The Mandolin Dance is performed by the wedding attendants, and in the A.B.T. production the acrobatic principal role is taken by Mercutio. But the filler is there nonetheless—Prokofiev wrote tarantella music by the yard. Where Cranko choreographs a giddy festival with pushcarts, lanterns, and fruit flying back and forth, MacMillan has three whores warring interminably with the good women of the town. It is all as impossibly tedious as any opera spectacle, when the supers are trying to get some color into this thing. And it is aggravated by the inability of American dancers to act. The Joffrey dancers manage well enough with the callowness of Cranko's conception. But in the A.B.T. crowd scenes the dancers look as if they were trying to hide from the audience, and they automatically regularize every movement. When MacMillan stages a passeggiata in the square with the lowlifes mimicking the affectations of the nobles, one half of the dancers are walking like this and the other half are walking like that. No attempt is made at individual variations. The flatness of the effect extends to the supporting roles. In the Joffrey performances at the State Theatre in March, only David Palmer as Mercutio had dimension. The A.B.T. casts have a good Mercutio in that winning performer Gil Boggs. The rest try hard, but they don't project. Susan Jones wears too much padding in her costume to register the emotions of the Nurse. Kathleen Moore wears less, but she, too, misses the moment when Juliet, forced into an engagement to Paris, ostracized by her parents, turns to her nurse for advice. Juliet doesn't even get a response.

Cranko's first Juliet was Carla Fracci. He revised the production and cast Marcia Haydée. His model seems to have been the waif played by the aging Ulanova, but Haydée looked more like the wallflower heroine of old musical comedies like "Good News," and Richard Cragun was her big, handsome football-player Romeo. The twosome I saw at the Joffrey, Patricia Miller and James Canfield, were true to type. Seymour as MacMillan's chosen Juliet brought Anna Magnani-size passions to her love scenes and her defiance of her parents. She stabbed herself and died with her legs spread, Romeo's head resting on her thigh. Christopher Gable matched her in impetuosity, and his virility and athleticism were free of jock overtones. In both London and New York, the Royal's first cast was Fonteyn and Nureyev, who in adapting themselves to roles made on two other dancers showed their class as stars. The ballet sealed their fame as a team; in turn, they made it a box-office success. In spite of what Seymour says in her book, she wasn't cheated of her reward either in applause or in critical esteem. If her imprint on the role is blurred, that's because no one else has been able to dance it and act it just her way. Neither of the two Juliets I saw at A.B.T. reminded me of Seymour—or of Fonteyn, either. MacMillan, now with the company as associate artistic director, has evidently allowed his American Juliets (there are six of them) to find their own interpretations, just as the Royal ballerinas did. Susan Jaffe was a shy Juliet who went gaga over the glamorous Romeo of Patrick Bissell and gradually became dependent on him. But Jaffe was unable to summon the hysteria of dependence that could have made all the last part of the ballet credible. Amanda McKerrow was able not only to do that but also to suggest a precocity of feeling that let her see into the tragedy ahead. When she discovered Romeo dead, she stood for a long moment quietly looking down at him. It was a stroke that brought to a natural resolution the stillnesses that are written into the role. McKerrow's dancing was even more impressive than her acting. She is small but not short, delicate but not waiflike or mousy. Her pulled-out limbs, quick feet, light runs, and lofty jump make her by nature a fantasy character. She doesn't have that Ballet Theatre flaw of separating the impulse of a movement between the upper and lower body—she's all of a piece, and her element is the air. With her partner, Robert Hill, she did low, trancelike lifts, her feet brushing the floor in tremors; in leaps she appeared to fall from the heights into his hands.

Both "Romeo"s are given in repli-



"Turns out Egbert and I weren't really made for each other, but we endured."



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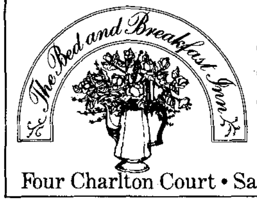
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cas of their original sets and costumes. Jürgen Rose's designs for Cranko are accurately and effectively reproduced. Nicholas Georgiadis's more resplendent designs for MacMillan are rendered dully in sepia pinks and browns, with yellowish lighting. Both sets have a second story, but Georgiadis's has staircases, and they make a great difference to the choreography. (Too bad the two levels of the set aren't used in the duels.) The A.B.T. performance is long, with stage waits that, in the last act, encourage walkouts. The Joffrey gets you out sooner, but you have to endure the jerky rhythm of Cranko's staging, and when he's done you haven't been anywhere. In a logy performance, the MacMillan can appear rich, handsome, and dead, but the Cranko is intrinsically slick, light, and foolish. What the choice finally comes down to isn't maturity of conception, or talent, or even stage wisdom; it's quality of mind. MacMillan is better company.

I HAVE never seen a piece by anyone, anywhere, like Paul Taylor's "Last Look." Basically, it's one of his visions of damnation, but it's an extreme statement even for him. The other works it reminds me of are "Churchyard," "Dust," "Private Domain," and (quite specifically) the opening scene of ". . . Byzantium." But those are all resemblances of atmosphere. "Last Look" *moves* in a way that cannot be related to any other piece: it twitches and thrashes and flails; it is one long series of spasms. Taylor has used "natural" movement before. Here the absence of any clearly defined dance movement suggests that he has reached some impasse of expression. For the enormity of the things he has to say, steps fail him.

The piece, which had its première at the City Center, was designed in collaboration with Alex Katz, and it is Katz's set, as usual, that establishes the terms. This consists of seven mirrored triangular boxes stood on end in an irregular grid pattern. The boxes, about as tall as the dancers, cut the stage into fragments, so that we're no longer looking at an abstract space—we're looking at a real place, a room. Furthermore, it is a closed room. The entire cast of nine dancers, onstage at the beginning, is there at the end; nobody ever exits. The sense of confinement is overwhelming. These people are penned together, and as the piece goes on, and their quivering and

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shuddering become more and more agitated (it's as if they were being electrocuted through the floor), we realize that there's no way out, no escape from the walls, the mirrors, the glaring lights, the bodies underfoot.

In the same instant that we take in this pressure cooker of a set, we take in the costumes (also by Katz). The women are in longish satin wraparound dresses with sharp lapels and cummerbunds; some wear jewelry. The fashionable retro look is easier to deal with than the men's dull-green shirts and pants, which look like uniforms. Because of the women's outfits and the mirrors, I saw the "room" as a disco, and the impression persisted despite the sound of the music, which was very far from the sound of disco. It was, in fact, a sound that drenched the terrible frenzy onstage in pathos—a sombre, brooding, deeply mournful orchestral threnody in which one heard, now and then, strains from "La Valse." Donald York composed this music on Taylor's commission, and Taylor may have requested the reference to "La Valse" and meant to remind us of the inscription on the score: "We are dancing on the edge of a volcano." Ravel, in 1920, sensed an impending social crisis. Taylor is precise about the nature of the crisis he evokes in "Last Look." When his dancers are not writhing uncontrollably, they are staring at themselves in the mirrors. Susan McGuire and David Parsons perform a nominal pas de deux; the furtive postures, the narcissistic caresses tell us that in fact each is masturbating. Later, Parsons dances a reckless, convulsive, onanistic kind of solo, returning again and again to the mirror. Throughout the piece, the only allusions to formal dancing that crop up are to the waltz (woozy, out of control) and the frug. Of course, nobody ever takes a partner. Hell is not other people so much as it is the space other people take up. Parsons dances his solo in about six square feet of space. At the end, the image with which the ballet began—a heap of bodies—is painfully rebuilt, body on body, with one woman clawing her way to the top of the heap.

Newspaper accounts of night-club fires always include the ghastly detail of the bodies piled up at the exits. "Last Look" may not be the luxe vision of the apocalypse that Balanchine offers us in his "La Valse," but it scares us more. It is the holocaust of small souls.

—Arlene Croce

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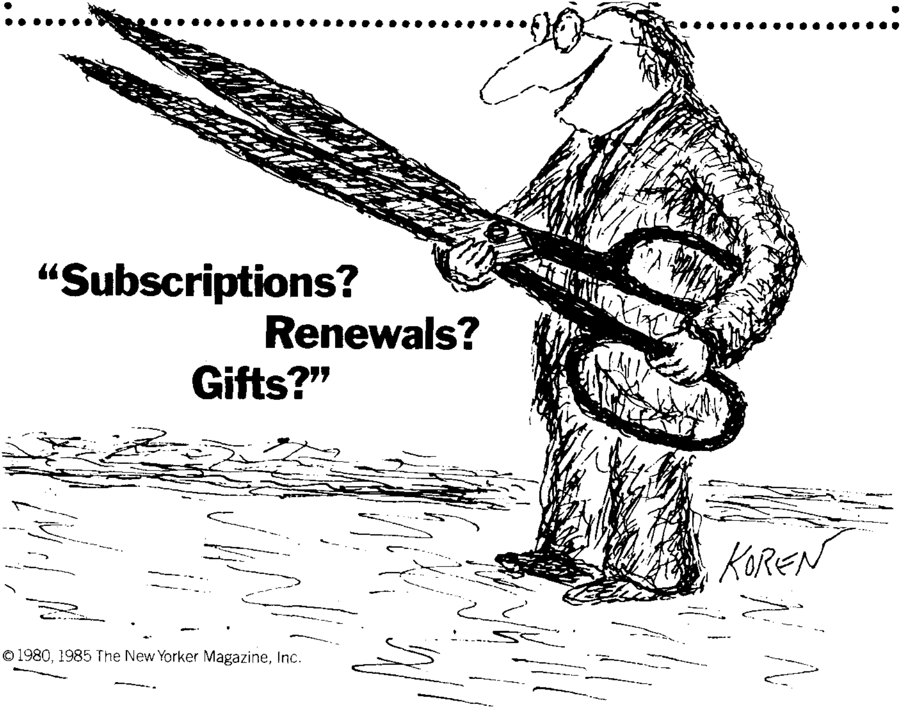
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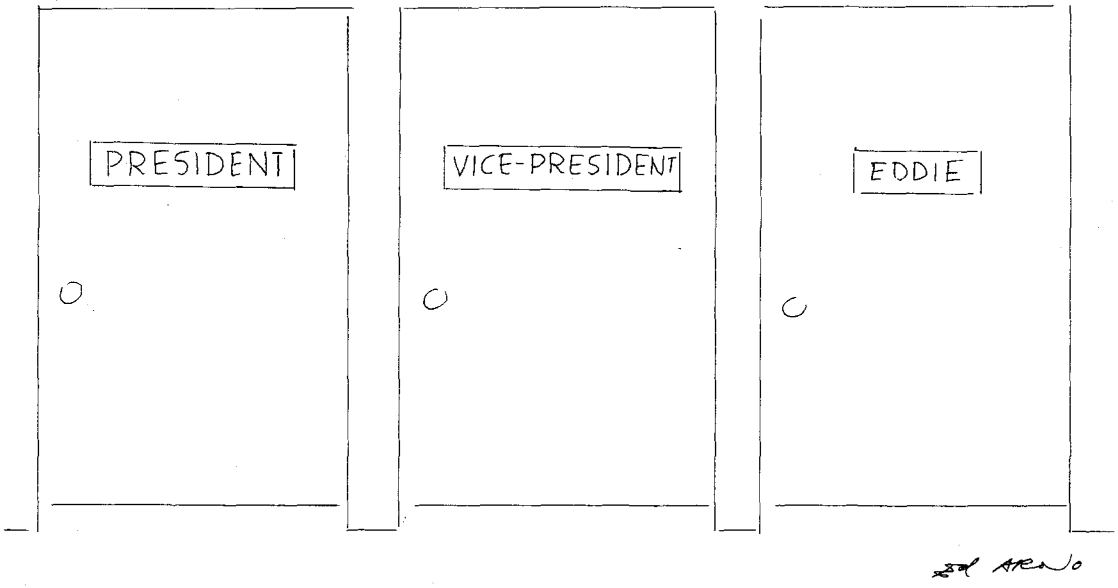
MUSICAL EVENTS

Questions of Scale

“GERMANIA,” first produced in 1902 at La Scala, is an opera by a Jewish composer, Alberto Franchetti, that celebrates Germany’s War of Liberation against Napoleon. The librettist was Luigi Illica, who six years earlier had brought the French Revolution to the stage of La Scala in Giordano’s “Andrea Chénier.” The “Germania” cast enrolls many early-nineteenth-century celebrities—among them Humboldt, Fichte, Lützow, Blücher, Schlegel, Körner, Chamisso, Kleist, Hölty, Jacobi, Queen Louise, the future Frederick William IV, and Napoleon. They don’t all have singing roles; only an attentive reader of Illica’s libretto can know who all of them are. (Weber, “his eyes brilliant with a double fever, that of genius and that of phthisis,” is one of those introduced onstage by name; the company welcomes him by breaking enthusiastically into his patriotic part-song “Lützow’s Wilde Jagd.”) It is a high-flown libretto, with empurpled stage directions that sometimes fill a page. On a simpler level, the plot is propelled by the fact that the tenor and the baritone, the students Friedrich and Karl (Caruso and Sammarco at the first performance), while comrades in the struggle, are rivals for the love of the soprano, Ricke. The first scene is a vast mill on the banks of the Pegnitz, outside Nuremberg, housing an underground press where, in 1806, students print inflammatory literature pouring in from Germany’s great writers. The last scene is the battlefield after the Battle of Leipzig (1813): Napoleon and his defeated grenadiers pass across the back; Karl lies dead; Friedrich dies with a cry of “O libera Germania!” on his lips; and, in a blood-red sunset, Ricke, beside him, enters upon “her first and eternal wedding night.”

Franchetti, once spoken of in a breath with Mascagni and Puccini, had a sound German training. He excelled in the handling of large-scale scenes; he was called “the Meyerbeer of modern Italy.” Toscanini conducted “Germania” at the Met in 1910 and 1911 (with Destinn, Caruso, and Amato), and it was well received. Today, little more than the arias recorded at the time of the première by Caruso, Sammarco, and Amelia Pinto (the first Ricke) and some later records by Caruso and Amato is remembered. But last month and this Bel Canto Opera revived “Germania,” on a modest scale, in the theatre of the Joan of Arc Junior High School, on West Ninety-third Street. (The 1940 building has a noble, aspirant portal; the street culminates in a mounted statue of the Maid, high above the Hudson, whose base incorporates stones from Rouen and Rheims.) It proved to be a melodious and skillfully fashioned piece, a little square in the cut of its melodies, surprisingly diatonic, and very different from the coarseness of lesser verismo. The temperate conclusion of the 1954 Grove entry on Franchetti is just: “His music is not profoundly emotional, not very often distinguished, but his workmanship is sound and scholarly, and the fact that he owes little or nothing to Wagner and stood entirely apart from the hysterical school of young Italy, in the ascendant during Franchetti’s youth, should not be reckoned against him.”

Bel Canto, within its limitations, did well by the opera. April Evans-Montefiore (Ricke), Henry Lackowski (Karl), and Joseph Wolverton (Friedrich) were principals of some merit. Maroun Azouri, the director and designer, set the piece in a white box on which the décors of the Met 1910 production were projected. (The projections were continued onto the walls of the theatre; the idea of thus enlarging the effect of the tiny stage was good, but the whirr of projectors in the auditorium, further muddying the already murky acoustics, was too high a price to pay.) One was left with mixed feelings. Pleasure in the piece and admiration for the company’s enterprise and ingenuity were tempered by regret that so much of the opera remained unrealized. The role of Jane, Ricke’s young sister (created by Jane Bathori in 1902 and sung by Alma Gluck in 1911), was omitted altogether. A chorus of twelve could do little justice to scenes for which two hundred choristers and supers would not be too many. The big symphonic intermezzo evoking the Battle of Leipzig, its content prescribed by Illica (“What supreme vision lights your dying eyes, ye new heroes? Heaven and Myth mingle there in a supreme embrace of poetry, bloodshed, and glory with Earth and History. . . . All the ancient heroes on their white steeds descend from mystic Valhallas to witness Arminius’ renewed glory”), was missing. An orchestra of nine fiddles, two horns, timpani, and one each of viola, cello, double-bass, flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, trumpet, and harp produced a sound far from anything Franchetti could have had in mind. It was stationed off to one side: blend, balance, and ensemble were insecure. Victoria Bond conducted; her beat was trim, but her approach was unidiomatic.



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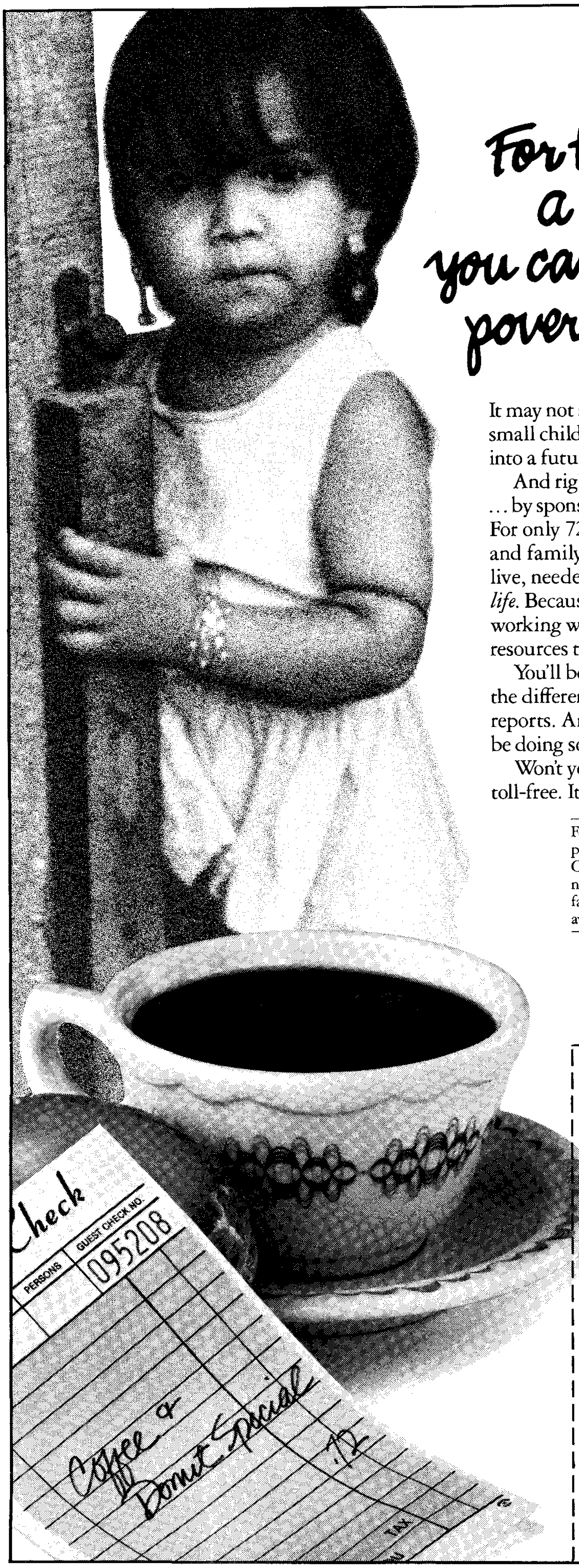

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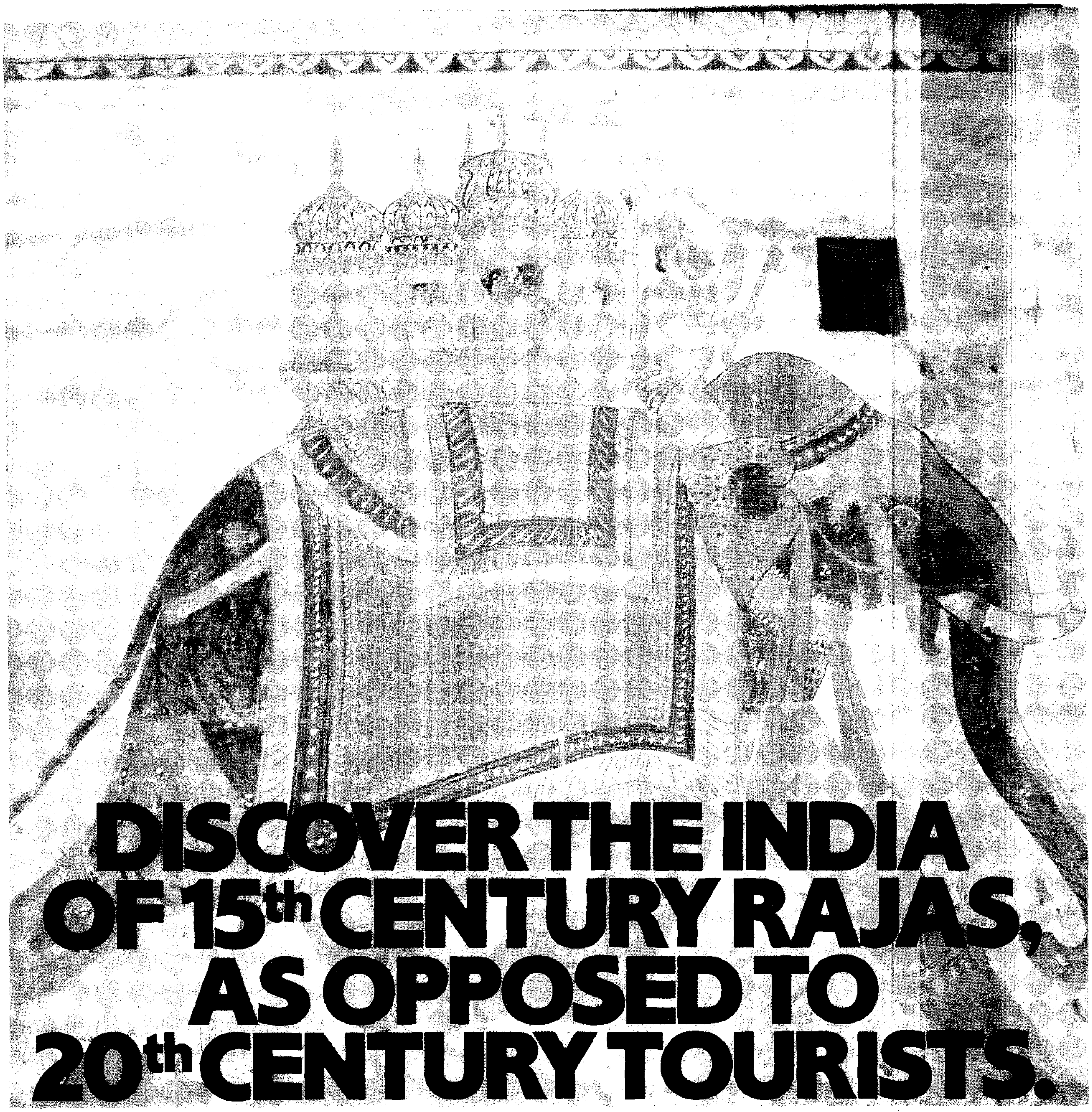
quired, New York would in recent years not have heard and seen—albeit imperfectly—such pieces as "Les Huguenots," "Prince Igor," Saint-Saëns' "Henry VIII," Filippo Marchetti's "Ruy Blas," and Catalani's "La Wally." Some of the big works revived by Bel Canto have then found their way, it is true, to the Metropolitan ("La Favorite," "Thaïs," "Esclarmonde," "The Carmelites"), to the City Opera ("Lakmé," Cherubini's "Médée," Ambroise Thomas's "Hamlet," Montemezzi's "L'Amore dei Tre Re"), or to Carnegie Hall (Thomas's "Mignon," Glinka's "A Life for the Tsar," "Semiramide"). A full staging of "Germania" at Lincoln Center seems unlikely—even though odder and less meritorious things, such as Zandonai's "Francesca da Rimini," do get done there. A full concert performance of "Germania"—complementary to the Bel Canto staging as Eve Queler's concert "Nerone" was to the Amato Opera's doll-house (but exciting) production of Boito's opera—would not be unwelcome.

THE latest presentation of Miss Queler and her Opera Orchestra of New York, in Carnegie Hall last month, was Édouard Lalo's "Le Roi d'Ys," last done at the Met in 1922. At the Opéra-Comique, where "Le Roi d'Ys" had its première, in 1888, it won for Lalo what Paul Dukas, in his slightly catty obituary of the composer, called "more than just success: glory." There, he said, "to the profound stupefaction of the director, the conductor, the singers, the dancers, the choristers, the stage hands, and the lighting staff of the Opéra-Comique, 'Le Roi d'Ys' was welcomed as a triumph." It was given nearly five hundred times before, in 1941, it was transferred to the larger spaces of the Opéra. There was no triumph at Covent Garden, where, in 1901, it failed after two performances. Or at the Met, where it failed after five, despite a cast including Ponselle, Frances Alda, and Gigli. I remember rather enjoying the records of "Le Roi d'Ys," with Rita Gorr as Margared, which came out years ago. (The set is still around.) I can't think now why I did, unless I was bowled over by the performances. Mylio's famous aubade, "Vainement, ma bien-aimée," is a pretty piece; Rozenn's reply, based on a Breton folk tune, is charming; and their love duet is tender. But those numbers are exceptions—the light relief in an otherwise strenuous score. For the rest, one must endure an awful lot of fanfarade and chordal chant, often organ-accompanied—State and Church at their dreariest. "Le Roi d'Ys" was once influential. Dukas can be forgiven his malice in the light of his conclusions: that although sickliness is often found more interesting than health and, unlike health, proves contagious, "Gounod is not a greater composer than Berlioz by reason of being more widely imitated, nor Massenet than Bizet." Dukas's own "Ariane et Barbe-Bleue" (1907) is a more considerable opera than "Le Roi d'Ys."

Miss Queler is a conductor of wide sympathies and enthusiasms who responds to greatness (I recall her 1978 "Tristan" with gratitude), who can quicken uneven scores by great composers in ways that make their merits outshine their weaknesses, but who does not have Beechamlike alchemic power over dross. Weber's "Oberon," Berlioz's "Lélio," Wagner's "Rienzi," Donizetti's "Gemma di Vergy," Verdi's "I Lombardi" and "I Masnadieri," Smetana's "Dalibor," and Puccini's "Edgar" have been among her successes. (I like her work least when she allows singers to bawl their heads off to an audience that then bawls back its approval.) In points both of repertory and of roster she has provided New York with high adventure. Gluck's "Armide," Spontini's "La Vestale," Fauré's "Pénélope," Szymanowski's "King Roger," Janáček's "Osud," and Franz Schreker's "Der Ferne Klang" are works she might consider. Pizzetti's "Fedra" deserves a hearing, if a new Phaedra—once one of Régine Crespin's great roles—can be found. Smetana's noble "Libuše" is announced for next season, with Gabriela Beňačková in the title role and Carol Vaness as Krasava.

As Margared we heard the Rumanian mezzo Cleopatra Ciurca, and heard some of the loudest noise above the treble staff since—well, since Eva Marton's Ortrud at the Met this season. In fairness, it should be added that the yells were cleanly focussed and accurately pitched notes; but they were not pleasant to hear. The title role was taken by Marc Vento, a reliable Paris bass-baritone of the old school, with focussed, unforced tone and clear, forward words. The baritone Mark Pedrotti, a New Zealander active in Canada, had the same qualities and a bright young voice; one regretted that his role, Jahel, was small. The baritone Alan Titus, as Karnac, the heavy villain, sang boldly, not quite stylishly. The casting seemed undecided between Opéra and Opéra-Comique scales: on the one hand, Miss Ciurca in full cry, with a boisterous orchestra; on the other, Barbara Hendricks, a very light, pretty (but not quite steady) Rozenn. Mylio is one of those French tenor roles calling for both elegance and heroics. The first Mylio, Jean-Alexandre Talazac, was the first Hoffmann and Des Grieux and also the first Paris Samson; in London he sang Faust, and Nadir in "The Pearl Fishers." (Shaw remarked that his figure offered a terrible temptation to the hungry shark.) Miss Queler had the young Corsican tenor Tibère Raffalli, who plies a similar repertory. He did some agreeable things but seemed unformed: a composite of tenorial mannerisms rather than a polished artist.

JEWISH OPERA AT THE Y, a series produced by Hadassah Markson, the director of the Y School of Music, has been a creatively fruitful enterprise. Bruce Adolphe's "Mikhoels the Wise" (1982) and his "The False Messiah" (1983), two intelligent and unusual music dramas, have been among its successes. David Schiff's "Gimpel the Fool," based on the story by Isaac Bashevis Singer, was done at the Y six years ago and again in 1980 in an extended version, when I praised it on the strength of a tape recording. I enjoyed and admired it even more when it was revived at the Y last month, in a new production. The opera was composed and first sung in Yiddish. The revival was given in the composer's English translation; he wrote in a program note, "I have dis-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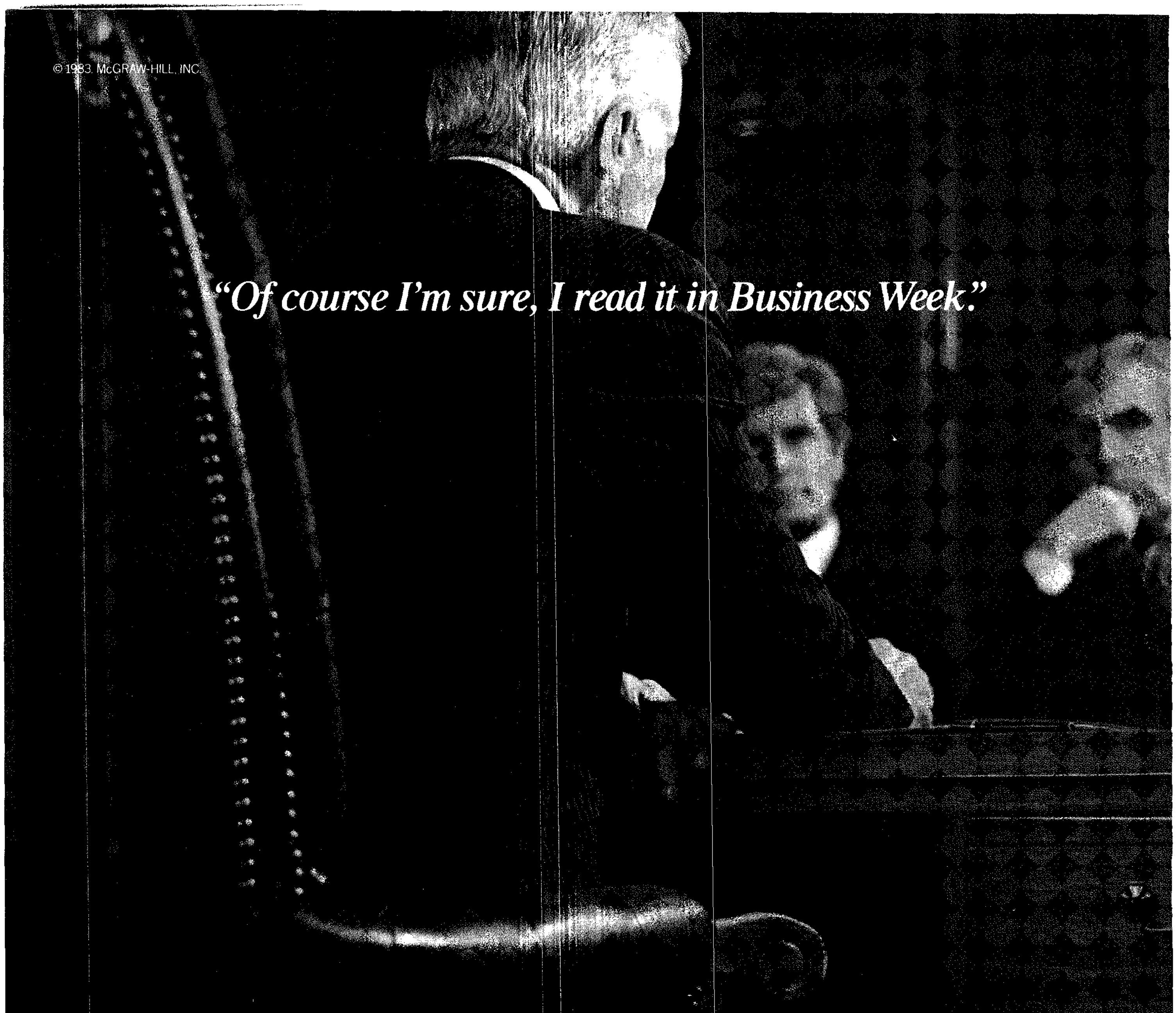
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covered that there are very few singers, especially outside of New York, who can sing Yiddish authentically with the proper pronunciation and inflection." Schiff's music is eclectic, with touches that recall Mahler, Stravinsky, Kurt Weill, and Jewish cabaret song; the eclecticism, he says, "reflects the basic eclecticism of the Jewish musical inheritance." The orchestra of fourteen has a klezmer tang, with trumpet and clarinet solos, busy fiddle, tuba bass, accordion, mandolin, and an electric harpsichord to stand in for the cimbalom. The score is catchy, varied, entertaining, and often moving. It is written in traditional Jewish modes and employs figures from cantoral chant. Some of the numbers, with exotic melodic inflections and piquant instrumental timbres, reminded me of the Iranian cabaret—folk and animal tales retold to satirize both shah and mullah—that in pre-Ayatollah days used to flourish at the Shiraz Festival. It's not a pastiche score but a modern one with roots in the past. Schiff's inventions are distinguished, and his technique is precise. He tells of entering, by way of Singer's story, into "the world of my ancestors . . . an irrational world full of ghosts and demons but also a world saturated with the moral and spiritual values of traditional Judaism." It's a world close enough to basic human nature and universal myths to be recognizable, yet particular enough to be picturesque. The opera is at once sharp-eyed, sharp-eared, and kindly: a modern successor to "The Soldier's Tale" and "Reynard," but more warmly emotional than those masterpieces. Gimpel, a baker's apprentice in a Polish shtetl, is partly the butt of Polish jokes, played on him by the townspeople, and partly a Holy Fool. One night, the Evil One tempts him to take revenge on the people of Frompol by fouling their challah dough; the ghost of his wife, who betrayed him lustily while she was alive but is now atoning for her misdeeds, dissuades him. There's a cast of twelve; some of the roles can be doubled. It's a good opera for campuses and colleges, and it might be a hit at the City Opera.

The Y performance, conducted by Amy Kaiser, directed by Dan Held, and designed by Tony Castrigno (sets) and Karen Hummel (costumes), was keen, bright, and sensitive. William Parker, as Gimpel, and Barbara Martin, as his errant wife, led an adept professional cast. The band, which included some well-known New York players, was first-rate. Amid the city's operatic ventures, which range from Zeffirelli spectaculars at the Met to amateur grand opera with a troupe of ten, piano-accompanied, in church halls, the Y has put on chamber opera—and new opera—with full resources, imagination, and technical accomplishment.

A SERIES of five Carnegie Hall concerts given last week by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra began on Monday with a hard-driven, even brutal account of Verdi's "Falstaff," conducted by Sir Georg Solti. One is tempted to call it a "Falstaff" starring the high-powered Chicago brasses and cymbals, accompanied by strings, woodwinds, and a cast that contained some good singers. The conductor stood high on a ziggurat of podium upon podium. The singers, restrained by a fence of music stands, were in mid-orchestra, upstage of the strings, and not able to come forward to sing to the audience. One or two of them remained masked from any listener whose seat was on the floor of the hall: all I could see of Christa Ludwig, the Mistress Quickly, was—except when she moved right to join Guillermo Sarabia, the Falstaff, in their second-act interview—a section of midriff visible through Sir Georg's legs. And since Miss Ludwig was giving a dramatic performance, not simply singing the notes, this was frustrating. Her Quickly—what I saw of it—was something to set beside her Amneris: an assumption in which glances, gestures, changing timbres, and savoring of the text conspired to create a character. Mr. Sarabia also gave a performance. His Dutchman at the City Opera nine years ago was blunt; now he has become an artist. His voice had the needed fatness and fullness, but he could use it lightly, conversationally, to etch remarks with fine, telling line. Mr. Sarabia and Miss Ludwig took part in the "Falstaff" production Sir Georg conducted in Vienna five years ago; so did Heinz Zednik and Yordi Ramiro, the Dr. Caius and the Fenton of the Carnegie performance. Mr. Zednik was incisive, witty, charming in a role often caricatured. Mr. Ramiro sang tastefully but plainly, in tones not displeasing but of no special quality. No one seemed to have determined in advance whether the style of presentation was to be vivid, heightened by glances, expressions, reactions, and—within concert-platform convention—gestures, or whether it was

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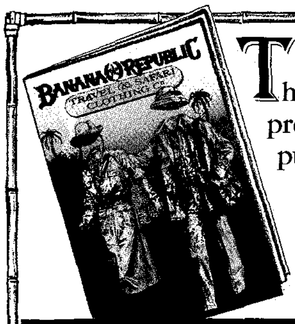
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to be an "oratorio" performance. Each singer went her or his own way. Katia Ricciarelli, the Alice, elected just to sing; her singing lacked merriment and rhythmic verve. Kathleen Battle, the Nannetta, sang exquisitely, tracing the phrases of her duettinos, recitative, and aria with full, gentle, sweet tone. Wolfgang Brendel, the Ford, was inclined to bluster. Ann Murray was a lively Meg, Francis Egerton a nimble Bardolph, and Aage Haugland a thunderous Pistol.

A cast that could have brought Verdi's lyric comedy to life was given little chance to. The limelight was on the conductor and his orchestra. Sir Georg is not—it was a common complaint during his Covent Garden years—an opera conductor responsive to a drama being enacted onstage, either in general or as it takes shape on a particular night. And even at a concert performance the conductor should be both an inspirer and an accompanist quick to adjust balances and phrasing to what the singers actually do. I recall four outstanding Solti performances in which protagonist and conductor worked together as one, in which mutual fire blazed generously: a Frankfurt "Zauberflöte" with Fritz Wunderlich, and at Covent Garden an "Otello" with James McCracken and an "Elektra" and a "Tristan" with Birgit Nilsson. Those were wonderful—and exceptional. Sir Georg is as energetic as ever. Age has not mellowed him. He conducted "Falstaff" at Covent Garden twenty-two seasons ago and recorded it in 1964, and essentially his approach to the piece is unaltered. His enthusiasm for Verdi's score is not in doubt; nor, in Carnegie Hall, was the virtuoso quality of the instrumental playing he secured. What one missed was grace, elegance, relaxed, easy wit, laughter, enchantment, warm yet delicate feeling, and anything but the more obvious responses to the quicksilver emotions and profound wisdom of the score. The frenetic bang-crash closes to every scene but the fifth were vulgar.

—Andrew Porter

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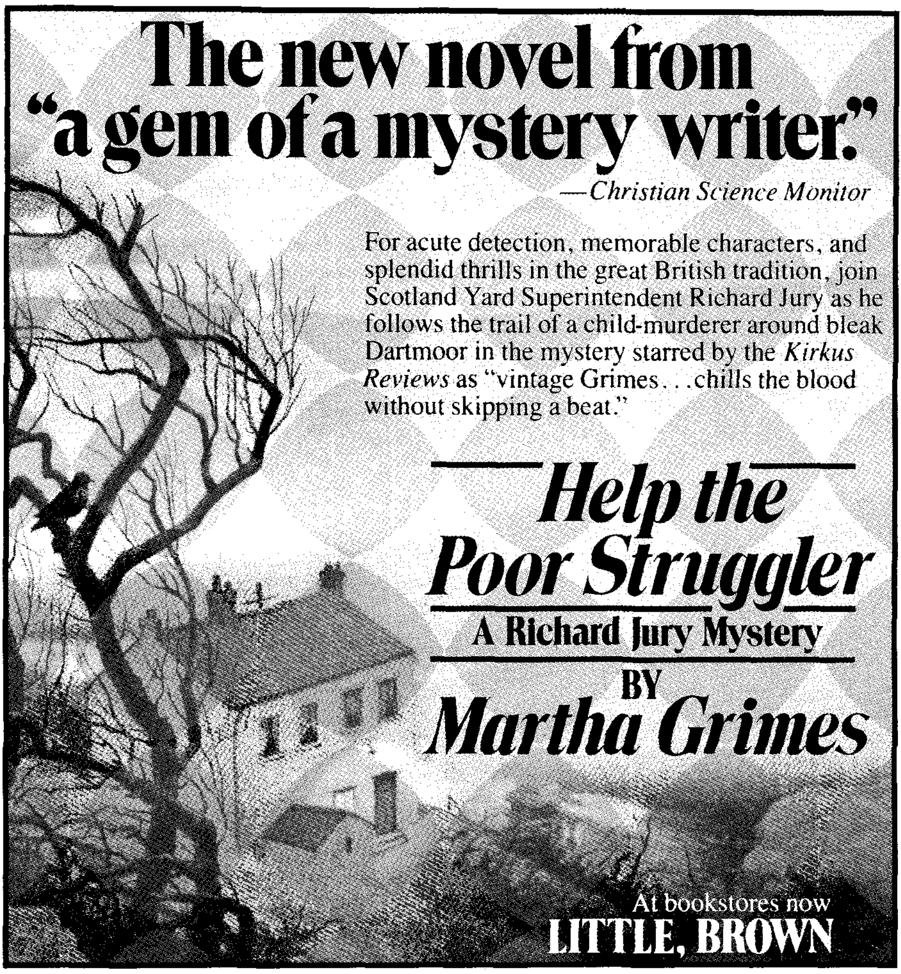
Nobody admired Dickens' work more than did the Danish weaver of fairy tales, Hans Christian Andersen. Therefore, it is with understandable pride that we salute the copy of *Pickwick Papers* in which the author has written, "Hans Christian Andersen/from his friend and admirer/Charles Dickens/London/July 1947." —*Sotheby's New York catalogue.*

Salute, yes; purchase, no.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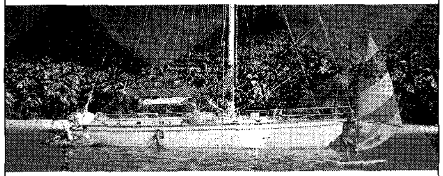

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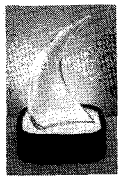

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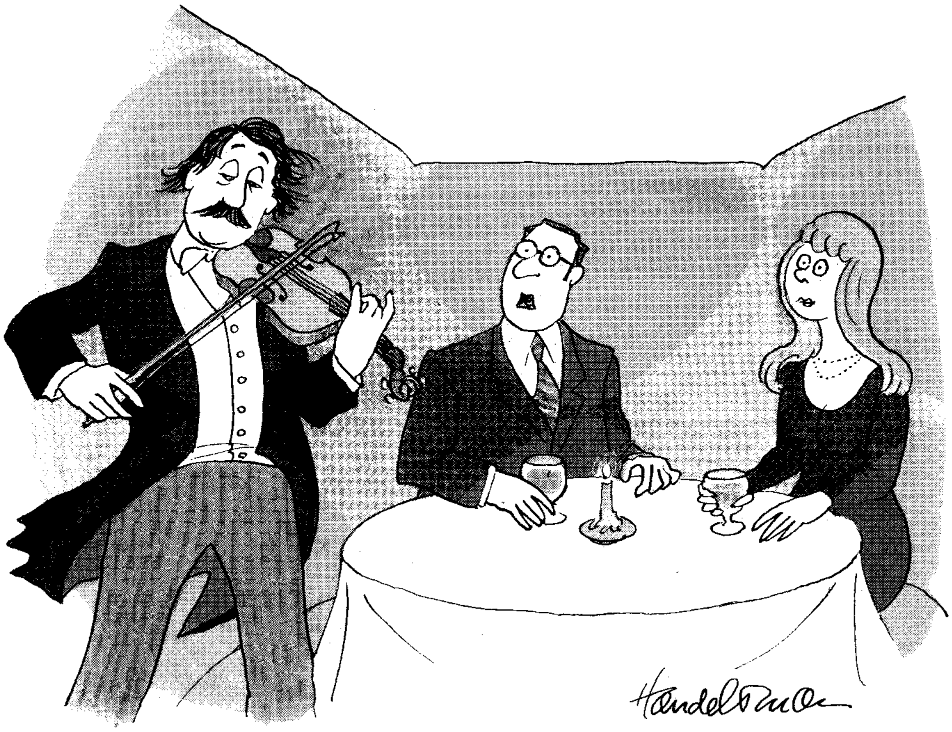
The Muddle Ages

THERE'S some enticement in the idea of "Ladyhawke," a medieval romance set in and around the walled city of Aquila, which is ruled by an evil bishop (John Wood). This tyrant secretly lusts after the matchlessly beautiful golden-haired Princess Isabeau (Michelle Pfeiffer), and when he discovers that she and his captain of the guard, the noble Navarre (Rutger Hauer), are in love, he reverts to sorcery and puts a curse on the couple to frustrate them forever. Each sunrise, Isabeau turns into a hawk; each sundown, Navarre turns into a black wolf. The movie is about the banished Navarre's attempt to fight his way back into Aquila to take vengeance, and how the spell is eventually broken, with the assistance of a boy thief called Phillipe the Mouse (Matthew Broderick), the only person who has ever escaped from the bishop's dungeons, and a swillbelly priest (Leo McKern), who was once the lovers' confessor. There's also some lure in the settings. Aquila, with its immense fortress, has been synthesized out of three castles, dating back to the twelfth and thirteenth centuries (with portions going back even further), that were part of Luchino Visconti's estates in the mountains north of Parma—inherited holdings that Visconti worked to restore. And the crumbling abbey on a mountain peak, where the priest lives alone, is actually Rocca Calascio, a castle built in the Dark Ages; it was more than four hundred years old when Richard the Lion-Hearted, on his way home from the Crusades, was imprisoned there. This is no little back-lot B picture. The interior of the bishop's Greco-Roman cathedral was built full scale on Cinecittà Studios' Teatro 5—the largest sound stage in Europe. A huge amount of effort was put into training hawks and wolves (and a malamute dog for some doubling), and the accoutrements have their own grandeur: Rutger Hauer sports black armor and a black visor with V-shaped stripes which makes his head look like a hood ornament for a medieval Rolls-Royce, and he sits on a round-rumped black charger whose hooves shake the earth.

Just about everything connected with "Ladyhawke" is big except the storytelling instinct of its director, Richard Donner. It's a mild and dreary movie. Donner—he also made "The Omen," "Superman," "Inside Moves," and "The Toy"—doesn't build the scenes. There's no development; he just shuffles along, and frequently the audience seems to be a few plot devices ahead of him, numbly waiting for him to catch up. If there's one thing a movie about magical transformations needs, it's quick-wittedness. When, just before dawn, Isabeau (the name sounds like a transsexual Isabelle) falls from the tower of the mountaintop abbey, we expect the first rays of the savior sun to hit her dramatically—we expect her to turn into a hawk with a whoosh, like a parachute opening. But we have to wait too long, and the metamorphosis, when it comes, is drab and blurry. At almost every point in the movie where we might expect a little ping of surprise or mystery, Donner lets us down, and the cumulative disappointment can make what should be a glorious tale of enchantment seem depressing. Even the explanation of the vile bishop's curse on the lovers is a fizzle: it comes too late, after you've figured most of it out for yourself. And the climactic event (lifted from Mark Twain's "A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court") has no dazzle or thrill. We wait for the big surprise to be sprung, and it's passed over so casually it hardly seems to have happened. There's a blah at the center of this movie.

Though the outdoor scenes have a good smoky clutter that gives you a medieval feeling of enchanted forests and murderous innkeepers, the picture has a tinted, muddied-up look. And, inexplicably, Michelle Pfeiffer, who, with her pale, almond-shaped eyes and her amazing porcelain cheekbones, has the beauty that the story calls for, is too often shrouded in shadows and darkness; you have to strain to see her. Pfeiffer hasn't yet had a role to give meaning or tenderness to her beauty; she's a bit remote (and not just visually), but she's lithe and graceful, and she moves fast. Compared with, say, Elizabeth Taylor and Joan Fontaine in "Ivanhoe," she's a whirlwind, and though she doesn't affect us emotionally, as Taylor did, her modern physical freedom is in key with the mythological world of man into wolf, woman into hawk. Yet neither the director nor the screenwriters—Edward Khmara, Michael Thomas, and Tom Mankiewicz—do much with the theme of sensual deprivation. There is only one scene when we actually feel that Isabeau (by night) and Navarre (by day) are longing for each other: it comes in an instant of sunrise when they touch hands just before she turns into a hawk, and as she flies off he, though he is already in human form, lets out a wolflike howl of anguish. (It's



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the best scene they have—the only one that stirs the imagination.) But casting John Wood as the bishop cancels out the libidinous nature of the punishment inflicted on the lovers. Wood's bean pole of a bishop doesn't have the physical presence of a major villain. Thin-lipped and dry-mouthed, he speed-freaks through his lines, turning them into tongue twisters. Consumed with passion for Isabeau? Not this fellow. His only lust is for enunciation.

A strapping blue-eyed platinum blond, Rutger Hauer looks like the actor Adolf Hitler would have wanted to star in the movie of his life. This Dutch Siegfried (the hero in "Soldier of Orange," the leader of the angry replicants in "Blade Runner") has rid himself of his accent, and he gives a solid performance—too solid, maybe, and heavy-spirited. His Navarre is short on youthful dash, and we don't get much chance to cheer for him, because the director often cheats in the action sequences. When Navarre has no weapon except the short arrow that he has pulled out of his breast and he's up against knights with broadswords, the camera angles jump about and suddenly his enemies are vanquished, without our seeing how. We feel—almost subliminally—gypped. And the clumsiness in the construction of the script makes him seem obstinate and a little thick in the head. His quest is simply to kill the bishop, though if he does he and Isabeau can never be united. The priest has a plan to break the spell, but it requires Navarre to wait a day before entering Aquila. He insists on pushing ahead, and the priest has to conspire with Isabeau and Phillipe to delay him.

If Navarre doesn't quite click as a hero, it's essentially because the character we're meant to identify with is Matthew Broderick's Phillipe (that's how Philippe is spelled in the credits), who is like a contemporary American adolescent placed in the Middle Ages. It's a basic convention: Bob Hope used to be himself in the midst of costume pictures, and, of course, Twain's Connecticut Yankee brought his modern consciousness to King Arthur's court. But "Ladyhawke" isn't a comedy, and so the device doesn't feel integral. You may suspect that this kid is there for insurance—that he's meant to represent the young ticket buyers who (the producers are afraid) might not want to be in the thirteenth century without one of their own on hand. Phillipe is made too endearing; he falls into the category of impish lad. And Broderick, who has had considerable experience playing young Neil Simon characters on the stage and the screen, gives his "clever" lines urban inflections that sometimes turn the movie into a skit about a little Jewish wise guy and Aryan giants. The effect is something like putting, say, a boy Woody Allen at Robert Taylor's elbow in "Ivanhoe."

Phillipe talks to God, like a standup comic with Him for an audience. (And since the sound mix is poor, Phillipe's voice seems to be coming from an empty room in another country.) Yet even when the lines are irritating, Broderick isn't. Yearning and wistfulness may come to him too easily, but when he isn't chattering to God—when he's interacting with the other performers—he's a happy, ingenious actor. He knows how to play scared and make it funny. He has a touch of the giddy uninhibitedness of the great clowns—you can see the character carried away by his thoughts, the way you sometimes could with Bert Lahr or Joe E. Brown. Put up on the screen for comic relief, Broderick has more of a fairy-tale quality than anyone else, and he gives this limp movie with its disco-medieval score its only traces of inspiration.

The question may be raised of what accounts for the quotes in the ads: "Fabulous!" and "Don't Walk, Run!" and "Enchanted, enthralling, marvelous," "A rousing, old-fashioned adventure," and "It makes you drunk on films again." The answer may be that even in a period of drought people in the press and on TV are looking for something to praise—they don't want to be soreheads. And "Ladyhawke" doesn't look pop or junky or crude, and God knows it isn't "challenging." So it doesn't scare them off. Its limpness makes it respectable.

—PAULINE KAEL

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PIANO—Baldwin studio upright, with bench, lamp, metrodome.—*Adv. in the Wisconsin State Journal.*

For rainy-day performances.

BOOKS

Group Portrait

THE Irish literary movement is a small-scale specimen of a strange but familiar phenomenon in cultural history: the sudden eruption of multiple talent and genius within a large or small community. The spectacle resembles a bonfire. For a while, everything conspires to feed the flame, until eventually—in a generation, maybe, or even a decade—it burns itself out, and intellectual life returns to an average level. Schoolchildren are instructed to observe the process in Periclean Athens and Medicean Florence. As we grow up, we come across it repeatedly: in the Elizabethan theatre, for instance; in Viennese music at the time of Mozart and Beethoven; and in the literature of nineteenth-century Russia. Historians propose various reasons and explanations, of a more or less convincing kind, and many of us have actually encountered, on a minuscule scale, instances of such spontaneous combustion within our own experience—in an actor whose powers are seen to have ignited a whole company, in a footballer who galvanizes a team into sudden brilliance, or in a generous and stimulating talker whose presence can release hitherto unsuspected capacities in an audience of participating listeners. Contagion is all.

In "All the Olympians"—a title appropriately taken from W. B. Yeats—Ulick O'Connor has tackled such a theme, in a somewhat loose and gossipy manner (Atheneum; $18.95). He has attempted a group portrait of the Irish literary movement that sprang up about the turn of the century, found its center in the Abbey Theatre of Dublin, and began to decline during the interwar period; perhaps the departure of Sean O'Casey to England in 1926 and his subsequent abandonment of Irish subject matter for his plays may suggest an appropriate date. Mr. O'Connor notes, without resentment, a feature of the movement which proved to be, on the whole, surprisingly acceptable to native patriotic feeling; namely, the large role played in it by the Anglo-Irish community and by those of Protestant faith or upbringing. But from the days of Swift and Grattan and Parnell the same thing had been true, after all, of Irish politics and Irish nationalism. At the outset of his book, Mr. O'Connor quotes Spenser's disapproving comment on the tendency of the English colonists to become more stubborn and disobedient than the native Irish. "Lord," he wrote in 1596, "how quickly doth that country alter men's natures."

The story is rich in character and incident, and the author does generalized justice to a cast that includes among the pioneers Douglas Hyde and Standish O'Grady, both members of the landed gentry, and the romantic old Fenian John O'Leary besides the prime movers and founders of the enterprise itself: the poet Yeats, the widowed Lady Gregory, and the touchingly naïve and not ungifted playwright Edward Martyn, a Catholic Connaught landlord. Martyn would by now be a somewhat obscure figure were it not for the comical yet endearing portrait of him drawn by his cousin George Moore in his Irish trilogy, "Hail and Farewell"—a most entertaining book unjustly neglected today. Moore himself was one of the tangential figures of the movement, drawn thither on impulse because of his disgust with the England of the Boer War, then flattered to find himself in demand, and soon scenting wonderful copy in the spectacle of a theatre created out of an idea by a group of enthusiasts without theatrical skill or experience.

Closer to the center of things, although no playwright, was the mystical poet and painter George Russell, who called himself Æ; closer still, for what was left of his brief life, that strange genius of the drama John Synge. Around the circle hover such lively characters as Maud Gonne, great beauty, fiery patriot, and unrequited love of Yeats' life, and the astonishingly gifted, virtually self-taught actors of the Abbey company: the brothers Fay, the sisters Allgood, Fred O'Donovan, Barry Fitzgerald, F. J. McCormick, Maureen Delaney, Arthur Sinclair, Sydney Morgan. How did such talents, amounting to a galaxy of theatrical genius, come together and establish a style in so short a time? It is another instance of

"Here comes the knife of logic."

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contagion, of the spontaneous combustion of lively spirits fired by the excitement of a shared idea.

Although an occasional actor himself, the author is not at his best in evoking the quality of these memorable players; we are even left to assume that when he tells how Synge eventually fell in love with "a working-class actress from the theatre movement who reciprocated his affection" he must be referring to Molly Allgood—her stage name was Maire O'Neill—who was not the equal in variety and tragic power of her sister Sara, it is true, but was, by all accounts, an ideal Pegeen Mike in the original cast of "The Playboy of the Western World" and in later life a hilarious if rather broad Maisie Madigan in "Juno and the Paycock." Mr. O'Connor is on surer ground in his account of the literary figures of the movement—where, of course, he has so many of their own books and memoirs to draw upon. Both text and bibliography show that he has been diligent in the pursuit of information. For example—little though this peccadillo bears on the events of twenty years later—he has picked up from Lady Longford's life of Wilfrid Blunt, "A Pilgrimage of Passion" (1979), the fact that that renowned ladies' man had made an unsuspected conquest of the young Lady Gregory within two years of her marriage and soon after the birth of her only son. Some of a sonnet sequence Blunt published in 1891 included, with her consent but without any clue to their origin, a dozen sonnets of her own: quite good, thoroughly workmanlike verses, but in no way remarkable. This youthful escapade, if revealed, would have astonished all those who knew her in her serene and honored old age; and scarcely less, it may be presumed, those—even Yeats—who worked with her in the early days of the Abbey.

THE curious little story figures again, naturally, in a full-scale and carefully researched new biography, "Lady Gregory: The Woman Behind the Irish Renaissance," by Mary Lou Kohlfeldt (Atheneum; $19.95). In many other details, too, her book can be said to have superseded Elizabeth Coxhead's admirable study "Lady Gregory: A Literary Portrait," which was first published in 1961 and was revised in 1966. But Miss Coxhead's book was written from within a kind of life and tradition which she fully understood, while the newer biography, though very thorough, evidently views the Irish world from a distance, which the author's familiar style (Lady Gregory is Augusta, Yeats is Willie) cannot altogether conceal.

—DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

JADIS, by Ken Chowder (Harper & Row; $14.95). "Delicate Geometry," the title of Ken Chowder's good second novel (his good first one was "Blackbird Days"), is alluded to in Chapter 2 of this, his very good third one, as an airborne deserted husband named Egg considers his bird's-eye view somewhere between New York and Washington, D.C. In Washington, he takes the subway to the home of his college sweetheart (a mistake), and he then regresses, by train, to South Carolina, where his childhood sweetheart, named Tory, proves to have improved with age. The next place he shows up is Florida, home of his mother, who telephones Tory when Egg, thinking he has grown gills, nearly drowns. Most of the rest of the story is set in Egg's and Tory's native Dobbs Ferry, where there is not enough room for both them and his wife. Jadis, the French for "formerly," is the name of an antiques store after which Egg's wife (who rhymes it with "Gladys") was named, and it is a good title for this story about the past's persistence, and about the delicate geometry of a marriage triangulated by a romance.

THE SURVIVORS, by Georges Simenon, translated from the French by Stuart Gilbert (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $14.95). The scene of this 1938 novel is the English Channel fishing hamlet of Fécamp. The story has primarily to do with Pierre Canut (a dull-witted but successful fishing captain) and his twin brother, Charles (a shy but bright railway clerk), with the arrest of Pierre for a murder he did not commit, and with the efforts of Charles to bring out the truth of the matter. But, as so often with M. Simenon in this period of his prime, there is a second and equally engrossing subject. This is the village itself—the rain, the crash of surf against the seawall, the slippery cobbled streets, the hot and smoky Café de l'Amiral, and its proprietor and waitress and habitués—which springs fully and miserably to life.

Alice Through the Needle's Eye, by Gilbert Adair (Dutton; $11.95). The author, who is described in a jacket note as a British poet, critic, and broadcaster, took it into his head to write a sequel to "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland and Through the Looking-Glass," and enlisted the help of an artist named Jenny Thorne to make pastiche drawings of Sir John Tenniel's original illustrations. Once again, Alice takes off—this time through the eye of a needle she is threading—to a land of perversely opinionated beasts, upside-down logic, and playful prose and doggerel. If there is not a law that says some things should never be attempted, there should be.

GENERAL

Give Us Each Day: The Diary of Alice Dunbar-Nelson, edited by Gloria T. Hull (Norton; $19.95). This diary was written in 1921 and 1926-31, when its author—who was born Alice Moore, in New Orleans, in 1875, and was the widow of the black poet Paul Laurence Dunbar—was married to her third husband, a journalist, Robert Nelson, and living in Wilmington, Delaware. These were times of acute financial uncertainty and personal defeat for Mrs. Dunbar-Nelson, and the editor does not know whether she turned to diarizing when she was unhappy or whether diaries for other years (she died in 1935) are missing. Yet though these are annals of worry they are also chronicles of accomplishment: Mrs. Dunbar-Nelson teaches, lectures, works for organizations and political parties, and writes. Her personality has a kind of force and gaiety that misfortune cannot affect; her perspective on herself, her friends, her famous acquaintances, black and white, combines with her articulateness to make her company enjoyable.

Lawrence in Oaxaca, by Ross Parmenter (Peregrine Smith; $22.95). Twenty years ago, after the author retired from the *Times*, where he had been music editor, he began living in Oaxaca, the Mexican city in which D. H. Lawrence spent the winter of 1924-25 with his wife, Frieda, and their doggedly persistent friend the Honorable Dorothy Brett (over whom the couple had one of their liveliest fights). Mr. Parmenter has carefully reconstructed the Lawrences' stay in Oaxaca. He has tracked down where they lived, and interviewed people in the town who knew them. The result is a fruitful study of a significant period in the novelist's career (a severe illness at that time left him with a permanently altered and darkened view of life) and an original interpretive study of "The Plumed Serpent," that puzzling novel which Lawrence entirely rewrote in Oaxaca, and which, Mr. Parmenter suggests, he considered his most important work of fiction, "because of its religious ideas." Many photographs.

Once Upon a Time, by Gloria Vanderbilt (Knopf; $16.95). This remarkable autobiography rigorously confines itself to what the author knew and felt in her childhood, from her earliest years, in the care of her widowed young mother, Gloria Morgan Vanderbilt, through the scandalous custody suit that placed her, at the age of ten, under the guardianship of a paternal aunt, Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney, and on to the age of seventeen and the eve of legal emancipation. The child knew nothing of the accusations brought against her mother, but she leaves clues to a truth she did not understand at the time: the instigator of the sordid case was her half-mad maternal grandmother, deviously pursuing a vendetta against her own daughter, and manipulating little Gloria and her nursemaid. This quasi-Jamesian aspect of the book competes with another element, which is simply grotesque: the disproportion between the luxury and extravagance of the physical background—jewels, palaces, estates, relays of servants—and the scanty mental and emotional furnishings. The vapidity of the few adults who ever talked to the child is unimaginable.

People and Power: Portraits from the Federal Village, by Michael Evans (Abrams; $29.95). The author, who since 1980 has been President Reagan's personal photographer, originated a scheme—known as the Portrait Project—to photograph as many people as possible who are in any way connected with the sources of political power in Washington. By the end of the first Reagan Administration, he had amassed over six hundred photographs, two hundred and eighty-nine of which make up

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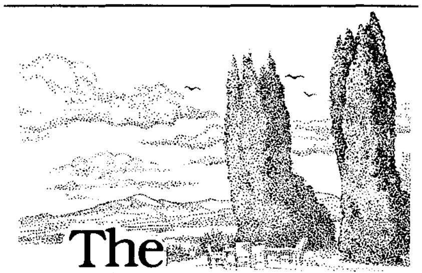

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this book. Each of the portraits was taken in a bare room; the subjects are standing, and are dressed in everyday clothes. Beginning with full-page pictures of President Reagan and members of his Cabinet, the roster includes senators, soldiers, corporate executives, columnists, and broadcasters, along with the White House chef and Pat Boone and the executive vice-president of the National Rifle Association. Contemplating this collective face of power in the United States is an absorbing and disquieting experience.

NOTE: "The Staffs of Life," E. J. Kahn's report on world agriculture, has been published by Little, Brown ($19.95). Nearly all the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker.*

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE NOONDAY DEVIL, by Ralph McInerny (Atheneum; $15.95). The Archbishop of New York has been assassinated (along with several other clerics) in Rome, and the Archbishop of San Francisco has called a meeting of bishops to recommend (under the slackened reins of Vatican II) a replacement to the Pope. The scene of the meeting is a Trappist monastery—Gethsemani Abbey, Thomas Merton's retreat, in Kentucky. The monastery is nicely rendered, and we settle in with a number of journalists (one of them a private investigator in disguise) to observe the politics of contemporary Catholicism in action. This is fascinating. Then we get a shock, a real shock. All is not as it seems—particularly not the abbot of Gethsemani. Now we are very differently under way—on the roller-coaster ride of a full-blooded and highly intellectual, and even comical, thriller. The title refers to the medieval malaise of accidie. A fine piece of writing and of entertainment.

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BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*Martin F. Nolan in the Boston Globe*]

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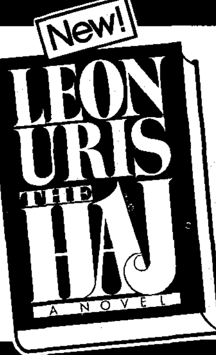

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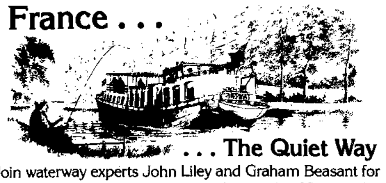

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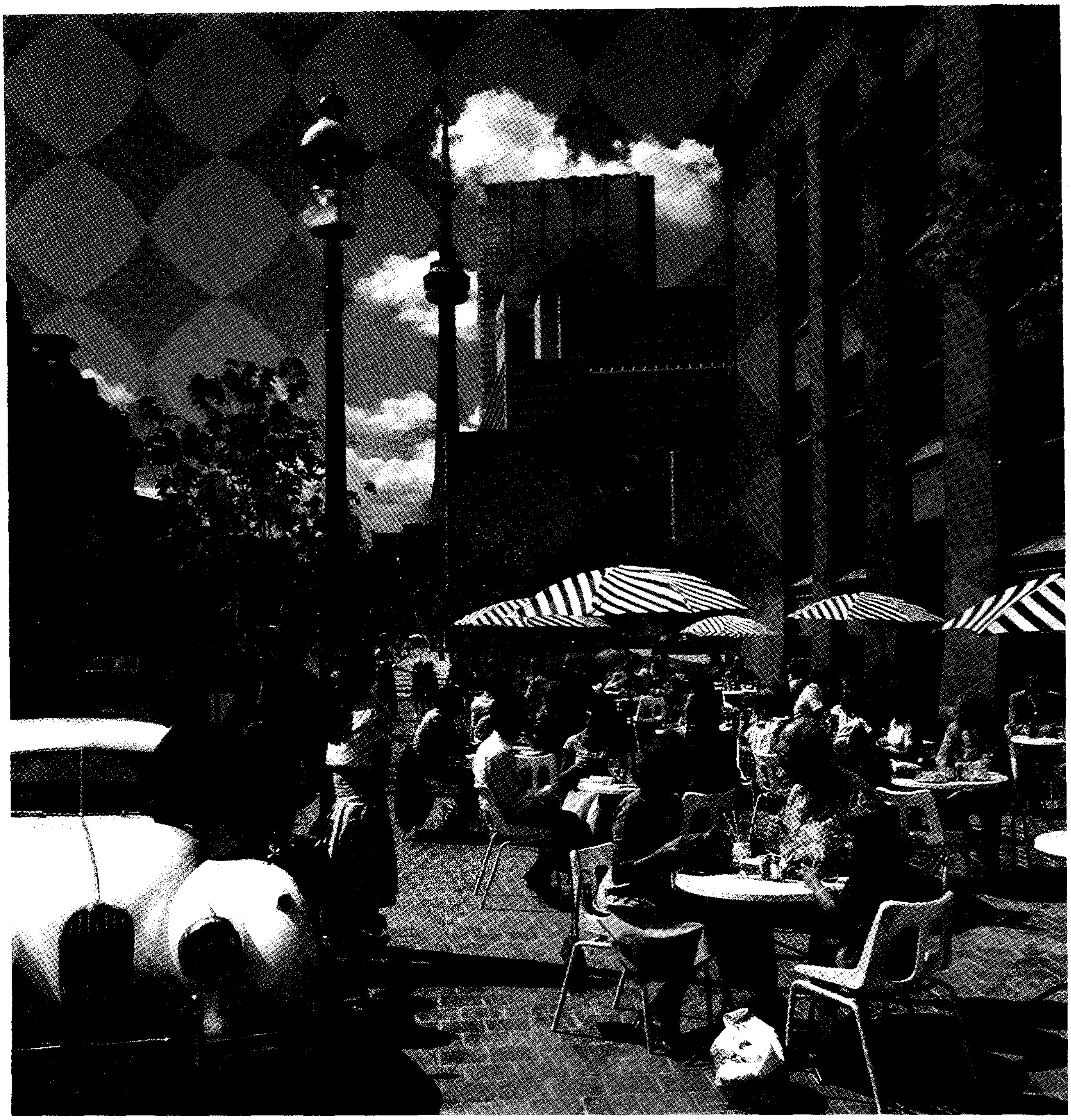

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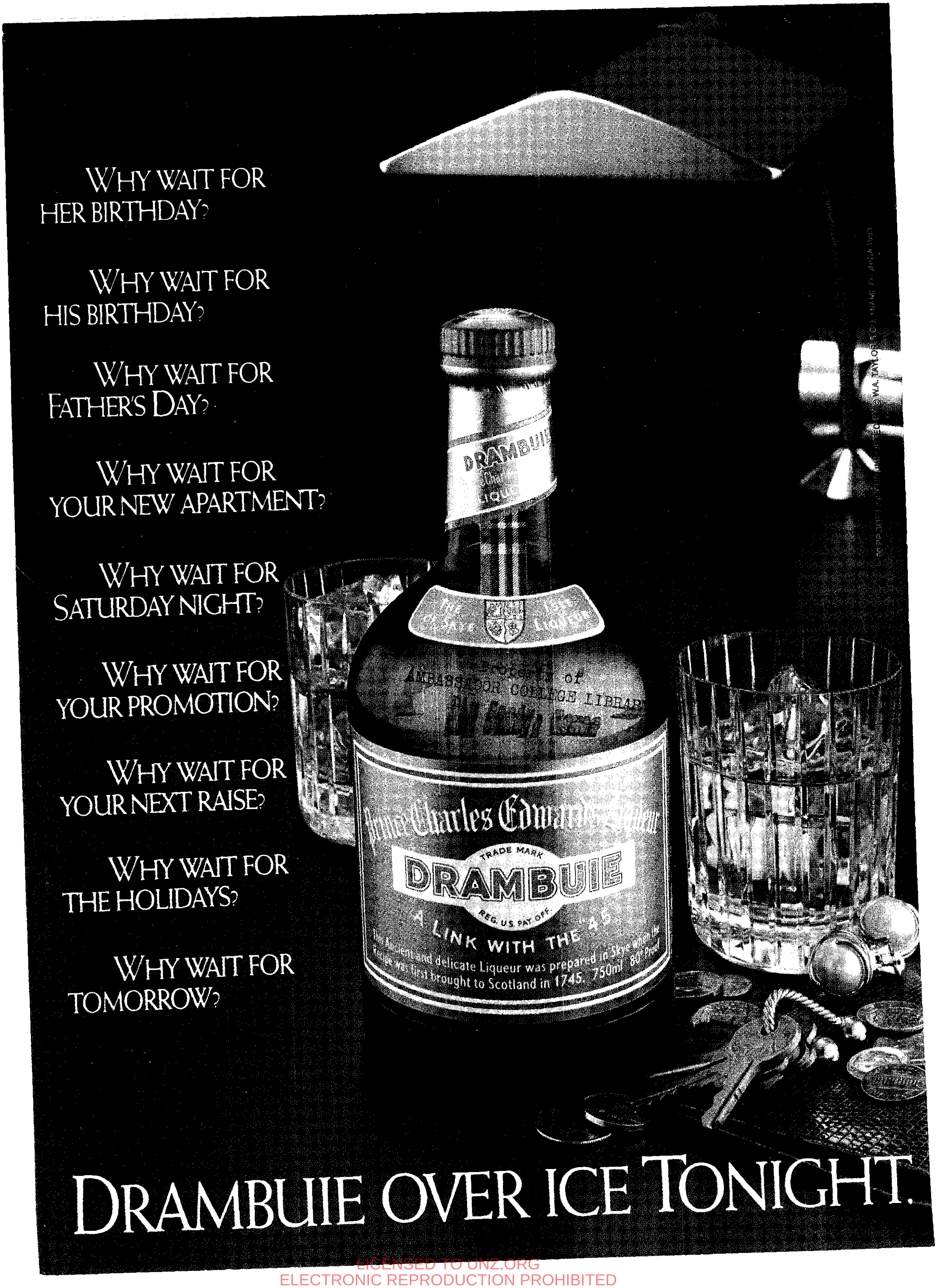
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